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Collier's

15c

April 7, 1951

Exploring Queen of Sheba Land
Page 20

The Huks—Foe in the Philippines

MARY A BECK
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For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Whatever your favorite drink—no other whiskey in all the world will endow it with the *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* of Lord Calvert. For, of all the millions of gallons we distill, only the very choicest are set aside for Lord Calvert . . . custom-blended for moderate men who appreciate the finest. That's why Lord Calvert will make *your* next drink a *better* drink and why your guests will compliment your choice.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

MR. STEVAN DOHANOS—*distinguished artist and illustrator. Raised by immigrant parents in Ohio, Stevan Dohanos earned his art tuition as a steel-mill worker, truck driver and grocery clerk. He then painted steadily for five years before his talents for dramatizing commonplace scenes gained widespread recognition. Today Mr. Dohanos' murals beautify many public buildings, his cover illustrations appear regularly on the country's most popular magazines, and his devotion to developing young talent has led him to an outside teaching career in the Famous Artist Course, Westport, Conn.*

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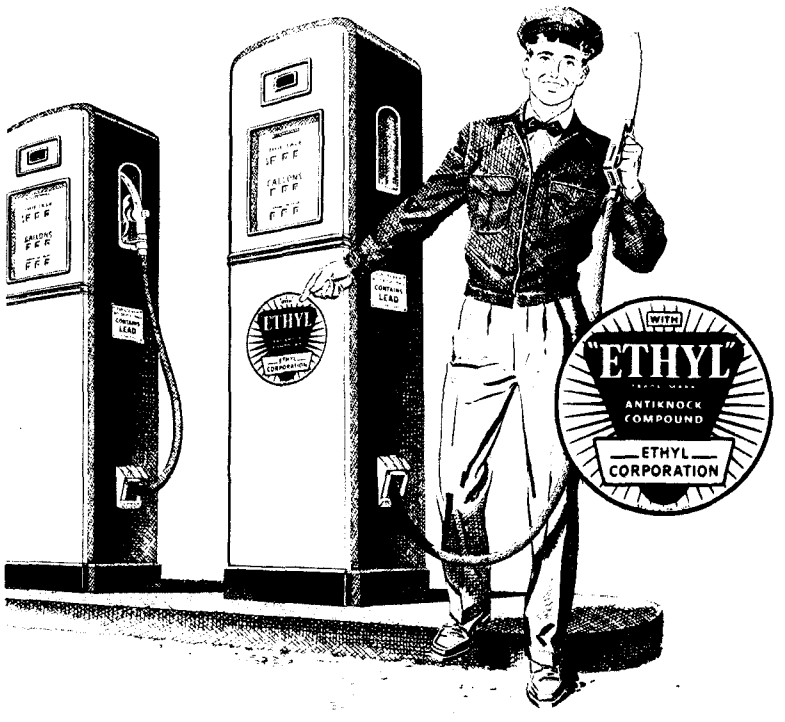
There's a big difference between

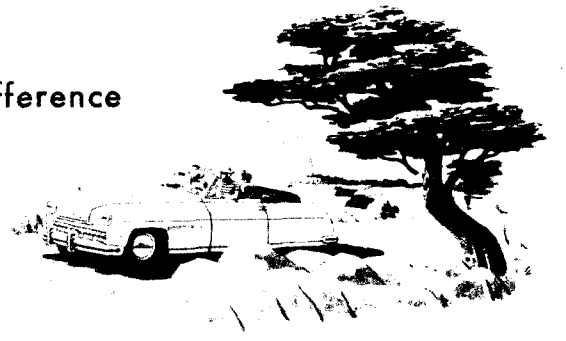
corn ... and ... unicorn

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK



You can feel the difference



in extra power . . .

smoother running . . . and more driving pleasure!

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium (metallic) . . . chlorine (liquid) . . . oil soluble dye . . . benzene hexachloride (technical)

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

CLARK GABLE
in **"ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI"**
co-starring **Ricardo MONTALBAN**
John HODIAK • James WHITMORE
with **ADOLPHE MENJOU**
J. CARROL NAISH • JACK HOLT
and introducing
MARÍA ELENA MARQUÉS
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by TALBOT JENNINGS
Story by TALBOT JENNINGS and FRANK CAVETT
Directed by....WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
Produced by.....ROBERT SISK

When we first read Bernard De Voto's "Across The Wide Missouri" we said, "What a movie this would make!" Next thing you know, we heard M-G-M had made it. And certainly they couldn't have made it closer to heart's desire.

"Across The Wide Missouri" has just the kind of dynamism and surge you'd expect from the studio that made "King Solomon's Mines" and "Kim." As with those two, M-G-M trekked right out to the actual locale and brought it all back in spectrum-bursting Technicolor.

Have you ever been to the Rockies—felt their shouldering grandeur, sensed the strength that is theirs—the same character that seems to belong to leaders of men? Such were the Mountain Men who opened up the West. Inevitably they took the impress of the very mountains they forced to their way. Rugged, crude and often cruel, they nevertheless performed an inestimable service for America. "Across The Wide Missouri" is their story, as thoroughly and racily documented as its Pulitzer Prize progenitor.

For the role of the towering Flint Mitchell, we had in mind somebody like Clark Gable. And since there is nobody else like him, M-G-M simply had to cast him in the part, to do a Herculean job of moving mountains, men and one very beautiful girl. Newcomer Maria Elena Marquès is a breath-taking spitfire who is just what this high-voltage romance calls for.

It's a big picture, with thousands of Indians adding their harassing raids to the raw conflict of Mountain Men against nature. With the strongest cast of the year, every part is played for color and character in the immense tapestry of one of the most stirring periods of our history.

We feel certain the fame of "Across The Wide Missouri" will travel far and wide across the nation. Once again M-G-M has given us something that only the motion picture screen can offer. And that includes Gable!

P.S. This is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

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April 7, 1951

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Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 127, No. 14.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50, Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

These young women are Arab gypsies from Yemen, next door to the Aden Protectorate in south Arabia whence Wendell Phillips has returned to tell, beginning on page 20, about his search for further data on the Biblical narrative of the Queen of Sheba. The girls are capable of dancing continuously for two hours to the music of a reed flute and tom-tom, despite an ornamental load of 50 pounds of silver. The picture is by Gladys Terry, business manager of Phillips' archaeological expedition.

Week's Mail

Mr. Hoover's Life Story

EDITOR: You do Americans a timely and valued service in bringing them the story of the former President (The Personal Memoirs of Herbert Hoover, Feb. 17th) whose goodness and greatness they have neither deserved nor had the capacity to understand.

Herbert Hoover is a stalwart symbol of our country's best. LARRY FLINT, Youngstown, Ohio

. . . Having been brought up in West Branch, Iowa, I read with great interest and pleasure Mr. Hoover's account of his own childhood there. Doubtless everyone who has lived in West Branch, and is old enough to read, has followed Mr. Hoover's career with particular interest and affection, and will write and tell you so.

Mr. Hoover's affection for his home town and it for him did not spring up overnight—long before he became President he had already demonstrated in many ways and through many visits that he cherished the memories the little village had given him. His whole life has been testimony of the authenticity of the Inner Light—unshakable core of Quaker faith, and never entirely forgotten by anyone with a Quaker childhood.

Mr. Hoover, as might be expected, does not mention the countless kindnesses he has shown to many he knew in West Branch—old playmates, old teachers, old friends.

MARTHA FOSTER, Gallipolis, Ohio

. . . Although I have been reading Collier's for many years, My Boyhood Days, by Herbert Hoover, is the most interesting article I have read.

I was reared at a time and in a section of east Texas where "damyankee" and Republican meant the same thing. Had I been taught that "Yankees" and Republicans experienced many of the problems and apparent hardships that I was familiar with, I suspect that my conclusions, even as a boy, would have been different, and that I would have been more tolerant in later life.

HERBERT C. TAYLOR, Dallas, Texas

. . . That picture of Herbert Hoover on the cover for February 17th is very wonderful. It has charm, interest and color. He has become my favorite pin-up for 1951.

CAROLYNN C. TRACY, St. Albans, N. Y.

. . . The article by Herbert Hoover leaves me wondering how such a fine magazine as Collier's, which in my opinion has always been a workingman's magazine, could print a series of articles by a man as disliked as Herbert Hoover.

Believe me, we the working people have not so soon forgotten the long bread lines and the apple men on the corners. I am sure the workingman is not interested in the man's childhood who was in our President's chair at that time.

MRS. EVERETT E. MACK, Oakridge, Ore.

. . . In reading Hoover's Memoirs I notice he mentions the Burlington (C.B. & Q.)

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New way of handling Long Distance

Operator Toll Dialing proves a big help in these busy days of national preparedness

Long Distance lines are really humming these days. There are many more calls than a year ago. More are from the Nation's industries and Armed Forces, hurrying the country's most important job.

A big help in keeping these calls moving is Operator Toll Dialing — a remarkable new telephone development.

You give the Long Distance operator the number in the usual way. She quickly presses several keys and your call goes straight through to the telephone you want in a distant city.

It makes for faster service — especially on calls that formerly had to be relayed through other cities.

With so many more calls on the lines, it's a mighty good thing that Operator Toll Dialing was developed and is now available and in use in so many places. About one-third of Long Distance calls are now being handled in this new way.

It is just one of many ways in which the growth and improvement of telephone service are now proving of extra value to the Nation in these days of preparedness.

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD . . .

More and more telephone users in a growing number of metropolitan areas can now dial Toll calls direct to nearby places the same way they dial Local calls.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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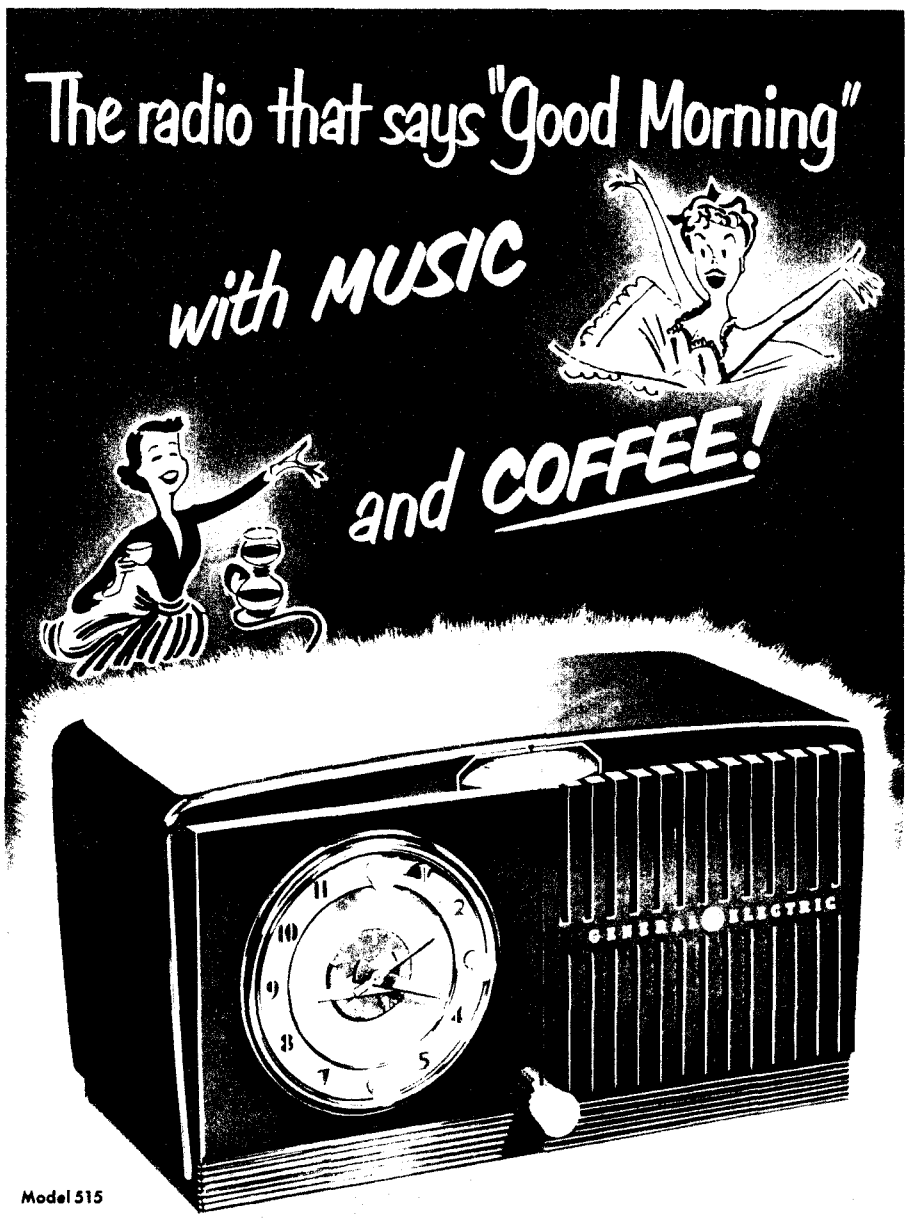


Model 515

GE CLOCK-RADIO

The World's Most Useful Radio!

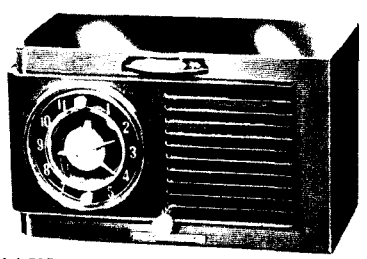
WHAT a treat—this miracle radio wakes you to sweet music—and even has your coffee piping hot! At night it lulls you to sleep then turns itself *and the light* off! And the dependable G-E electric clock tells time in the dark. As a table radio it's sweet playing, smart looking, fits any setting. No wonder the General Electric Clock-Radio outsells all other makes combined! It's ideal for every one, every room. Perfect gift, too! Your choice of alabaster ivory, Congo brown, Persian red, porcelain white—*one low price!* See it today! **$34.95***

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

"Wake-up-to-music" Clock-Radio

A fine-toned G-E Clock-Radio at a low, low price! Accurate G-E electric clock. Built-in antenna. Mahogany or ivory plastic. **$29.95***

**Prices subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.*



Model 512

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

tracks. As I ran through West Branch, Iowa, for 32 years in the Railway Mail Service, I'm sure he wouldn't mind if I corrected that statement. The Rock Island (C.R.I. & P.) is the road running through West Branch. C. E. WIXOM, Monrovia, Cal.

. . . On page 14, Mr. Hoover mentioned, "There were the woods down by the Burlington track." As West Branch, Iowa, is on the Rock Island Railroad some people might think he did not know his railroads. I assure you that Mr. Hoover is correct, because the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern was the name of the railroad then operating. In fact it was operating when I was a boy in Iowa, and we knew it as the B.C.R. & N.

JAMES F. CAVE, La Grange, Ill.

He Wants Steps Taken

EDITOR: I surely enjoyed Murder Is My Business (Feb. 17th), particularly the difficulties the sound-effects man has to overcome. One thing that was not mentioned was the uniform tap-tap as of steel plates sounding on hard cement, regardless of the situation.

You will recall that when Fred Allen knocked on each of the seven cottages in Allen's Alley the sound of the rap was identical on all. But, worse than that, is that awful tap-tap to indicate that someone is walking someplace. Whether he is pushing his way through a forest, upon a carpet of leaves and moss, stepping across a thickly carpeted parlor, or approaching the 13th hole on a grassy golf course, that tap-tap, clump-clump is always identical.

Is there no way by which those long-suffering sound-effects boys can be wised up?

RAY S. KELLOGG, Norwalk, Ohio

The Sound-Effects Girl

EDITOR: Pauline Gale's Now Hear This series and her former articles on sneezes and snores are the best I've seen published.

Could you possibly print her photograph in Week's Mail column?

HAL C. HARRISON, Kenosha, Wis.

That we could—and here she is

Interfaith Enthusiasm

EDITOR: The Minister, the Rabbi and Their House of God (Feb. 17th) was one of the most heart-warming articles I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

Congratulations to the clergymen and their congregations for offering such convincing evidence that "the improbable is possible." RENÉE DATER, Detroit, Mich.

. . . I am so enthusiastic about The Minister, the Rabbi and Their House of God that I cannot refrain from offering my sincere appreciation for the moving message this story carried. If only such concerted efforts among all faiths were the rule rather than an outstanding exception.

DAVID L. HELLER, JR., East Orange, N. J.

. . . Why does Ben Merson make no mention of the interfaith services that have been going on at the Second Presbyterian Church in New York City since 1938?

MEL TYLER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Congratulations for your wonderful article. This is my idea of true religion! It made thrilling reading.

BEATRICE WEINBERG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nonsnobbish Garfinckel's

EDITOR: Enjoyed your article Queen Elizabeth of Garfinckel's (Feb. 10th). But one of the picture captions says, "Carefully chosen Garfinckel's models included several Junior Leaguers and the wives of two Air Force generals."

Such a statement might lead people to think that Top Brass has a corner on beautiful wives, or, worse yet, that Garfinckel's is particular to the point of being snobbish.

It's not so, and your GI readers might like to know that former Pfc Bob Cullen, Airborne Field Artillery, 82d Airborne Division, is just as proud of his wife, "B.J.," as the Air Force generals and the husbands of the Junior Leaguers are of theirs.

RUSSELL H. CULLEN, Birmingham, Mich.

Jersey Injustice

EDITOR: As a resident of New Jersey, I would like to correct a statement in Anxious Hong Kong, by Howard Brodie (Feb. 17th). Mr. Brodie mentions "the New Jersey side of Manhattan's George Washington Bridge." Actually, the bridge is owned jointly by New Jersey and New York, and not by Manhattan at all.

Let Mr. Brodie think twice before he enters New Jersey, unless we see a new statement—perhaps "the Manhattan side of Fort Lee's George Washington Bridge."

EMIL F. ELGES, JR., Ridgefield, N. J.

A Boom Is Launched

EDITOR: The Whip from Texas, by Leslie E. Carpenter (Feb. 17th), was truly well spoken. Give Senator Lyndon B. Johnson a chance and he will be our next President.

He leaves no stone unturned. I remember him as our NYA administrator and what he did for the youth in those days. As congressman from our 10th District he was always a champion of the underdog and the little man. If it was a GI needing assistance, a farmer needing electric lights or a businessman asking for aid, Mr. Johnson would always help, no matter how small or how large the task was. More power to the fighting senator from Texas, hope he makes the grade in 1952—and then the Presidency. R. A. MAREK, Granger, Texas

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Guard Against Throat-Scratch

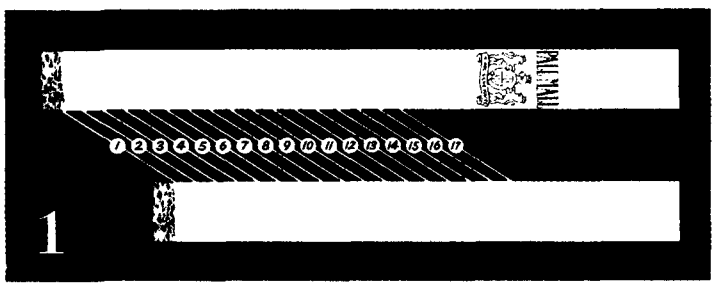
enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

...smoke PALL MALL

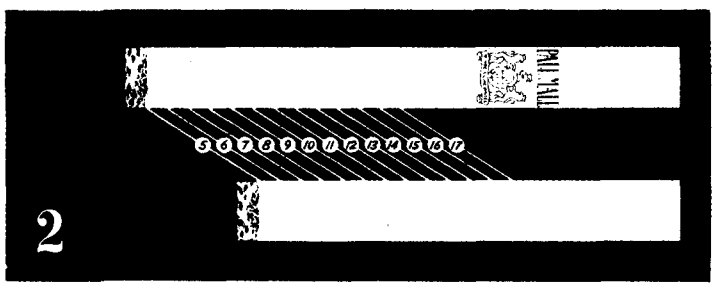
the cigarette whose mildness you can measure

Study this Puff Chart:

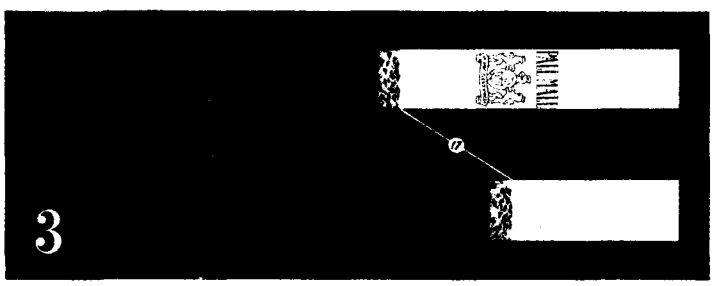
PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



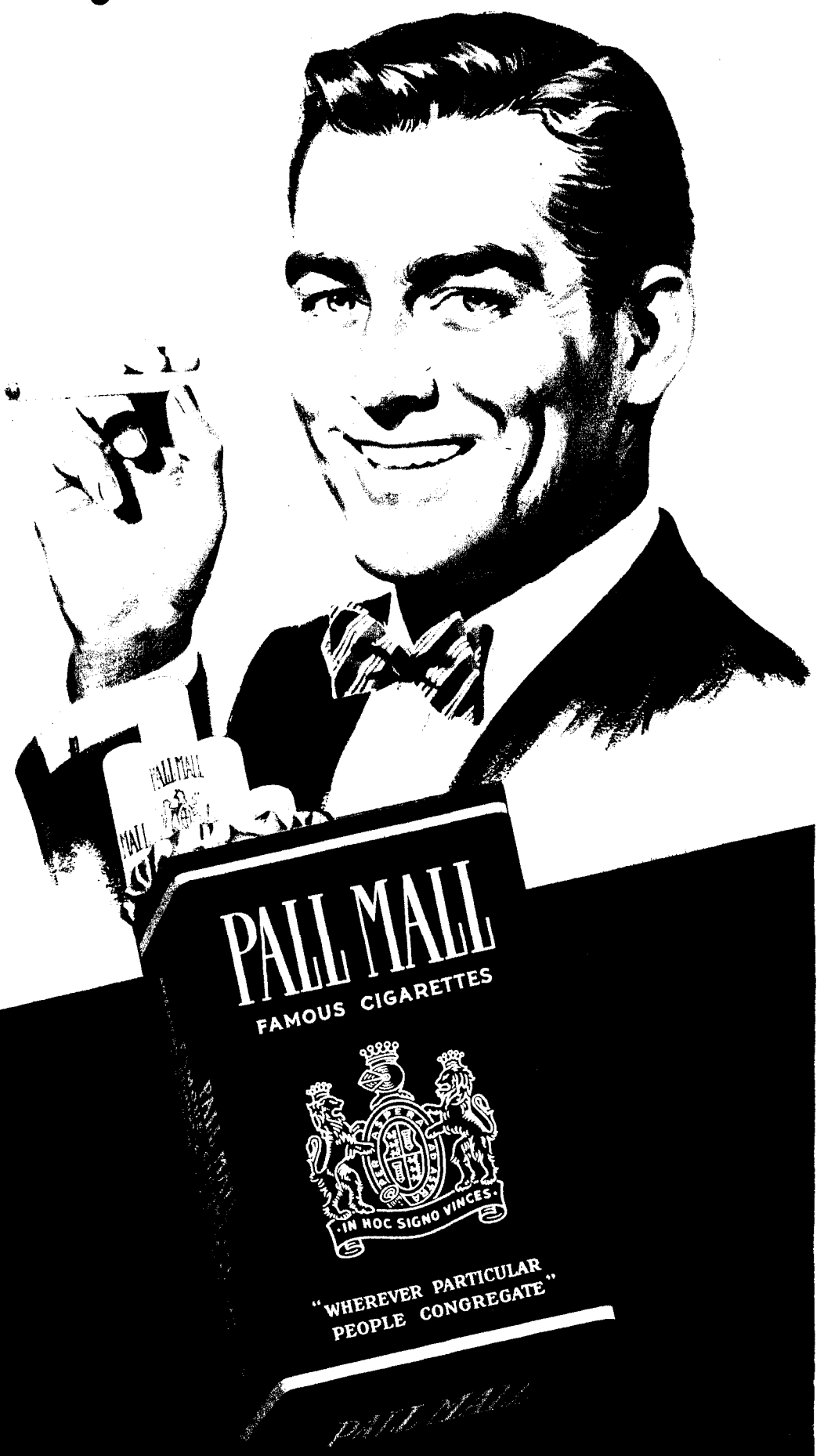
Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—**Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

* * *

Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL *— the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.*



Outstanding

... and they are **mild!**

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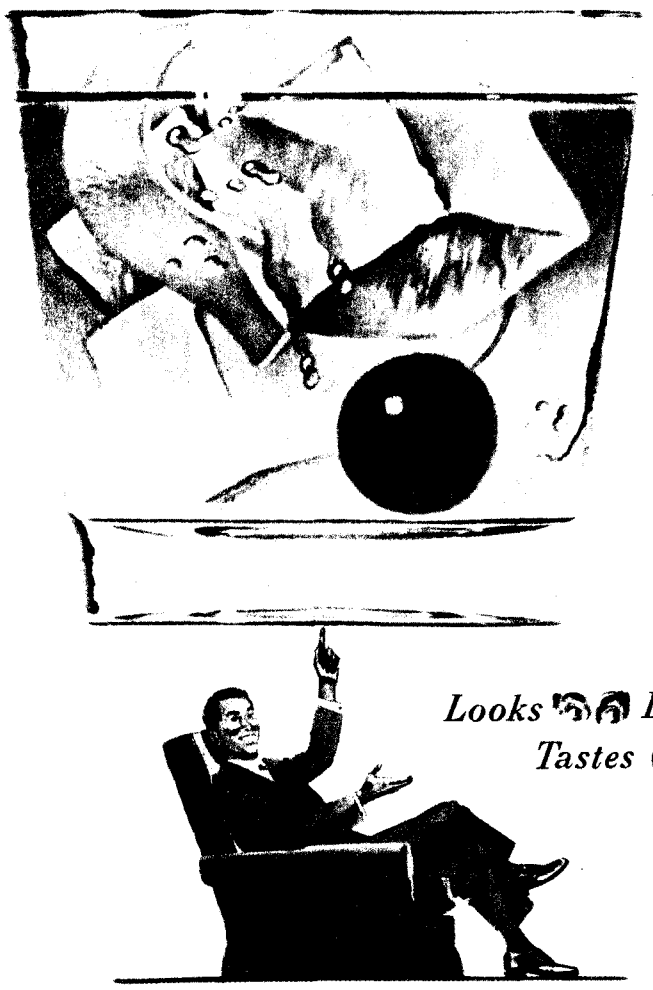

Today's KING is Really LIGHT!

If you prefer finer, lighter mixed drinks—today's King is *your* whisky! Actually taste-engineered by Brown-Forman to be far lighter-looking, far lighter-tasting. And today's King is priced right, too! Enjoy America's best-tasting blend today!

New Light Formula

New Light Package

New Lower Price

Blended Whisky. 37½% Straight Whiskies. 62½% Grain Neutral Spirits. The Straight Whiskies in this Product are 4 Years or More Old. 86 Proof.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Doubtless, it was spring in some form. But whether it was the vernal urge which comes with Earth's awakening yawns or merely a bit of lethargic coiled wire within its metallic organs, we shall never know. Anyway, the teletype which informs editors in Boise, Idaho, of what is going on in neighboring Nampa told them that an estimable lady in the latter town would take her place at the piano while her husband was "leading the community sinning."

★ ★ ★

A citizen of Granger, Texas, has notified the editor of his newspaper, the Granger News, that he is out of the hog-raising business. Says that just before he was drafted into the Army during the last war he disposed of his livestock, "including a couple of shoats." He sent the shoats to Fort Worth and "in a few days I got a check for eight cents from the commission company." He sent the check back, demanding an explanation. The company returned the check (still eight cents), explaining there hadn't been much of a market for shoats that day and that the shoats fetched only a dollar and a half each. Also, that after the selling commission and the feed had been deducted from the three dollars, only eight cents remained; and would he please stop bothering them. He wrote several times, always returning the check, but he always got it back. Presently he not only was shoatless but out of stamps. About that time the Army took him over and he was able to send letters without stamps on them. "So I settled down to a nice long correspondence with Fort Worth," he says. "The commission people finally gave up and kept the check, and that's the last I ever heard about it. I guess it's what you might call a moral victory for somebody. Anyway, I am not raising any hogs. I think maybe I was shoat changed, but I'll leave that to you."

★ ★ ★

And the editors of the Minneapolis Tribune, wondering perhaps whether their readers weren't a bit weary of the syndicated thinking being done for them, to say nothing of the high-priced cerebrating issuing from government departments in Washington, took to the streets asking citizens whether they believed the so-called lower animals can think. They found the populace had a surprisingly high regard for the mental capacities of our dumb creatures. For example, one gentleman stated emphatically that, as a farm worker, he had met an impressive number of cows who could think faster and frequently more clearly than their owners. Others, agreeing with him, added that the owners—farmers—could think faster than city folks. The discussion is still in progress, and at this writing seems to be heading toward the possibility that Minnesota might be wise to elect a few cows to public office next year in the interests of obvious variety and, who knows, better government.

JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

It is denied with some heat by the English department of Wellesley College, in Massachusetts, that it is often difficult to tell on the telephone whether it's a Wellesley or a Harvard senior speaking. But it is not the nearby Harvard accent, acquired by some of Wellesley's young women by osmosis or something, that's worrying Wellesley's English teachers; it's the slovenly speech dragged in by freshmen—like twenny-one, unnerstand, wanna (for want to), seben (for seven), canny for (candy), and so on. In the effort to make Wellesley girls phonetically pure they are asked to consider the linguistic hits and errors of such public figures as President Truman, Harold Stassen, General Eisenhower and Franklin Roosevelt. The President's speech is considered slovenly indeed—"innernational" for example. Mr. Stassen speaks with "a minor intonation" which makes him sound "defeatist." Mr. Roosevelt's speech is marked "magnificent" even if you didn't agree with it. General Eisenhower's voice is "beautiful." Also "cultured, vital and wholly compatible with his mental stature." But a great deal of hard work, we are told, will have to be done to discourage girls from Little Rock, Arkansas, from piling a Harvard accent on top of what they already fetch along with them.

★ ★ ★

At Hinds Junior College in Raymond, Mississippi, they are much more concerned with fast reading than beautiful speaking. The theory is that the faster you read, the more you remember of what you've read. For example, they've found that Hinds girls who can read at the rate of 1,000 words a minute get better quiz grades than those who can't do better than 250 a minute even with their lips moving. As for their voices, they insist with pride that a Hinds girl can mispronounce a word more beautifully than a Wellesley girl can flawlessly intone it. And do it faster.

★ ★ ★

As we mentioned a couple of weeks ago, a number of important taxpayers in Oklahoma have banded together to do something (they hope) about members of the legislature who get seven days' pay for a four-day week but actually work only three days. They invited an important oilman to join them, but he waved them away. "Listen," said he, "if you gentlemen ain't careful, those guys over in the Capitol will get scared and work full time, and then Oklahoma will be in a heck of a fix. They do enough damage in three days."

★ ★ ★

It started in Miami, Florida, and we understand it's spreading to New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Boston. The objective is to discourage the use of the term "cop." We are unable to find who is back of this dreary movement, but we feel sure it isn't subversive. We're

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told that with the increasing educational demands upon young men who aspire to become policemen, they are entitled to a more respectful and dignified address. "Officer" is the word suggested instead of "cop, flatfoot, copper, bull, pavement pounder, the arm" or any such light-minded labels. We predict no success for this movement. We called up police headquarters and spoke to a Lieutenant Cooper. He had several informative things to say, among which was: "When any of my men quit being cops and start calling themselves officers—well, they'll quit being cops."

★ ★ ★

In Lincoln, Nebraska, the Division of Personnel of the State Assistant Department was asked a simple question by its county workers: "When do we get paid?" Somebody in the division wound up and issued a reply-directive: "For purposes of compensation the positions used by the county departments have been divided into two groups. From the 10-step range set forth in the compensation plan (see State Plan and Manuals, V-5300, Revised) the County Assistance Commission is to select a six-consecutive-step range for each of the two groups of positions and notify the Personnel Division of this selection." And all that the county workers had asked was: "When do we get paid?"

★ ★ ★

In July, 1943, William Kinichi Oshiro, of Hilo, on the great island of Hawaii, took to the Panaewa Forest. For nearly eight years Mr. Oshiro, a Hawaiian of Japanese extraction, eluded the police who mistakenly believed him to be a draft dodger. He foraged for food by night, occasionally raiding truck gardens but always sparingly and neatly, taking no more than he needed. The police finally caught up with Mr. Oshiro and took him to a hospital, vowing he was mentally deranged. But such evidence as we have does not support them. Asked why he took to the woods, Mr. Oshiro replied with calm dignity: "I was no longer able to stand civilization."

★ ★ ★

Under the auspices of the Minnesota Hotel, Restaurant and Resort Association, chefs are attending what is fatuously called a "refresher course" in Minneapolis. Actually what they're trying to teach is how to cook up a tasty

meal with nothing to cook, a contingency confidently expected within a reasonably short time should the government stick to its present inflation-fighting formula.

★ ★ ★

We receive the astonishing news that there's a housing shortage in Rhode Island. The same informant, who forbids the use of his name lest he be suspected of subversive activities and un-American leanings, tells us there may be some connection between that shortage and the fact that there are almost 10,000 federal employees in Little Rhody. There are accountants, lawyers, social workers, clerks, scientists, enumerators, doctors, generals, admirals, and so on and on, through a fearsome list including myriads of stenographers, battalions of statisticians, executives for everybody and everything, and regiments of detectives. The latter, we are told, spend a lot of time sleuthing for housing for the executives and other top brass.

★ ★ ★

While we're on the subject, there's an ordinance in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, making it illegal for any citizen of that energetic municipality to keep more than two rabbits, two minks, two turkeys, two dogs, two cats, two geese, two ducks, two doves and six chickens. But a man is permitted to have only one wife and a woman only one husband. No limit on the number of children.

★ ★ ★

In New Orleans not long ago there was a convention of fertilizer manufacturers. We have it from Mr. Mike O'Leary, managing director of the St. Charles Hotel, that a more gentlemanly group of gentlemen never descended on

his city. Naturally they had to elect a queen who would be known, of course, as Miss Something-or-other. You can see how this would give rise to a somewhat delicate situation. But after a great deal of thought, the agile-minded fertilizer fellows decided to call the queen of their choice Miss Plant Aid.

★ ★ ★

A couple of southern California scientists have been surveying the rabbit's ears situation. They have discovered that a rabbit's ears are large. Furthermore, they find that a rabbit's ears are turned backward, enabling the bunny to hear what's going on behind it. As far as we've been able to discover, the learned gentlemen seemed satisfied with what they had dug up and turned to something else. Wonder if Army Intelligence could do worse than enlist a large number of rabbits?

★ ★ ★

The latest excitement in Oklahoma involves student snatching. It's kind of complicated, but let's take Pottawatomie County, for example. Brushed and combed, his shining morning face aglow with hope and soap, your child sets forth for the nearest school, determined one day to be elected President or, if he is truly ambitious, county supervisor. He has scarcely vanished around the bend in the road before a large school bus, piloted by a cheery driver who looks like Santa Claus, swoops down upon him and bears him off to a school in the adjoining school district. He has such a good time in this fine big school that he's ruined for the little old school nearer home. He's been snatched, and he likes it. Presently, the little old school is snatched clean of students, leaving the teacher to twiddle her thumbs because her educational cupboard is bare. And the big school in the next district goes to the state legislature and says it's a shocking waste of the taxpayers' money to support that little old studentless school yonder, and why not turn the money over to this fine big school so it can grow and make big, strong citizens of little Oklahomans? At latest reports, 1,000 Pottawatomie rural school teachers, who have been reduced almost to their last pupil, are demanding that student snatching be declared illegal.

★ ★ ★

No shooting yet.

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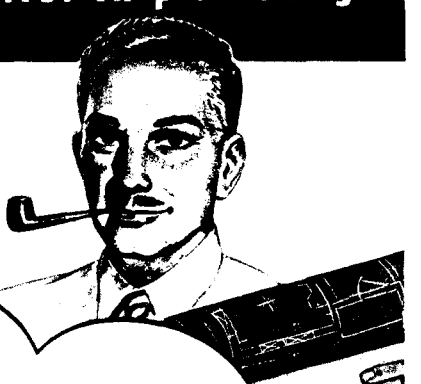

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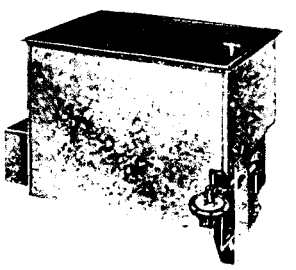

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Filipino platoon part[illegible]ietion, advances up an incline in the Sierra Madres toward a Huk stronghold

THE HUKS—
Foe in the Philippines

A fanatical, hard-hitting army of 10,000 Reds expects to seize control by 1952

Manila

BY 1952, a vigorous organization of fanatical Communists expects to be in full control of the Philippine Islands. That would sever at a vital spot the Pacific defense line of the free world. It would be a strategic calamity. And it could happen.

Whether it does depends in large part on what the Philippine government can do to remove the threat, and on what develops in the rest of Asia this year. But under certain circumstances, the Philippines, which became a free nation in 1946, could become a slave nation quicker than you can say *Hukbong Mapagpalaya ng Bayan*. In native Tagalog that means People's Liberation Army.

If you haven't heard of the Huks, it's high time you did, because for eight years they've been waging what must be the world's most unpublicized revolution. The Huk timetable, calling for complete domination of the Islands by the end of next year, is very definitely part of the greater Communist plan, drawn up in Moscow and Peking, to overrun the whole Far East. If World War III should start tomorrow, or even if Indochina and Formosa fall to the Reds in further "local wars," the Philippines will be just as vulnerable strategically as the rest of Southeast Asia, despite a surrounding water barrier.

For it is here, more than anywhere else, that Communist world leaders see their chance to give Allied Pacific strategy—and American prestige, fast fading in the postwar Orient—a knockout punch. The referee's count would be heard all over this hemisphere.

To be sure, Stalin is likely to have his hands full in Europe in event of war, and Mao Tse-tung's Chinese "volunteers," the new mercenaries of the world revolution, may be pinned down in Korea or have other prior tasks assigned them. Furthermore, the Russians and the Chinese undoubtedly would have great difficulty launching an immediate amphibious invasion of these shores, which are 400 miles from the Chinese mainland, and a little more than 100 from the southern tip of Formosa.

Nevertheless, this troubled ex-ward of ours is far from secure. For, within the Islands, the Huk army of 10,000 is a tricky, elusive, hard-hitting guerrilla outfit that is rigidly disciplined, thoroughly indoctrinated, and operated under tight Communist rule from the top right down to the political commissars at field level. Its striking power is considerably greater than its numbers indicate,

[illegible] April 7, 1951

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MANILA TIMES

Soldier lying near front wheel was killed by Huks in southern Luzon truck ambush

Huk prisoner Amador Diaz admits he was ordered to kill Defense Secretary Magsaysay

and behind it is a so-called "mass," composed of thousands of agents and sympathizers, many of whom have hidden weapons of their own.

Opposing the Huks are some 15,000 government combat troops, with another 10,000 in the recruiting and training hopper. But this strength may be somewhat misleading. Guerrilla fighting is the hardest of all warfare for modern armies, accustomed as they are to traveling on roads and dragging their heavy firepower behind them. In Greece, it took a quarter of a million men and hundreds of millions of dollars spent over a five-year period before the democracies could defeat a smaller hostile guerrilla force.

The Huks, in certain respects, are not nearly as adept as were the Greek Communists in the use of land mines, road ditches, booby traps, and the like. But they are tops in ambuscades, in the ability to move at night with amazing speed over secret mountain trails, in establishing jungle production bases by the score. Their propaganda and intelligence systems are excellent. As generators of sheer chaos they have few equals.

They wreak havoc in the barrios, or villages, setting neighbor against neighbor, causing wrongful punishment to be inflicted by the confused forces of law and order, and generally creating utter demoralization.

They are likely to follow up by raiding such a seething community—often within 15 or 20 miles of Manila—recruiting or kidnaping fresh supporters, killing off "enemies of the people," frequently looting, pillaging and terrorizing for all of a night before melting back into the hills.

One of the biggest Huk incursions was a mass affair that occurred last August, on the 54th anniversary of the Filipino revolt against Spain. An estimated 5,000 Huks erupted all over the Islands, sweeping through little communities and killing about 200 civilians and 50 government soldiers with only slight losses to themselves. The effect was electric. In some areas, 80 per cent of the people fled from the fields and barrios to Manila or other safe cities. Many stayed away weeks or even months. The loss to the Islands in farm production was heavy.

Along with this weapon of terrorism, the Huks have made progress in selling Communism among the impoverished tenant farmers. This will remain an ideological danger spot for the Philippine government until it succeeds in improving the conditions of the landless peasants—especially the 2,000,000 in central Luzon's "sharecropper belt," a key trouble area.

In fact, the entire problem of keeping the Huks from making good on their 1952 target date is largely dependent on the ability of the shaky government in Manila to meet the challenge with the right combination of military and social-economic measures. Both are sorely needed to regain the confidence of a disillusioned population.

An effort has been made to solve one of the main problems by resettling central Luzon's farmers in Mindanao on land of their own. The response has been apathetic; the farmers apparently prefer to gamble on the Huk promises. A government move to buy out Luzon's big landholders and divide their estates among the tenants also has accomplished little. The government says there's too little land and prices are too high.

Greater progress has been made in the military situation. In the last few months, due chiefly to the honesty and imaginative leadership of one man, Defense Secretary Ramon Magsaysay, the revitalized Philippine army has begun an earnest campaign to flush the Huks out of the hills. At the same time, the political apparatus of the Huks in Manila has been temporarily smashed and some of the top leaders in the city arrested.

But Huk-hunting is like looking for needles in thousands of damp, infested haystacks. And the Communists have replacements, both in the jungle and in town. Their influence and infiltration reach into labor unions, the press, and even into government.

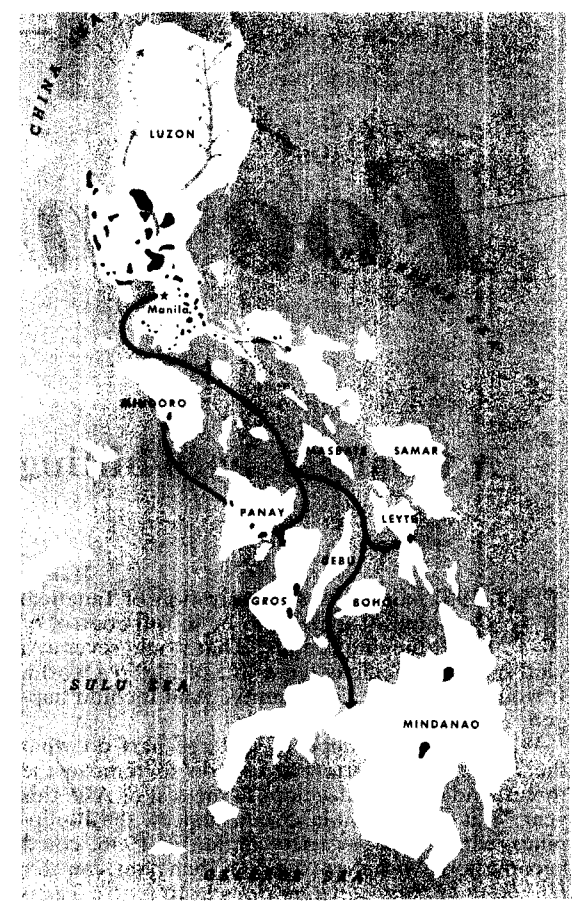
What keeps the Philippines ripe for Communist plucking is a whole sad set of factors—chiefly corruption and graft on a wide scale in the ineffectual Quirino administration; political jealousies and parliamentary bickering, and a general moral and economic collapse that American financial aid alone cannot cure. Last but not least, past U.S. policies of impatience and neglect, and a postwar pattern of shady dealings by a handful of American opportunists, have played immeasurably into Communist hands.

In part this has been the result of what are generally considered to be three big mistakes *we* made in the Philippines:

First, the American liberation army that entered the Philippines in 1945 proved unable to follow through on its efforts to call in, register and store many thousands of guerrilla and alleged guerrilla guns. The Huks took their pick of the guns, mostly Garands, carbines and Browning automatics. The remainder were clandestinely trafficked to Indonesia and China, mostly by a small group of American profiteers.

Secondly, between early 1945 and July 4, 1946, the day when independence was formally granted, our forces, still in charge, were not permitted by Washington to break the back of the Huk movement; this was the period when it gained revolutionary momentum.

Thirdly, by turning over some $300,000,000 worth of surplus property to the Philippines—dumps that included much arms material, none of it properly inventoried because of a dearth of troops—we invited scores of crooked deals that have since set a pervasive, ugly pattern and undermined the government. The result has been widespread bitterness and disgust— *(Continued on page 62)*



AL TARTER

Black areas show Huks' concentrations, long lines indicate how they have extended their operations, arrows their expansion campaign

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Huks set up [illegible] as this one in Quezon Province. Rooting them out is difficult, dangerous

Lt. Col. Napoleon Valeriano briefs troops for attack on Huks. Author joined Valeriano on one such operation against rebel encampment

Secretary of Defense Ramon Magsaysay heartens Sampaloc townsfolk with talk on government determination to wipe out Huk threat. His honest and imaginative leadership is credited with revitalizing the army into an earnest campaign to flush Reds from their strongholds

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY V. G. MILLER

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The PHANTOM *of* WALNUT SPRING

Tucker's troops were to annihilate General Hooker's forces near Walnut Spring, then cut off Grant's army at the river. The plan was sound enough—if the troops could keep their minds on the campaign

By JOHN BELL CLAYTON

TO TUCKER ENGLISH, that summer before he became eleven, the most illustrious figure in American history was his own Grandfather McCantland, General of the Confederate Army, who had fought Sheridan over every foot of the Valley of Virginia, who had burned a city in the North and who, at the end, had ridden away from Appomattox in fury and contempt without surrendering either his saber or his ragged brigade.

Sometimes Tucker sat in the parlor listening to Grandmother tell how Grandfather, among many other deeds, broke out of Fort Donelson when General Grant had that stronghold surrounded. Outnumbered, out of ammunition, out of everything, Grandfather had said of Grant: "If that drunken mule skinner ever gets my saber he'll get it across the side of his face!" At those times Tucker gazed up at the wiry, blazing-eyed, indestructible man in the portrait above the mantel and he had the fervent and exciting hope that, although Grandfather had been dead for many years, the Civil War could still be successfully revived.

And when he talked to his friend old Soldier Parrish, who had been a sharpshooter with Imboden and who now was ninety-five, that hope became a resolve. Often Tucker went up through the meadow and visited Soldier at his cabin across the public road.

They sat together on the stoop and looked down across Father's rich fields in the direction of Mill Mountain. About a hundred yards below the crest of the mountain the old Confederate breastworks, built by Grandfather McCantland's men, traced a thin wavering line southward. In places they were completely lost among chestnut oak, scrub pine and chinquapin brush, emerging only as a shallow ditch through huckleberry patches and bare spots of shale and slate on the mountain's upper slopes. But Soldier said that when they could get around to it they would clear out the breastworks and send word to Washington that they were ready to start fighting again.

"We'll surprise 'em, boy, surprise 'em," Soldier would say. "Thar's still thousands of good men hidin' out in the mountains jist waitin' for a rebel yell. We'll take Pennsylvany and when we do that the whole damn' Union'll fall."

And there were people who affirmed that Soldier was still contrary enough and mean enough to do just what he said.

One August day, flashing Grandfather's saber and flanked by his general staff, Tucker led fifteen thousand gray and butternut troops of the Confederacy across the meadow in the direction of the road. Realizing that he was on one of the most important expeditions of the entire war, Tucker silently studied his subordinate officers and came to the conclusion that he had been assigned about the

sorriest staff he had ever had under him. It consisted of the two Lange brothers from Deer Meadow—Colonel Harvey and Captain Hoy.

The Colonel was chubby and got out of breath easily. Moreover he was engrossed in a thing called his High Tension Set—a dozen dry-cell batteries wired together in a way supposed to produce electrical phenomena of a nature unspecified but bizarre and perhaps sinister. Captain Hoy, a cynic at the age of nine, would just as likely as not sell himself out to the North if some Yankee came along and told him where he could catch a bass or fallfish.

General Tucker's campaign plan was simple but explicit. Two separate Northern armies were marching down the valley. Meanwhile, unknown to the Yankees, an army under General Lee and Grandfather McCantland was moving southward on the other side of Mill Mountain. Tucker was to swing northward, encircle and annihilate Hooker's forces near the Walnut Spring, then make a hurried march and meet Grant as the latter attempted to ford the river. At the same time Lee's and McCantland's forces were to pour across the mountain and attack Grant from behind. The plan was sound.

Aside from the heavy saber, Tucker was carrying a skillet and a paper bag containing a part of a loaf of bread, three spoons and a little lard; in his pocket were matches and Father's jackknife. Colonel Harvey carried, in a box labeled Van Camp's Beans, his precious High Tension Set. Captain Hoy had his alder fishing pole, a can of worms, and two blankets in a loose roll.

After the army had crawled under the barbed-wire fence at the road, Tucker gave the order to halt and then joined his staff in shouting down at the barn to hear their voices bang against it and flatten in echo. It was already late afternoon. The shadow of Broomsage Hill fell for a full quarter mile across the meadow. As they shouted, the distorted echoes came looping back up across the field like hoops rolling into the shadow of the hill. OOH-GAH-WUH-GAH-SOOEY.

One echo came back more distorted than the rest—a chorus that returned weirdly as a solo—female, shrill and defiant: "Ah doan keer *what* yawl does!"

Teaberry was hanging across the front gate of the big maple-shaded yard. They neither looked in her direction nor confessed to have heard her because they knew how much she was injured at being left behind; but the idea of a little nine-year-old colored girl, daughter of Ginnie the cook, joining the high command of an army on an expedition that would keep them away from home all night was too absurd to entertain.

Tucker gave the order to march, and the column swung up the road.

The whitewashed cabin of Soldier Parrish and his wife, Miss Prinnie, was perched on a knoll just across the road from the farm. In front of it, in which ordinarily would have been a yard, was a wild tangle of catnip, jimson and pokeweed. As the boys took the rise up a little hill, Tucker could see Soldier sitting on the front stoop. His white tousled hair was barely discernible above the tall weeds. He had a homemade fly brush in one hand and in the other a long walking stick with which he whacked off weeds within his reach the barest fraction of an inch at a time. His irascible old eyes would have the indefinite color of milky quartz as he squinted at them trying to decide who they were.

"Hello, Mr. Parrish," Tucker called out. "How're you today?"

"Like iron, sir!" Soldier bleated. "Like iron!"

And Tucker believed he was—this grizzled old man who lacked only five years of having lived a full century and for whom he felt a strange and great affection. He wished he could stop and hear Soldier tell once more how Grandfather McCantland had turned back Phil Sheridan's army in a fabulous battle up there at the breastworks on Mill Mountain. Soldier was moody and frequently ill-tempered but still he had about him a mean indestructible majesty. His mind wandered; he recklessly confused campaigns and territory in a hazy, stubborn and grandiose fantasy in which there had not only never been a *(Continued on page 56)*

They walked along in the shadow of Broomsage Hill, kicking up dust. A soberness was upon the whole army

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

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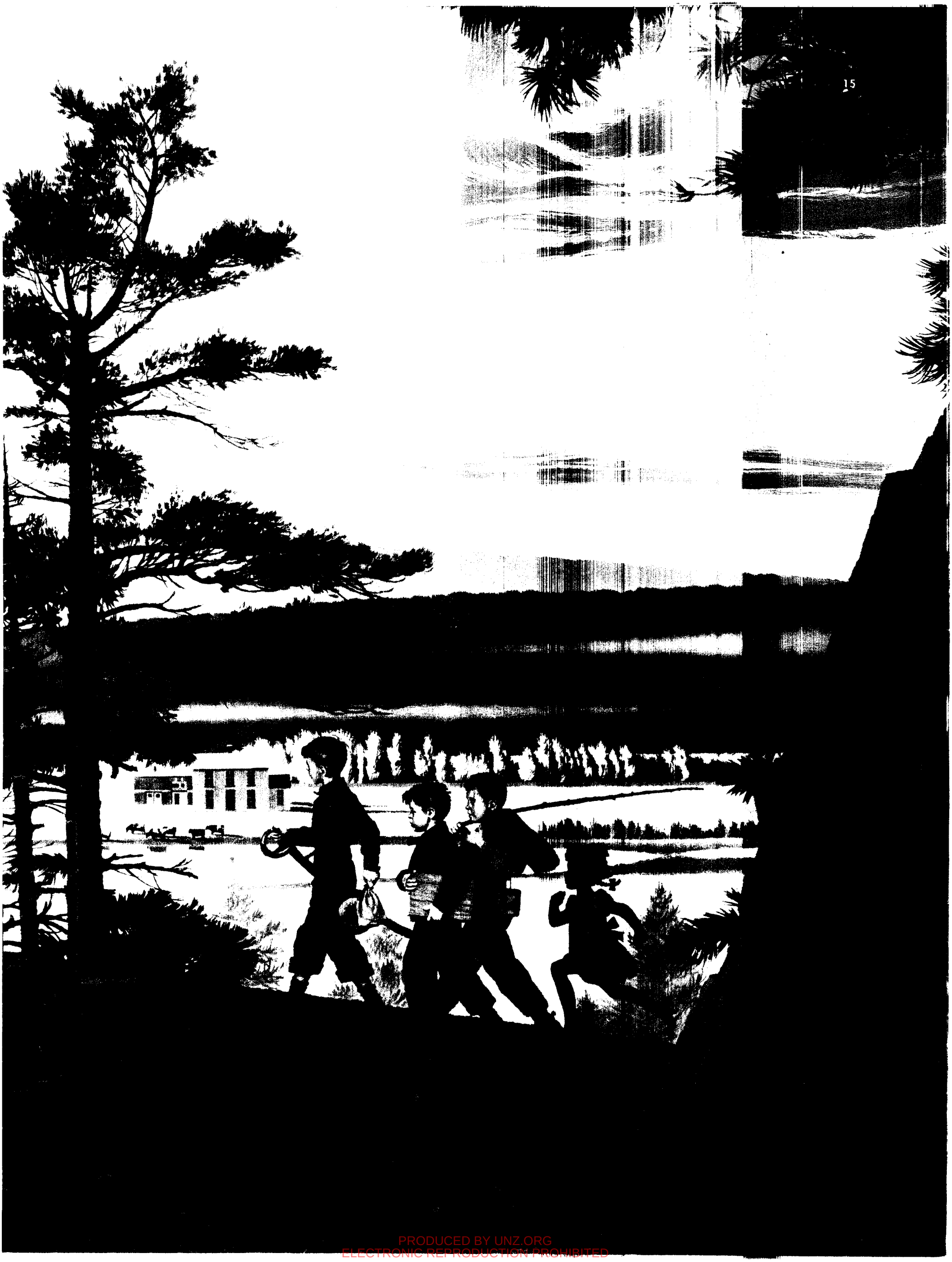

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Burridge Carries On

Burridge was sure she'd done the right thing. She wasn't so sure about the way she'd done it: you might say she'd used her place to deceive the mistress

BURRIDGE was polishing furniture in the drawing room when Mrs. Talbot hurried through in a white negligee, looking distraught. She gave a respectful little nod to which Mrs. Talbot paid no heed. So Burridge knew the mistress was in a tantrum. She wondered whether it was a new one or simply the remains of yesterday's. In the month she'd been waitress in the Talbots' New York penthouse, Burridge had wondered a good deal about the mistress' eruptive tendencies.

Take yesterday. At lunch, Haines, the butler, had brought in a telegram which Mrs. Talbot scanned and then, with joyful little cries, handed over to Miss Angela. Having at that moment to carry out the bouillon cups, Burridge, to her regret, missed the thread. When she brought in the sole, Mrs. Talbot was saying something about "the mission"—which was astonishing because Mrs. Talbot wasn't at all that sort of person—and Miss Angela, with a disturbed look, said, "But, Mother, I can't."

"Nonsense, darling," cried Mrs. Talbot. "Of course you'll go."

"But I have an appointment."

"Break it, darling, break it. This is important."

Burridge had to go fetch the broccoli just then. From the kitchen, she heard Mrs. Talbot's tantrum-scream, and as she came through the pantry door, Miss Angela, subdued, was saying, "Oh, all right." Mrs. Talbot removed a handkerchief from her eyes and helped herself to broccoli. Miss Angela's expression was one no girl of nineteen should have. And what, thought Burridge, do you make of that?

Later, in the kitchen, Haines remarked that young Roger Strong had come but Miss Angela was finishing him off in the front hall. With an excuse about linens, Burridge hurried into the pantry, and pushed the swinging door open a little so she could see them. Young Roger had his arms around the girl, hunching down his great height till his dark head touched her fair one. Miss Angela's face was white; her eyes enormous.

"You know I do," she said. "Always and always. But when Mother's in one of her moods— Really you must go now." She pulled out of his arms and drew him to the door.

An hour later, the two went out together, Mrs. Talbot looking triumphant and Miss Angela with that expression that tore your heart.

Mrs. Talbot was blondly handsome and so full of verve that, just at the start, Burridge had wondered how she'd do behind footlights. Just at the start, though. Mrs. Talbot was strictly social: you could mark that day in red that she wasn't flouncing off to cocktails and dinners, or having swells in for parties. Burridge enjoyed the parties. Stationed by the powder-room door to assist with wraps, she got to see everyone who came, and once she'd seen a gentleman she'd known in London. He hadn't noticed her, and she hadn't ventured to address him, but the moment had pulsed with feeling. Young Roger never came when grand company was present.

Mr. Talbot, a mildish gentleman, generally went to sit in his club when the mistress' tantrums came on. Sometimes, if the company was extra grand, his expression became apprehensive. Once when she was serving at table, Burridge had heard him speak of his young days in Oklahoma, digging ditches that ended in Oil. That time, Mrs. Talbot's expression became apprehensive.

Burridge pushed the swinging door open a little so she could see them. Miss Angela's face was white; her eyes enormous

The closest Burridge had come to catching a glimmer was on the night loud voices in the living room had brought her, on tiptoe, to the buffet behind the dining-room arch.

"... and I don't care if she is your broker's wife," stormed Mrs. Talbot. "It's an insult to be asked the very same day. What does she think I am?"

"Not this, I don't suppose," chuckled Mr. Talbot, taking out his big old-fashioned watch and opening the back. "Remember, Kitty?"

"Oh." Mrs. Talbot let out her breath. "You don't mean you've still got that old snapshot!"

"You were mighty cute, Kitty. Those were nice times. Not so damn' much stewing around. I get a lot of fun thinking back."

"Well, I don't. I'm glad we're where we are. And that old picture—it's darling of you to keep it, but must you carry it around? If anyone ever saw it and started piecing things together—"

"Nothing to be ashamed of. You were cute. The cutest of the bunch."

Then, just as Burridge held her breath so as not to miss the thing Mrs. Talbot was ashamed of, one of them rang the bell. By the time Burridge had scudded into the pantry and out through the other door, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were sitting quietly, requiring vermouth.

Burridge wondered about it all.

Polishing the furniture, she thought what a pity that you knew only what you picked up in odd snatches. The walls of this magnificent penthouse were thick, the doors had no keyholes, and it was bad form for a newcomer to put questions in the servants' sitting room. Besides, if you put questions to others, sooner or later others put questions to you. And that wouldn't do. There were things Burridge never talked about.

This was a good service she had—a fine room, American comforts, good wages. What with the devaluated pound, she was getting more than a character actress in the West End. Those were the things to consider. If she felt it a humiliation to be waitress at Talbots' when for five-and-twenty years she'd been the best-known theatrical maid in London, at least the Talbot's problems need not concern her.

MISS ANGELA'S bell rang just before noon. The girl sat at her desk in the window, and the sharp October sunlight emphasized the pallor of her face. Burridge reminded herself that the pallor was no affair of hers.

"And is it to be early lunch, Miss? Now what would you fancy?"

"Oh—" The girl gave a wan smile. "I don't want anything. I'd just like a letter mailed. Would you take it?" She held out a square envelope.

"Oh, come, Miss. You'd better have something."

"Maybe later on. I'll ring." She forced another bleak smile and Burridge stood there a moment longer than was necessary.

In the corridor, Burridge immediately scrutinized the letter. It was thick, marked Special Delivery, and addressed to Roger Strong in Minetta Lane. Burridge had no idea where *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

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Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' CLYDE

For 29 years the great trainer has carried on a flirtation with death. But he's still putting the show on the road

LIKE any year, the year 1921 had its memorable moments, but the most exciting thing that happened was, to a large number of people, the magic day that Howe's Great London Circus and Van Amburg's Trained Wild Animals came to town.

Oh, it was wonderful! Where the big, bright circus train had come from nobody seemed to know, but there it was. The night before, the familiar lot had been empty and full of weeds, but now, miracle of miracles, a great canvas city stood there, peopled by mysterious strangers who promised untold wonders and delights for as little as one thin dime, the tenth part of a dollar. There were pennants, freaks and cotton candy, lions, tigers and weak lemonade, a calliope, acrobats and Egyptian princesses, and before you knew it, the weeds had turned to violets and the smells were not of dust and roasting peanuts but rather of rare Oriental perfume.

Naturally there had been a parade, and after the parade, as early as twelve o'clock, Herman Hackenschmidt, the wrestler, appeared majestically on a platform overlooking the midway, flexing his muscles and daring to meet all comers. Men exchanged embarrassed glances with one another until finally a husky, sunburned farm boy, urged on by his friends, bashfully mounted the platform and met his inevitable humiliation while the crowd groaned its disappointment and hissed Hackenschmidt as a bully.

Emmett Kelly, "novelty clown and cartoonist tramp comedian," was in charge of capturing young hearts for Howe's Great London Circus, a feat he performed with antics which can only be described as incomparable. In addition, there was a real giant; an enchantress of snakes; the world's smallest soprano; Prince Bo Bo, the cannibal chief; Professor Montell Proctor's Colored Band and Minstrels; and Louis Roth, positively the King of All Wild Animal Trainers. Also listed in the program were six "cage boys," one of whom was Clyde Beatty, a muscular, bandy-legged youth of eighteen who, having been helplessly captivated by a circus poster some months earlier, had finally run away from his farm home near Bainbridge, Ohio, and was now engaged, at $3 a week, as valet to the fearless Captain Roth's wild animals.

It has been 30 years since that happy summer when Howe's circus brought its magic to scores of American towns, but the basic flavor of the circus has not changed, and Clyde Beatty, the onetime cage boy, has proved to be especially durable. Not only is he now the sole owner of the Clyde Beatty Circus, a big three-ring show, but after three death-defying decades in the center ring he is still the foremost subjugator of ferocious jungle brutes in all the world.

While it is not a pleasant thought, the prospect of seeing a man eaten alive is irresistible to a great portion of the population, and so this summer, assuming it is a normal season, something over a million persons will again crowd under the big top to see a "gigantic host of sensational circus wizards headed by Clyde Beatty in person in the most dangerous, suicidal, bloodcurdling wild-animal display ever conceived and performed by man."

Barring sudden disaster, which remains an ever-present possibility, the pattern will be repeated hundreds of times in scores of towns and cities. First there will be a "gorgeously produced processional pageant of kaleidoscopic splendor featuring Spangleland Stars and Performers from All Parts of the World." Then Beatty himself, a curly-haired, forty-eight-year-old, five-and-a-half-foot welterweight

Stepdaughter Alvina Beatty, 17, riding lead elephant, travels with circus during summer, continues studies at Hillsdale College, Mich.

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BEATTY

By COLLIE SMALL

armed with a whip, a gun and a kitchen chair, will rush into a 40-foot cage to surround himself for approximately 18 chilling minutes with perhaps 30 snarling lions and tigers.

Women will scream, the band will play, children will gasp, and somewhere in the goggle-eyed crowd there will be a smug, complacent gentleman who knows it all and will loudly pronounce the entire performance a colossal fake.

The thought that some spectator may be minimizing his performance will, if it occurs to him, cause Beatty's hackles to quiver dangerously, since his relationship with his various lions and tigers is anything but amicable. He is equally impatient with people who refer to him, however innocently, as a "lion tamer" instead of a wild-animal *trainer*.

There is no such thing as a "tame" jungle animal, and several dozen scars, along with an impressive hospital record, attest to the perils Beatty endures twice a day for some 40 weeks a year. No insurance company will issue a policy on his life except Lloyd's of London, an extraordinarily tolerant organization, and Lloyd's insists upon such heavy premiums in Beatty's case that he feels he can't afford the upkeep.

From the time in 1922 when he first stepped into a cage with five polar bears, on the Gollmar show, Beatty has carried on an intense, continuous flirtation with death. He concentrates so furiously while he is in the ring that he has been clawed without knowing it. His mother saw his act only once and promptly fainted. He has been attacked dozens of times. Yet people are congenitally suspicious of a man who appears to enjoy risking his life, and most of his performances, ironically enough, are given with such a show of timing and command that to many people they seem relatively simple and safe.

Savage Battle in Detroit Arena

Nothing could be more misleading. Training a tiger to spin and roll over or teaching a lion to ride on an elephant's back requires infinite skill and patience, as well as considerable courage; and no trainer in history has been able to mix lions and tigers in the same arena with such success. And even Beatty has his troubles with the mixed cats, as was demonstrated in Detroit last February, when one of his lions killed a tiger after a savage battle in full view of a horrified audience. Another lion tried to attack Beatty as the blood-maddened beasts got out of hand, but the old master, with the coolness born of years of experience, fired blank cartridges and finally got them back into their cages.

Beatty is wringing wet when he leaves the cage after his 18-minute stint, and a skeptical reporter conceded a few years ago, after examining Beatty closely in his dressing room at the conclusion of a performance, that "it appears to be perspiration."

It was indeed perspiration, and honest perspiration at that. Because he has developed a healthy respect for the damage a lion or tiger can do to a comparatively defenseless human being, Beatty works under extremely high tension, the strain being amplified in proportion to the grievous wounds he has suffered in the past.

He is particularly nervous at the beginning of a season, when the cats are apt to be more erratic than they will be later on when they are working better, but, even so, the edge never quite wears off. Beatty, who is placid enough ordinarily, displays the same sort of hair-trigger nervous exhaustion after a day with stubborn lions and tigers that Leo Durocher, the baseball manager, exhibits after a day of being surrounded by man-eating umpires. That is the sort of life it is. Yet, as Dale Carnegie once said of him, "Beatty would rather be gored to death than bored to death."

If excitement is Beatty's goal, he achieved it long ago in full measure. He is *(Continued on page 60)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Beatty working a lion during one act of the 18-minute show he puts on twice a day 40 weeks a year

Beatty's animal act is the biggest lure of his circus, but he doesn't forget youngsters love clowns

Waiting for the grand entrance are elephants ridden by pert girls who later will double as acrobats

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Exploring Queen of Sheba Land

"Flavor of Romance and Spice of Danger"

By WENDELL PHILLIPS

Fourteen men and a girl set out to unearth the fate of a moon-worshiping civilization that perished 2,000 years ago, leaving as its only monument the shifting sands of south Arabia

Into the vast reaches of a little-known land, traveling among peoples who never before had seen a white woman, there came a refrigerated, motorized, push-buttoned party. Its sponsor was the newly formed American Foundation for the Study of Man. Its mission: to lift from the depths of ancient Wadi Beihan a splendid city—and perhaps to establish the existence of the Queen of Sheba. Wendell Phillips, head of the expedition, here begins his account of the journey, the adventures it held and the treasures it uncovered

I

South Arabia

ON THE surface, our first night among the Arabs of the Wadi Beihan (Beihan River Valley) in Aden looked like a direct steal from the Arabian Nights. Hollywood couldn't have done better than Sherif Hussein bin Ahmed, the Beihani ruler and our host. We sat cross-legged in the compound of his palace watching while tom-toms filled the darkness with their low throbbing and a thin-voiced flute sweetly piped the tune for the gypsy dancing girls who fascinated us, in the flickering lamplight, with their seductive routine.

It was a storybook atmosphere. You caught the flavor of romance, and the spice of danger. Two hundred watchful tribal guards stood in ranks about us, looking grim with their long, curved *janbiyas* (daggers) stuffed into bulging cartridge belts and their battered rifles cradled in arms whose rippling sinews were quite evident through the tatters of well-worn desert uniforms.

We knew about the dangerous Bedouins of south Arabia, who hate intrusion with all the fervor of Islam, and about the attempts already made on Hussein's life. But, ready for anything that might come out of the desert to kill, the guards still had eyes for the dancers and, as I looked around in wonderment at the scene, I could see flashes of white teeth as they grinned and nudged one another when a girl swept close.

Sherif Hussein, one of the tallest and handsomest Arabs I've ever seen, grinned too, and waved a hand to signify he would speak with me, the leader of our expedition. He was sitting in front of me—his back to the four girls who'd often danced for his pleasure before. Beside me was Dr. W. F. Albright, our chief archaeologist. Professor Albright, who spoke 25 languages, was our interpreter, too.

I nudged him and he nodded to Hussein.

"Ahlan wa-sahlan," said Hussein, as if he'd never said it before. By this time I knew it meant, approximately, "Welcome and good grazing."

The professor replied: *"Fi'l-muta'ahhil"*—"The same to the one who is so kind to us."

The benevolent and cheery Hussein, who was terribly impressed with our mechanized caravan, had rolled out the barrel as if we were President Truman and his Cabinet. Our arrival that afternoon, after a long and tedious trek up from the Gulf of Aden, was one of the important events in the modern history of the valley of Beihan. We were the first party of Americans the Beihani had ever seen and we had come, the 15 of us, to unearth the fate of a moon-worshiping civilization called Qataban that had disappeared 2,000 years ago after a disaster that must have shaken the pre-Christian Arabian world to its foundations.

This was the destruction of Timna, Qataban's ancient capital. There had been complete silence after that and not even the modern occupants of the Beihan Valley had the slightest clue as to their wonderful ancestors who had helped build the fabulous spice route of Biblical times and turned this now arid land into the El Dorado of the ancients.

In all my 29 years I'd never been so impressed. A visit to the remote and almost completely unexplored Beihan Valley in darkest Arabia had been my goal for years, and now, as I sat there smiling back at Hussein, I was torn between happiness at being there and sadness at the state to which I found the Beihani had fallen. The Queen of Sheba had once lived near here and must often have passed by these sands when they were well-irrigated green fields.

Thoughts of the queen who in the Biblical narrative showered King Solomon with a fortune in gifts—and whose existence is doubted by some authorities—brought me back to the dancing girls. She may have looked like them because she and the gypsies came from a place then called Sheba, a part of which is now in Yemen. The girls were brown and shapely, dressed in gaily colored skirts and blouses, but not pretty by our standards.

Each must have carried 50 pounds of silver adornments around her neck, wrists and ankles. I don't know how they did it, but they danced steadily for two hours.

At first it was charming, and we often clapped. The girls' arms were graceful and their hip movements spectacular. And as they glided around the compound they kept getting closer and closer to us. I remember nineteen-year-old George Farrier, my assistant, leaned close to me and whistled softly.

Then I began to lose interest. It may have been the monotony or weariness, but the main reason was that one of the girls bowed low to me, allowing me to smell her hair. Bedouin women use camel urine to curl their tresses and I realized these ladies were no exceptions. The spell was shattered, and when the show ended there was little left to admire except the dancers' endurance—and ours.

The four gypsies ranged in age from twelve to nearly thirty. They had left Yemen, Hussein told us, because the government there objected to their dancing with men and to some of their other practices for pay. Their likes are the prostitutes of the desert, eager to turn a dollar or a dime.

Camel urine is a far cry from the frankincense and myrrh that once filled the breezes of Beihan with an air of enchantment. A Greek writer, Dionysius, penned his praises of the country about 90 A.D., when the Gospel of St. John was being written.

"In happy Arabia," wrote Dionysius, "you always breathe the sweet fragrance of spices, either frankincense or the fragrant myrrh. Its people have great flocks of sheep in the pastures and the birds fly to it from remote islands, bringing leaves of pure cinnamon."

The wealth from south Arabia incense trains supported the economy of four important kingdoms for more than a thousand years. The camel caravans coursed slowly and in great numbers from the incense forest in Hadhramaut north through the length of Arabia, paying taxes and protection to numberless tribes on their way. They returned almost as heavily laden with gold and silver from Egypt, Greece and finally Rome, for these countries were predominant in that order around the Mediterranean.

The drain of money from the Roman Empire worried its economists and they complained that "Happy Arabia" was unhappily the reason the value of gold was rising so quickly and that their currency was being debased. The tales of fabulous cities and gold-filled tombs grew, but few outsiders dared the vicissitudes of Arab wrath and Arabian heat.

Emperor Augustus Caesar tried to check on the stories of Arabian camel drivers. He sent a general, Aelius Gallus, as far as Marib, but the toll of heat and disease and desert battles cost him an army of 10,000 men. Few of them lived to return and tell any tales. *(Continued on page 65)*

Phenomenal Adventurer

By [illegible]

Wendell Phillips is a brilliant heir to the great explorers of the past. To me it is thrilling to see a young man take his place in a field which has provided the world with a large part of its vicarious adventure. Wendell is a phenomenon—a rare combination of adventurer and executive. He uses an incredible persuasiveness, gift of organization, mass of scholarly information and leaping imagination to organize and run expeditions.

He led the University of California's African expedition from 1947 to 1949; supervised the microfilming of more than a million pages of manuscripts in St. Catherine's Monastery at Mount Sinai in association with the Library of Congress and Egypt's Farouk University last year; and the pioneering ventures into south Arabia's virtually untouched Wadi Beihan, described in these articles.

Mr. Phillips is twenty-nine, a resident of Concord, California, and a graduate in paleontology of the University of California. During World War II he served in every theater of operations as a merchant mariner and got a battle-blasted glimpse of a world he wanted to explore to its ends.

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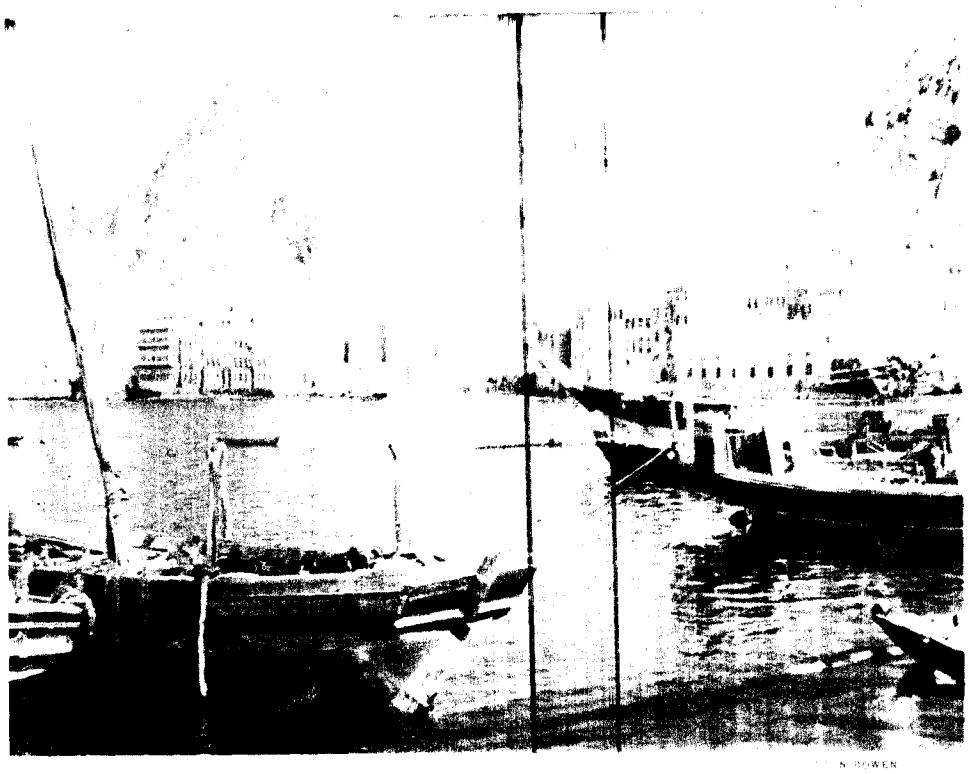


R. BOWEN

Ancient port of Mukalla gives [illegible] like the dhow in the harbor ran the [illegible] trading days

GLADYS TERRY

Sherif Hussein's 200-man guard may smack of storybooks, but the ruler's palace is made of dry mud. The car belongs to Americans

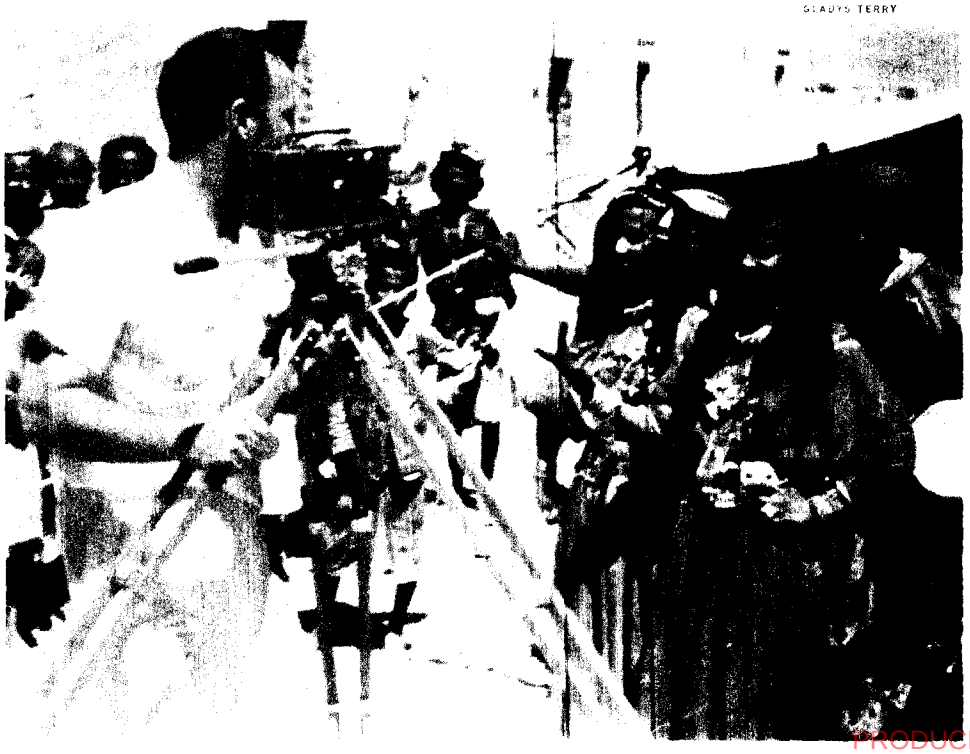
GLADYS TERRY

Natives were convinced the party was looking for gold or oil. This curious Arab visits author at digging site near once-great Timna

DR. RICHARD LEBARON BOWEN

From parapet of Fort Bir Asakir, last lonely outpost before the desert, a sentinel guards precious water supply from marauders

Unlike settlement women, who seldom appear unveiled, coquettish gypsy girls love attention; they fought to stand in front of camera



GLADYS TERRY

Remote Beihani find visitors far more fascinating than rich lore of their land. Ruler Hussein, center, wears a saronglike skirt

GLADYS TERRY

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Stairway to an EMPTY ROOM

By DOLORES HITCHENS

Monica was ready to run away, to take Winifred back to New York. But she couldn't escape now. In spite of herself, she was being drawn into the strange aftermath of her sister's murder

The Story: MONICA MARSHALL had to be afraid, whether she wanted to be or not. At first she had dismissed the fears and warnings of her young niece, WINIFRED, as the natural effect of the child's bereavement and bewilderment: Winifred's mother, BIDDY, *had been murdered, and Winifred's father,* JERRY HUFFMAN, was in prison, awaiting execution for the crime. But Monica soon realized that Winifred's life and perhaps her own were in danger.

Monica had traveled to Los Angeles to assume custody of Winifred, who had been in the care of a hard-eyed, unpleasant woman named MRS. LANNON. Monica arranged to take Winifred away to a mountain resort called Raboldi's, in order that the child should be spared any more unpleasant notoriety. When they got there, they found that Raboldi had suddenly been taken sick and that a young man called STEVENS was in charge. Monica didn't like Stevens; he seemed too sure of himself, and seemed to know too much about her. He tried to warn her of danger, and she resented his solicitude.

But the danger was real. When Monica and Winifred were returning to the resort from a mountain lodge to which they had gone for dinner, the brakes of their car unaccountably failed; the car plunged off the road, and Monica was seriously injured. The doctor who taped up her ribs ordered her to stay in bed.

Winifred kept insisting that her father had not killed her mother, and spoke of Mrs. Lannon as a continuing menace. She claimed to recognize two of the other guests at the resort—a man named VEACH, whom she said she had seen at Mrs. Lannon's; and Veach's woman, a plump blonde named WANDA. Veach, she said, looked "younger and smaller," as though he were disguised. Wanda, she said, had spied on them at the lodge just before the accident.

Finally Monica became convinced that the child's fears had a basis in truth and began to be afraid herself —whether of Stevens or Veach or Mrs. Lannon, she didn't know. But she knew somebody was after Winifred, *or herself, or both of them together.*

II

THE next morning, Stevens took the truck again and went up to see about the car. The mechanic from the lodge was supposed to have fixed it so that it could at least be driven safely down the grade. For a while Winifred played with the cat, hunted beetles, made little men out of pins and pine cones. But by ten o'clock she was bored; she came in, flushed and perspiring, to prop herself against the bed. "I'm so hot. Can I swim?"

It *was* hot; inside the binding of tape, Monica stung and sweltered. "I can't watch you. You'll have to be very careful. Stay close to shore and watch where you're going."

"I will," Winifred promised. She began getting into her suit. She was noticeably tanned; the mane of yellow curls had no resemblance to the long, fuzzy pigtails. If anyone saw her now, Monica thought, they'd never guess she was Jerry Huffman's little girl. Jerry Huffman—

There was a calendar on the wall; she found her eyes drawn to it.

"When I'm grown up," Winifred said, squeezing herself into the suit, "I want to be fat like you."

"You think I'm fat?" Monica said.

"Only in places. You look nice," Winifred said. She went out, banging the door; the sound of her running steps died into silence.

The calendar showed the days of March. This was July. Monica inched out of bed and pulled herself across the room and tore off four sheets.

And why look and study and be troubled? she thought. There's nothing whatever you can do, or would wish to do. Jerry Huffman married your sister. She was young and inexperienced; your parents had left enough to keep her in good schools, to shelter her, to keep her away from violence and ugliness and dirt. Till Jerry Huffman came along, and you let him—

She left the calendar, feeling sick and lightheaded.

It was hard now even to remember what Jerry Huffman looked like. His image confused itself with those of other men whom she'd met recently —with Stevens, for instance. Jerry had been blond and tall; she recalled that he had stood at the wedding, much taller than Biddy, with the strong light from the big north window reflected in his hair. He had a scar on his nose, right across the bridge; she remembered thinking that it gave him the look of a young pug. A circus accident, he'd told Biddy; it had happened when he was a kid. His voice had seemed pleasant. There had been a touch of Southern drawl. His eyes, she recalled, had made him look honest and likable. Underneath, of course, he'd been rotten.

The only complaint she could remember Biddy making in any of the letters had been about money. During the years right after the war, they'd moved up and down the West Coast—from Portland to Seattle; then to San Francisco, where Winifred had been born; then south to Los Angeles. To live in Mrs. Lannon's house, if the woman was to be believed.

And all the time, things must have been wretched for Biddy. There must have been dreary days and nights full of fear. No one beats in your head without giving a frightening hint of what's to come. Why hadn't Biddy left him, returned to New York? The money left by their parents was gone, the trust dissolved (Biddy's share, Monica suspected, had gone into an unsuccessful garage business for Jerry), but Biddy must have known that Monica would take her and the child in, give them food and shelter until Biddy could get on her feet.

Jerry had cursed a lot, Mrs. Lannon had said. Yes, he had a temper, cooler now, no doubt, inside stone walls and steel bars. A temper that had broken loose at last, that drove him to wield an iron tool on Biddy's skull under the hair that had been like little hen's feathers.

Monica rubbed sweat from her face. Now that she was up, the thought of returning to the hot bed was distasteful to her. She decided that, taking it slowly, she might be able to get into her swimming suit and limp down somehow to sit on the rim of the water. There was, too, a vague uneasiness in her mind about the child. There were holes in the lake bottom. Stevens had warned her.

Monica went to a window and drew aside the flimsy curtain. Down through a scattering of pines she saw the glare on the water, Winifred's figure black against it like a cricket, her voice caroling something to Beezer about the owl and the pussycat going to sea.

WITH hands that shook, Monica stripped off the sticky gown and pulled on the tight-fitting elasticized suit. She fluffed her hair, too tired to brush it out, then bound it back with a scarf. She wouldn't go in; wet tape was the wretchedest thing she knew. But just sitting by the water would be nice. Better than the close cabin, the warm untidy bed, the calendar staring at her from the wall.

She paused. Winifred's voice no longer piped its squeaky song. She went back to the window. The lake looked empty, the flat water silky and dimpling. Then she saw Veach's boat, and Veach crouching in it.

The shivering started, the same shivering she'd had last night. She rubbed her temples. There's nothing, she told herself. A man in a boat. A man who wants to fish. Winifred makes up stories about everyone—about Mrs. Lannon, Veach, the blonde. She sees spooks everywhere. I can't start believing —I don't *dare* believe even a little part of it. Then I'd have to believe it all, and that would be horrible.

She steadied herself by holding the wall, then the doorframe, then the railing of the little porch. The nearest tree was perhaps ten yards away. She gathered herself, then made it in a rush and hung on.

She listened. There was no sound at all. She glanced to her right, to the row of cabins. There was no sign of the hunters who had come in last night with the deer and had given Stevens the steaks that he had fried so expertly. No sign of the blonde, either; the middle cabin had a shuttered, fast-asleep look. Siesta, Monica thought. With a cold bottle.

She pulled away from the tree and wobbled on to the next. The dazzle on the water distorted things, but she thought *(Continued on page 38)*

Monica saw the lake as she saw things in nightmares, illuminated with a hellish, lightning-like distinctness. "Winifred!" she screamed

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

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In the prayer scene in Act I, the king (Yul Brynner) orders Anna (Gertie Lawrence) to kneel. At first she refuses, but finally obeys Siamese custom

Richard Rodgers, who wrote the music for The King and I, breaks into a rehearsal to tell children to watch the orchestra leader

Yul Brynner in his dressing room, makes his eyes slant more than they do naturally. He is the son of a Mongolian father and a Romany Gypsy

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GERTIE and the KING of SIAM

By JAMES POLING

In the latest Rodgers-Hammerstein musical, the vivacious Miss Lawrence wears hoop skirts and dances nothing livelier than a polka. The show is based on the famous best seller

AT ONE point in the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical show, The King and I, his Majesty Maha Mongkut, monarch of Siam, asks if Mr. Lincoln of America "has enough guns, and elephants for transporting same, so he shall be winning his war." He is aghast to learn that Lincoln is fighting the Confederacy without the aid of a single elephant. How can a man so completely ignore the established rules of warfare? The king can't believe his ears.

A lot of people aren't going to believe their eyes when they see this new show by the authors of South Pacific and Oklahoma! Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have written and produced it without the aid of a single elephant. They have ignored all of the theatrical clichés which are supposed to guarantee box-office success and gone their own iconoclastic way—which, incidentally, has proved to be the most successful in the history of the American theater, their joint efforts having grossed approximately $50,000,000 in the past nine years.

The King and I has no love story. Its schoolteacher heroine is a widow with a young son. The hero is an Oriental despot skilled in flogging concubines. Not a single diaphanous harem scene has been staged for the delectation of the man in row AA, although the story has a strong seraglio motif. And the final curtain descends on a deathbed scene.

Furthermore, the show's star, Gertrude Lawrence, one of the most elegant song-and-dance gals of our generation, goes through the whole performance in a whalebone corset and hoop skirts. And she never agitates her famed dancing feet beyond the requirements of a staid polka.

Nevertheless, the chances are that audiences will leave the St. James Theater in New York City, where the show opened this week, loudly sniffling its praises. Because—again, no elephants—this is a musical that calls forth as many tears as it does chuckles. Its lachrymose impact was shown on the occasion Gertrude Lawrence sent a singer fleeing from a rehearsal studio, her handkerchief clutched to her eyes, even though a jazz band rehearsing in the adjoining studio was playing One O'Clock Jump so loudly it almost drowned out Gertie's lines.

The King and I seems destined to be a success; another hit to harass Rodgers and Hammerstein's already harried accountants. And "destined" is the only word for it, according to Gertie. In 1924 she was solemnly told by Evangeline Adams, the celebrated astrologer, that she could be sure of theatrical success under only one condition. She must portray only characters whose given names began or ended in "a." Since then Gertie has achieved success in roles bearing such names as Eliza, Julia, Lydia and Liza. Perhaps her greatest triumph was as Amanda in Noel Coward's Private Lives. "It both began and ended in 'a,'" she explains. "And now that I'm playing Anna, which begins and ends with my lucky 'a,' too, how can we fail, chum?"

Tinny Piano Didn't Spoil Songs

By the tenth day of rehearsal it seemed fairly conclusive there would be no failure. That was the day of the first rough "run-through" of the show. It went smoothly from the beginning. Even with the accompaniment of a tinny rehearsal piano, it was evident that Gertie's lovely ballad, Hello, Young Lovers, was a potential rival of Some Enchanted Evening. Other songs, so closely woven into the plot that dialogue is spoken between their various verses, were proving their dramatic effectiveness. And I Whistle a Happy Tune, We Kiss in a Shadow, and Something Wonderful seemed to have the Rodgers and Hammerstein magic touch.

In the third scene of the first act the tempo began to increase. In this scene Yul Brynner, the supercharged actor who plays the king, has a soliloquy which he had previously rehearsed with restraint. Now, he let loose and socked it to a climax that drew applause from the small audience of technicians, the producer's staff and the cast.

Danny Kaye is credited with the remark, "Gertie taught me there's no substitute for talent. That gal is tough to top." Danny should know. When the well-remembered Lady in the Dark opened in Boston, in 1940, Danny stopped the show with a number everyone had anticipated would be a success. He was followed a few minutes later by Gertie, burdened with a dubious number; there had even been some talk of cutting it out of the show. On this opening night, Gertie took a deep breath, and then proceeded to extemporize an entirely different rendition of the song than the one she'd rehearsed. With the result that Saga of Jenny stopped the show cold, for encore after encore, and went on to become a national hit.

Several scenes after Yul's soliloquy Gertie has a scene, alone, in which she sings and talks to herself, expressing the thoughts she doesn't quite dare tell the king to his face. She took the center of the barren stage wearing, for practice, a dirty muslin hoop skirt over her slacks, with an old jacket thrown over her shoulders for warmth. She began rather quietly on the note, "Your servant! Your servant! Indeed I'm not your servant!" Then she gradually built the scene, slowly but powerfully, until, in a great crescendo, she ended prone on the floor, pounding in fury and screaming, "Toads! Toads! Toads! All of your people are toads!" When she finished, the handful of professionals in the theater burst into admiring applause.

A few minutes later Gertie and Yul came face to face in a scene in which they played together. They looked at each other, *(Continued on page 70)*

The king reviews his wives just before a dinner, show and dance for the British ambassador. He and Anna had ordered them to wear European costumes for the affair. Constance Carpenter, Gertie's understudy, is on stage

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

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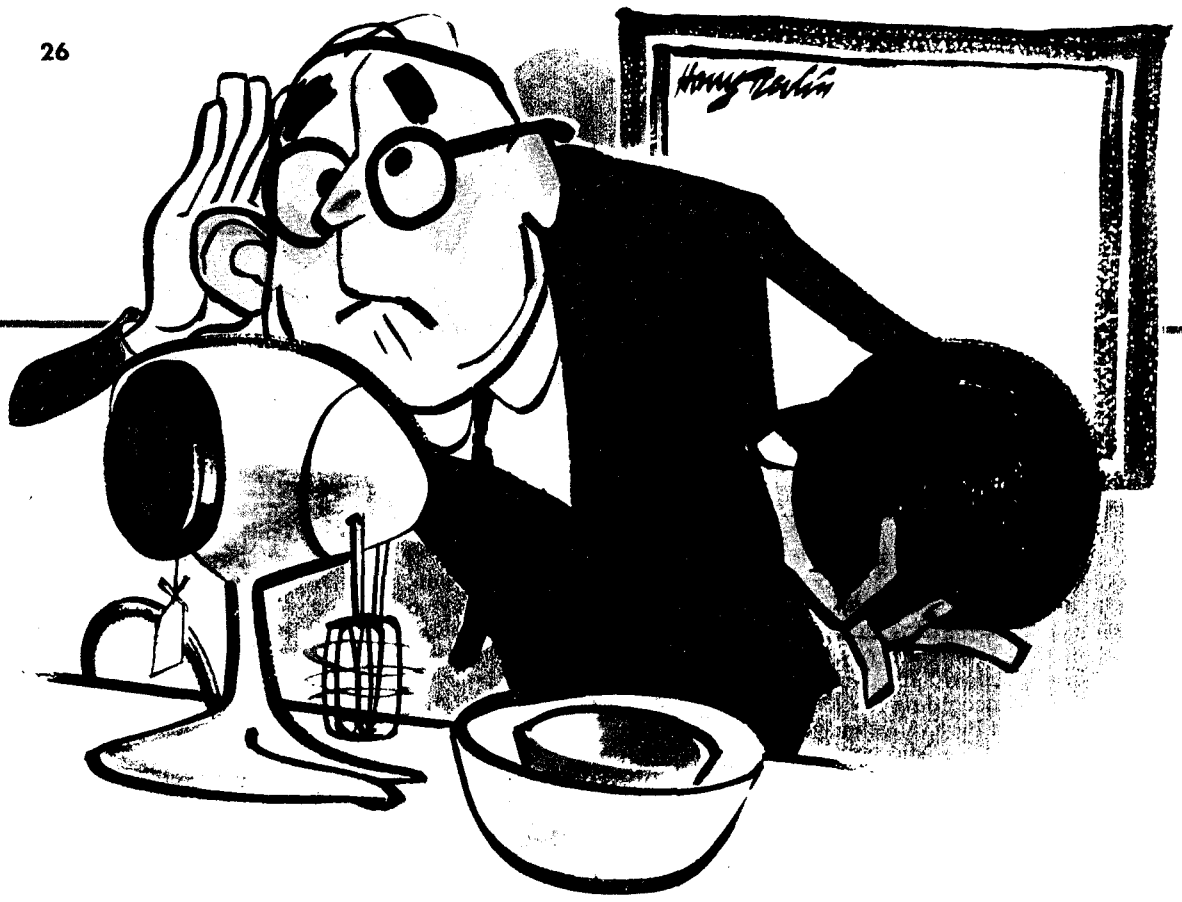


The improved mixer didn't make any noise, so customers decided it wasn't powerful

YOU

Your whims, your fancies are

By ROBERT [illegible]

A LITTLE more than a year ago the maker of a popular kitchen gadget for mixing waffle batter, milk shakes and such decided to improve on his product. He put engineers to work designing a new model more powerful than the old, and almost completely noiseless. When the redesigning was completed, at a cost of thousands of dollars, he invested more thousands in retooling part of his plant.

Several months later the first of the new models reached the retail stores. And there most of them remained. You, the members of the great buying public, simply weren't interested.

Much disturbed, the manufacturer sent out investigators to learn why. They returned with a flabbergasting answer.

"Darn' thing doesn't seem to have any power," one potential purchaser who had changed his mind summed it up for all. "Doesn't make any noise."

And that was that. The manufacturer had to withdraw the new models and rebuild them so that they made a little more noise. That was the way you wanted them, so that was the way they had to be. Attempting to argue with you in such matters, once you have made up your mind, leads only to bankruptcy court.

You and your whims and fancies control the destinies of the greatest corporations. When you smile, they are in the corporate equivalent of heaven, and their ink flows black. When you frown, they tremble. If you turn away indifferently, you leave them bewildered and often cause violent shake-ups in their executive staffs.

Every year they spend millions trying to determine which way your fancy is turning. In fact, a whole new profession devoted to that project has recently been born. Its members call themselves market researchers or consumer surveyors. The nation now has some 170 independent market-research firms, including several with nation-wide networks, and many large companies maintain their own staffs of experts. The researchers go up and down the land anxiously inquiring how much coffee you drank yesterday or what kind of soap you use on your underthings and scribbling your answers with the greatest exactitude.

What makes all this effort and expense so necessary to manufacturers is that you constantly are turning up with utterly unexpected reactions to their products. When the Eastman Kodak Company brought out its first candid camera, the main selling points were the small size and consequent low cost of the gadget. These seemed obviously the chief reasons for its great popularity.

But just to be sure, Eastman put its market researchers to work finding out what you liked about the camera. Many of you denounced the small size.

"It's exasperating to work with prints that you have to squint at to see," one camera bug put it.

What he and many others liked were the features which had been added as afterthoughts—range finders, interchangeable lenses and fast film. When Eastman transferred these features to larger cameras, they, too, boomed in popularity.

There are occasions when you react most unexpectedly, but you still have your way. Early automobile fog lights had amber-colored lenses on them. Some years later the Westinghouse Electric Corporation brought out a more powerful fog light and used a clear lens.

You weren't interested. By then fog lights meant amber lights to you. Westinghouse tried an advertising campaign, pointing out that its clear lens produced the same road-hugging light pattern as the amber and had other advantages. The campaign failed almost completely. Today, the company sells four fog lamps with amber lenses for every one with a clear lens, though it has to charge more for the amber.

The United States Rubber Company has had a somewhat similar experience with inner tubes. Before World War II the tubes were made of natural rubber and were red in color. During the war natural rubber inner tubes disappeared and were replaced by gray, synthetic butyl tubes. Many of you automatically assumed that the synthetic tubes were inferior and, as soon as natural red rubber became available again after the war, began clamoring for tubes made of it.

Actually, says U.S. Rubber, butyl tubes hold air 10 times longer and are more resistant to tearing than those made of natural rubber. What's more, the red tubes' price is considerably higher, because natural rubber costs more than butyl.

This sort of misunderstanding is likely to crop up whenever a company makes any kind of change in its products. In an attempt to avoid it as much as possible, many concerns carefully test your reactions before putting changes into effect. The General Foods Corporation, for example, tries out nearly all its new ideas on the housewives of Washington, D.C. Recently, the organization decided that angel-food cakes made from its cake flour turned out better when baked at 375 degrees F. for half an hour instead of at 325 degrees for an hour as was customary.

But the company didn't dare simply print the new instructions on its cake-flour labels. Instead, it sent a group of home economists on the rounds of some 60 Washington homes. In each kitchen the housewife was persuaded to try the new method. Nearly all agreed that the resultant cakes were better than the ones they had baked from the same flour using the old method. Now the company is going ahead with the change in its labels, warily but hopefully.

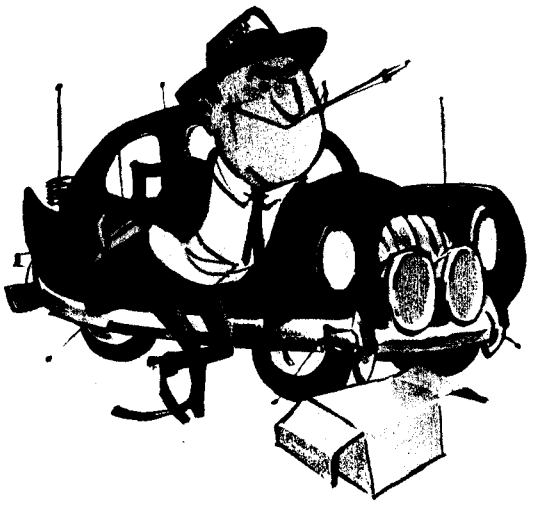
Sometimes you neatly humbug the manufacturers. A few years ago there was a big fuss about book matches. Trouble lay, said safety experts, in the placing of the striking surface on the front of the book. Anyone striking a match carelessly could ignite the whole row of matches and burn himself badly. The thing to do, they went on, was to place the striking surface on the back of the book.

Surveys indicated you thought this was a fine idea. So the Diamond Match Company, for one, retooled a few of its machines and invited orders for such books from the wholesalers who distribute these matches.

It received a few. But no wholesaler ever gave a repeat order. Most of you thought the idea was fine in the abstract, but in practice you didn't want to bother with a book of matches which you had to go to all the trouble of turning over to get at the striking surface.

In many similar matters you adamantly resist any change whatsoever. Over the years, for instance, would-be innovators in the manufacture of playing cards have attempted such novelties as replacing the usual effigies of king, queen and jack with photographs of such personalities as Babe Ruth, Lana Turner and Jimmy Durante. Any who went so far as to invest money in such an endeavor probably lost every penny of it. You like the faces of playing cards the way they are, and that's that.

In other matters you can be capriciously changeable, as E.I. Du Pont de Nemours & Company has well learned. One of the chief selling points for



Fog lights simply aren't fog lights without amber lenses, buyers think

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GET WHAT YOU WANT

law with the biggest corporations. They spend millions meeting your specifications

Peach ice cream with real peaches in it didn't taste "peachy" enough

silk has always been its colorful luster. With this in mind Du Pont, when it first began making rayon fiber, laid heavy stress on natural luster. You quickly set the company right. You liked lustrous silk, but you flatly refused to accept rayon with luster. Du Pont had to deluster the yarn.

Then along came nylon. Mindful of its experience with rayon, Du Pont was timid about stressing any qualities of the new synthetic which competed with similar qualities in silk. Although the company soon found, for instance, that nylon stockings could be made as sheer as the sheerest silk ones, it spun only a tiny batch of very sheer nylon yarn at first. Immediately and overwhelmingly, you began demanding sheerer and sheerer nylon hosiery even though the company kept trying to point out that the material would wear far better in heavier yarns. Today, "Contrary to all practical considerations," as Du Pont puts it, you want your nylon stockings as sheer as they can possibly be made.

But no matter how exasperating they may be, your wishes rule the market place. Trifling with them can cost a careless corporation a fortune.

A tale of two grain-product manufacturers gives a neat example of what you sometimes do to a concern which fails to sound you out carefully on what you want. It all began when the first of the two—call it the Smith Company—developed a new product. Smith hired the market-research firm of Stewart, Dougall & Associates to find out whether you could be interested in eating enough of the product to make it profitable.

Paul Stewart, who heads this research organization, is a shrewd judge of new products as well as a leading expert on determining your desires. Partially paralyzed from infancy so that it took him eight years to learn to walk, he has an ingrained habit of doing things the slow but sure way. He advised the Smith Company that he would have to make a long series of tests before he could be sure you would accept the product.

Smith agreed to this, and Stewart put his nationwide network of 300 interviewers to work passing out samples and noting your reactions. It took nearly a year of such testing, revising of the product and retesting to win your approval. In the meantime one of Smith's competitors—call it Jones & Company—learned what was going on, developed a similar product and launched it on the market without any falderal about testing your feelings. It looked for a while as though Stewart's advice had done nothing but lose his client the chance to get there first with the most.

Then Jones began receiving complaints, first in a trickle, soon a flood. His product piled up on dealers' shelves. You just plain didn't like it. In the end Jones had to withdraw it and take a loss of $2,000,000.

Smith's product, as finally approved by you through Stewart, was a success from the moment it went on sale. Today, it is one of the company's most profitable items. And the cost of gaining your approval Stewart's way was less than $20,000.

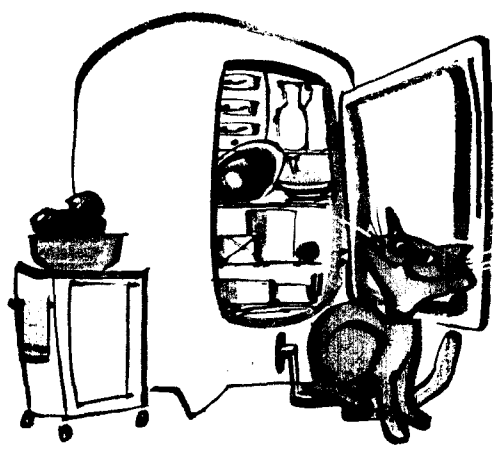
Success like this gives the market researchers great prestige, but they don't do much boasting. They can never forget, for instance, the ignominy you inflicted on their colleagues in the allied field of public opinion polling during the 1948 Presidential election. You seldom throw the market researchers for as great a loss as that, but you give them plenty of trouble.

One of the chief recent developments in supermarkets, for example, has been the addition of prepackaged meat counters. Researchers found that you liked the idea of picking your own cuts from a big assortment of cellophane-wrapped meats all ready to take home, instead of waiting in line for a butcher to prepare the meat at your order. In fact, you seemed to like the idea so well that many stores closed down their regular meat counters so that their butchers in the back rooms could devote full time to preparing the meats for the prepackaged counters.

Now that thousands of stores have committed themselves to this system you are beginning to be dubious about it. According to a new survey, nearly a third of you who shop at stores carrying only prepackaged meats would prefer to watch the meat being prepared. You couldn't have created a neater dilemma if you had tried.

One new supermarket in Whittier, California, may have solved it, however. The store is sticking to prepackaged meats which the majority of you still prefer. But between the long counter where the meats are displayed and the refrigerated room where the butchers prepare them, the builders have installed a 600-square-foot insulated Thermopane window so that you can watch what the butchers are up to if you feel so inclined.

Such experiences leave scars on the market researchers' souls. But occasionally you relent and make things easy for them by giving them something definite to which they can tie predictions of changes in your preferences. One instance of this is your varying taste in home-decoration colors. According to F. Schumacher & Company, a New York manufacturer of decorative fabrics, once a color becomes popular in women's fashions it's almost certain it will be in demand in such items as draperies, rugs and slip covers approximately six months later.



Foot control for one refrigerator was designed so cat can't trip it

When detergents for the home first came out, buyers balked at no suds

But such a neat way of predicting the trend of your whims rarely is feasible. Usually, it's extremely dangerous to imagine that because you like a certain color, shape or flavor in one item you also will like it in another.

One of the most popular of all flavors, for instance, is the Cola flavor in soft drinks. A few makers of other foods and drinks have been tempted irresistibly to cash in on this popularity by adapting the flavor to their own products. With great fanfare one of them offered you a new Cola-flavored gelatin dessert. It flopped miserably. To your way of thinking, the Cola flavor apparently means a soft drink and nothing else.

But you can be, from the businessman's point of view, even more stubborn than this.

One of the most frequent complaints of many passengers on the Pan American World Airways transatlantic planes is that the 14-hour flight is boring, since there's nothing but the ocean to look at. The company's solicitous passenger department asked some of the complainers how they would like having movies shown during the long trip. They thought it a fine idea. So the company installed expensive projectors and screens and proceeded to show first-run films.

The result was bedlam.

"You can't do this to us!" howled half the passengers. "We can't get up and walk out of a plane like we can out of a movie theater."

In the end the company had to discontinue the movies. Those who liked them, of course, objected strenuously. But keeping them on would have meant a ceaseless battle with those who disliked them.

In addition to maintaining market research staffs or hiring independent organizations of experts, most large companies have *(Continued on page 73)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

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The Little Things

It was a difficult meeting for both of them: for Fran, who married Joe, and for Connie, who might have

FRAN stirred in bed, her eyes closed. She didn't want to wake up, but already, against her will, she was inching up to full consciousness, pulled by the early morning sounds—the clink of milk bottles being set down beneath her window; a front door slamming somewhere on the block; the querulous, frustrated whine of an automobile that wouldn't start in somebody's cold driveway. She kept her eyes closed, hoping to return to the soft, blind darkness once more. And then she heard something that brought her sharply awake.

She rolled over on her back and stared up at the ceiling. She didn't have to look out the window; she could hear only too plainly. A heavy, cold rain was beating against the panes.

Suddenly it seemed to her that it was too much; she simply could not face the day ahead of her: the children, with their screams and tears and complaints, imprisoned in the house because of the weather; the meals to get; the big ironing to be done; the bells to answer; the endless series of small crises to be met and conquered.

I won't go through with it, she thought; I simply won't do it. What would happen if she just didn't get up? If she announced to Joe, still sleeping in the other bed: "I'm not getting up this morning, Joe; I'm taking the day off for a nervous breakdown." What would happen? Nothing really, she admitted bitterly. Joe would simply take the children and dump them over at his mother's.

Dourly, she regarded a small spot in the ceiling. Times had changed. The old-fashioned mother-in-law—the kind of grandma who kept potted rubber plants, wore starched aprons around her ample waist, and spent every Saturday whipping out a few dozen doughnuts and six or eight pies—would have said: "Bring over the children whenever you want, child; my cookie jar's always filled." But that type seemed to be dying out along with the whooping crane. The modern variety—slender, chic and busy with their own affairs like Mother Blair—had different ideas and a kind of bill of rights from which they were willing to quote at any given moment. "I've already raised my children," Mother Blair would say sweetly but firmly. "Now yours are your own responsibility, Fran, darling—yours and Joe's."

Fran closed her eyes. Not that I blame her, she thought glumly; she's got good sense. Any woman who could raise her children to full, healthy maturity without winding up babbling in a strait jacket deserved a little peace in her declining years.

Fran sat up, resignedly. No, she couldn't have a nervous breakdown today; only rich people could afford to have breakdowns. She leaned over and tugged Joe's sleeve until he mumbled something and rolled over on his back. "Joe," she said. "Get up, Joe; I wanted you to fix that cord on the iron for me before you left this morning." His face was flushed with sleep and looked very young and smooth as he lay there with his eyes still closed, but she didn't really see him as she got up and put on her robe. I'm tired, she thought—so terribly tired.

AFTER she had washed and dressed, she went into Roger's room and found the two children in their bathrobes, running around the room and screaming. Eight-year-old Roger was a sturdy child with fresh coloring but Joanie, who was five, was skinny and small for her age although she was lively enough.

"Mom," Joanie shrilled when she looked up. "Roger hit me!"

Opening salvo, Fran thought. A new day is born.

"She hit me first," Roger said. He stood still, panting. "You always told me to defend myself."

Fran came over to them. "Not against your little sister," she said. "How's your cold, Roger?" He had had sniffles the day before and now, as she heard the heavy rain drumming on the porch roof, she knew that she couldn't let him go to school this morning.

It would help to have him home, anyway, to keep Joanie company. That way, they could pit their energies against each other, like two wild animals in a jungle picture.

Later, after Joe finished breakfast, he began tinkering with the cord. "Guess who I met yesterday," he said, his dark head bent over, "while I was having lunch with some guys in the office."

Fran was supervising Joanie's breakfast and there was a sharp line between her eyes. Joanie was a terrible eater and she had been dawdling for twenty minutes over the boiled egg before her. Now, as the child licked the empty spoon vaguely for the fifth time, Fran grabbed it from her, filled it with the cold, congealed mess *(Continued on page 68)*

"Let's go inside and sit down," Fran said to the young woman. And she thought: How lovely she is. I don't blame Joe for falling for her; he must have suffered

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CONTINUING: *Umpire Bill Klem's Own Story*

Jousting with McGraw

Here's the Old Arbitrator's view of the Little Napoleon whose aggressiveness made him a terror on the field. "If John walked you to the corner, he wanted to get there first"

By WILLIAM J. KLEM with WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

II

FRED CLARKE, the Pittsburgh manager, had warned me of what I might expect when my path crossed baseball's doughty John McGraw. Silk O'Loughlin and other umpires had told me that the big-league rowdies were the same sort I knew in the bushes, made rougher and meaner by their lust to stay in the big time. Now another umpire, the great Jack Sheridan, had some advice as I started my first National League season in 1905.

"Be careful what newspapers you read around the country," Sheridan warned. "The sports writers blame everything on the umpire, including their wives' cooking."

Then Sheridan gave me a list of seven papers in seven towns whose writers were "fair enough to keep an umpire from committing murder or taking to drink."

"You forgot St. Louis," I suggested to Sheridan.

"When you are in St. Louis, Bill," he told me soberly, "don't read."

That seemed drastic, until my first trip to St. Louis. Pittsburgh was playing there and I called three close decisions at home plate in favor of the visiting team. Next morning I saw my name in a newspaper headline: "Umpire Klem Kills Innocent Fan." And the newspaper went on seriously to attribute a fan's fatal heart attack to my "bad" decisions.

I thought some sports writer had a macabre sense of humor until I found an editorial in another paper which viewed with alarm the fan's demise and concluded with, "In the future in St. Louis all close decisions must be more evenly divided."

The prodding of an umpire-baiting sports writer always makes the fans more vicious than do the acrobatics of squawking ballplayers. Paul Santelle, a colleague of mine, was confronted by the most awesome kind of irate fan, the female, one afternoon—naturally in St. Louis. She bounced her handbag off his skull and screeched, "Jesse James had a horse!"

"Madam," answered Santelle as he retreated, "the last time Jesse James was in St. Louis, they stole his horse from him."

I had the distinction of being the first umpire to put a fan out of the ball park. It happened in Philadelphia where Mordecai (Three Fingered) Brown was standing the Phillies on their ears for Chicago. A cash customer was accompanying each of Brown's masterly pitches with a flow of abuse. Frank Chance, the Chicago manager, leaned into the stands and called him a series of epithets.

I summoned Chance. "Mr. Manager, you cannot call the patrons insulting names."

"What about *him?*"

"Mr. Manager, he is disgusting. Make the proper complaint and I will be delighted to silence him." Chance made the proper complaint and I marched over to the grandstand.

"Sir, you did not buy that seat to insult ballplayers," I said with dignity and the proper amount of bellow.

"Go ump the game, you big fathead," the man in the stands answered.

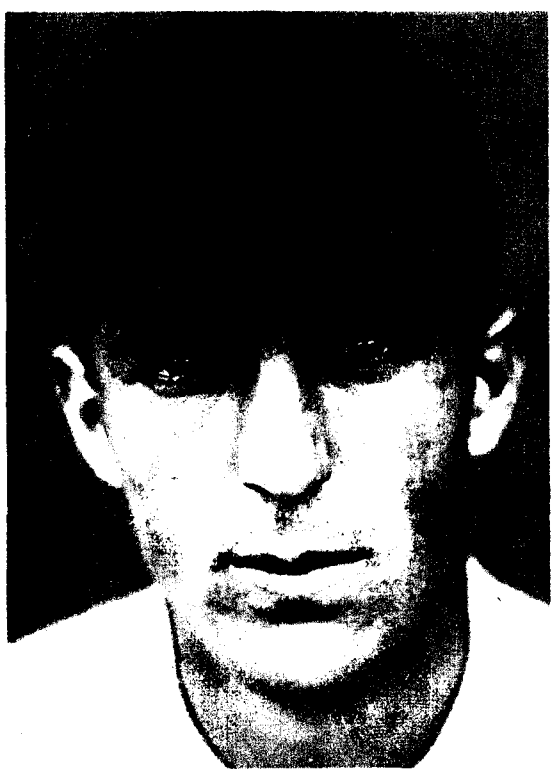
"You are gone now, my friend," I intoned pleasantly. "Officer, throw this man out."

But the officer was reluctant and went among the innocent fans repeating halfheartedly, "This one?" My partner that afternoon, Bill Brennan, jumped into the stands and set his hands upon the fan's shoulder. "This one, Officer." Out he went, to the great distress of the Philadelphia management.

"He can sue the club," I was told.

"If he can win," I answered, "he will make himself a fortune. Because I will throw him out in the

"The Worst Verdict in the History of Baseball"



EUROPEAN

Fred Merkle **won nickname "Bonehead" for running to clubhouse from first on drive by mate that would have scored winning run**

ACME

Johnny Evers, **counting on a technicality, hollered for the ball and "forced" Merkle at second for third out in ninth, salvaging tie**

EUROPEAN

Hank O'Day, **umpire involved in decision, was guilty of worst verdict in history of the game by supporting Evers, according to author**

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INTERNATIONAL

found delight in baiting every umpire. But Klem had a way of dealing with him

first inning the next time he does what he did today." But he didn't sue. He didn't even boycott the club. He just shut up.

Many years later, in Cincinnati, Ivy Wingo was catching and he was "on my back" with vengeance. He never turned his head from his position in front of me, so the fans did not realize he was giving me a bad time. I took as much as I cared to, then whipped off my mask and gave him the afternoon off with an imperial gesture. The fans, not knowing he had been out of order, were outraged and soon my ears heard that old familiar whine—pop bottles in full flight in the direction of my skull.

Some umpires keep their backs to the stands when the pop bottles are falling. Not me. I turned for two reasons. In the first place, I could, if necessary, duck any that had been well aimed. Second, I had always wanted to catch one of those ticket-buying "heroes" in action. And this afternoon I did just that. I saw a gentleman let one loose from the upper stand. I pointed to him and kept my finger aimed in his direction as two detectives worked toward him through the fans in his vicinity. I waved them away from one innocent after another.

Pat Moran, the Cincinnati manager, yelled, "Cut it out, Bill! You'll get killed." But I kept pointing until the officers grabbed the right man.

Next day I appeared in court to press charges, but the judge, who had been at the ball game, reluctantly threw the case out of court on the grounds that I might have made a mistake in identification!

These jousts with fans and authors were merely amusing side-line skirmishes. The real battles took place on the field of play and in the league headquarters. I feel they were significant because I believed then, and still believe, that some managers and players—and particularly some owners—were well on the way to cooking the baseball goose that always laid golden eggs and which, in the 1940s and 1950, laid the same eggs richly encrusted with diamonds and pearls.

John J. McGraw left behind him millions of admirers. He left none who fought him as often as I did and he left none who had as many pleasant hours with him as I did. John McGraw, off the field, was a man in every old-fashioned sense of that word. He helped his friends; he fought for his rightful due with words, fists or whatever came readily to hand; his charity knew neither restraint nor publicity; and he practiced a pure democracy. It was McGraw's insistence that his players were just as good as he was that got decent hotel and train accommodations for ballplayers. McGraw, so many years ago, tried to get Negroes into the big leagues.

But John McGraw *on* the field was a detriment to baseball until the day he resigned as the Giants' manager. They said his departure was for "reasons of health." Actually, it was because of front-office ennui brought on by John's endless arrogance, bickering and plain bad manners.

Billiard Jack Doyle, the nation's leading betting commissioner for the first 35 years of the century, knew McGraw well. Doyle, like most gamblers, was a shrewd character analyst. He said of McGraw: "If John walked you to the corner, he wanted to get there first."

(Continued on page 50)

INTERNATIONAL

beloved "Uncle Robbie," was for some time McGraw's right-hand man with the Orioles. His job was to sweet-talk the umpires while rest of club roughed 'em up

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The Man Who Runs New

Calvin Coolidge said, "Long will collect taxes that are absolutely uncollectible and enjoy every penny of it"

By WALTER DAVENPORT

If you cross the Massachusetts border to buy stuff duty-free, Henry Long will see that you shell out for the levy, anyway. His methods are unique, but they are very effective

THERE couldn't have been a madder man in Boston. He slapped down a bit of paper, about the size of a bank check, on Mr. Henry Follansbee Long's desk and smote it with a large hairy fist.

"This," he cried, pounding away, "is an outrage and I demand an explana—"

"Outrages," said the philosophical Mr. Long, holding up a large, placating hand, "are all too common and always regrettable. If you'll just calm down for a moment."

"Quiet, Henry Long, quiet!" shouted the steaming citizen. "I'm sick and tired of—"

"May I look?" asked Henry Long calmly, as if speaking to a grandchild in a tantrum.

He scanned the paper briefly, gave his visitor a small smile and softly tut-tutted. It was a tax bill for $9.60 payable to the office of Henry Follansbee Long, Commissioner of Corporations and Taxation for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

"Oh, that," he sighed, as though greatly relieved. "This is nothing but a demand for tax money you owe Massachusetts for that case of liquor you bought at—let me see—bought at eleven thirty on the morning of September 9th in the town of Seabrook, New Hampshire. I thought at first it was one of those regrettable but apparently inevitable outrages which—"

"I never, I never!" yelled the fellow, very red in the face. "What do you mean, a case of liquor? I bought one bottle of rye and I'm telling you that—"

Mr. Long interrupted him again and said he was very, very sorry. He scratched out the nine sixty and substituted the sum of 80 cents.

"In this case," he said, "you owe only one twelfth of nine sixty, or 80 cents. May I suggest that you stop at the cashier's window and save a stamp?"

The irate taxpayer glared around at the grinning crowd in Henry Long's bird-cage office, gave the desk a farewell slug and stamped out.

"A tax collector," Henry Long said as he gazed indulgently after the man, "learns a great deal about human nature. Like that gentleman who just left us. Now if we had billed him for just 80 cents he might have torn the bill up and forgotten all about it. That would have left us with quite a problem on our hands—lots of work to collect a few cents. So we just send a bill for the tax on a whole case and he either comes in raising Ned or writes a bitter letter confessing, like this gentleman, that he bought only a bottle or two. Either way he con-

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England's GIN GESTAPO

fesses that he has smuggled whisky into Massachusetts, and there's a law here that to import liquor into the state you have to have a special license. So they either pay the tax or go to court for smuggling."

Henry Long is a short, stout man, white-thatched, pink-cheeked, sixty-seven years old. He is as tidy of mind and person as the famous man whose secretary he was—Calvin Coolidge. He neither smokes nor drinks, and he believes that laziness is responsible for most of the world's current woes. When he's in his office, the door is seldom if ever closed. The place is 25 feet long and 15 wide. The carpet is threadbare, the chairs creak, his desk looks like a country editor's. The walls—where they show between framed newspaper cartoons, maps and photographs of Mr. Coolidge—are dingy and the windows need washing.

As I entered, there were 15 visitors—some standing, five squatted on a settee and two huddled on borrowed chairs near Long's desk listening sadly to why they owed the Commonwealth of Massachusetts money.

Henry Long is one of the busiest men in New England. He tends to the fiscal affairs of all the 351 cities and towns of Massachusetts, clears the income tax payments of roughly 1,300,000 citizens, registers corporations that want to do business in the state, sees that banks, public utilities and other engines of private enterprise cough up what they owe to the government, collects surtaxes, motor vehicle taxes, gasoline taxes and "a million other little taxes" by day and then goes home to reckon inheritance taxes for two hours every night. All for an annual salary of $11,000 a year.

Although he takes in as much as $225,000,000 in taxes in a twelvemonth, Henry Long is perhaps best known because of his unorthodox method of obtaining $100,000 of this sum. To use a colloquialism, Long is famous for his Gin Gestapo, known to some as the Whisky Wardens.

It is the task of these gentlemen of the law to trail Massachusetts taxpayers who cross the line into New Hampshire and Connecticut for the purpose of buying liquid cheer at 50 to 75 cents a bottle less than they'd pay at home.

A Visit from Angry Liquor Dealers

What is locally referred to as the Battle of the Bottle started in 1947 when a delegation of retail liquor dealers from the Massachusetts towns of Lawrence, Haverhill and Newburyport called on Mr. Long in his tiny, shabby office in the State House in Boston. They were outraged. Almost all of Henry Long's visitors are good and sore about something. His staff insists that he is the only man ever to enter his office in a completely genial frame of mind.

These merchants complained bitterly that they were being ruined by New Hampshire. That state had gone into the liquor business, buying direct from the distillers and opening retail outlets in such border communities as Salem, Seabrook and Nashua. No middleman's profit nor state tax had to be absorbed by the buyer. Large signs advertised this pleasant fact and the response from the Massachusetts thirsty was prompt and profitable.

Connecticut and Rhode Island joined New Hampshire in offering the stuff at less than Massachusetts, and Henry Long's busy office became more overcrowded than ever. You had to fight your way out if you were strong enough to batter your way in. It is said that for almost half an hour Mr. Long was at his wits' end. Certainly it was no longer than that. Then he proceeded to live up to what Calvin Coolidge, then governor and about to leave to be Vice-President, had said in appointing Long to this tax commissioner job.

"Henry will collect taxes that are absolutely uncollectible and enjoy every penny of it."

All Henry had to do was to learn the names of the citizens who were buying their liquor in the lower-rate adjoining states and bill them for the Massachusetts tax they sought to avoid. And they'd pay or face smuggling charges, conviction on which meant fines or jail.

Mr. Long had only 12 field agents. But they had cars. All 12 had lots of authority and impressive badges. Moreover, life theretofore had been somewhat prosaic for the agents, then known as L-men. It meant rolling from town to town, and from farm to farm, wheedling a few dollars in conventional taxes from this fellow and arguing obscure points of the law with that one.

Agents Are Accused of Snooping

Now their jobs took on zest. Some of them equipped themselves with binoculars. One oiled up his late, whaling grandfather's old one-eye telescope and from convenient trees scanned the New Hampshire border, becoming unpopularly known as Thar-She-Blows Joe. Several were accused of enlisting the assistance of New Hampshire prohibition preachers and Dry laymen exhorting them to spy upon New Hampshire liquor shops and report the registration numbers of Massachusetts cars stopping there. Another was charged with using lollipops to bribe hungry children as intelligence agents.

The more forthright agents boldly drove into New Hampshire, notebooks in hand and pencils alert, and parked outside the state liquor shops. They halted no cars nor accosted any drivers. They just took the registration numbers of Massachusetts cars parked at or near the liquor depots. If anyone from those cars went in or anyone came out with a package it was assumed that a sale had been made. Whereupon the car registration number was telephoned back to Boston for holder-identification. The rest was up to Henry Long. He merely billed the identified one for $9.60 and sat back to await the explosion.

Two or three of the whisky wardens became embroiled with Seabrook's police department in the person of Constable Alfred W. Locke. Constable Locke was strong and alert, widely conceded to be an incorruptible law enforcer. And he had the vociferous endorsement of the more worldly of the town's populace which declared itself eager to tar and feather any or all of Mr. Long's tax dicks. So he invoked the local bans against loitering in front of public buildings and parking on the public highways. He did—and still does—chase some of Long's sleuths all the way back to Massachusetts.

But Alfonso Wallace, of Wakefield, refused to retreat. Ignoring Constable Locke, he gathered in 60 car license numbers. This was too much for the constable who, to the clamorous approval of Seabrook's minutemen, hustled whisky warden Wallace to Judge Ralph O. Bragg's court on the charge of "parking on a traveled thoroughfare."

The judge fined Mr. Wallace $5, adding thereto $4.60 costs. Together this came to $9.60 which was hailed as poetic justice or something like that.

However, Judge Bragg ordered Constable Locke to return whisky warden Wallace's notebook with its 60 numbers. And out of that list Henry Long extracted $576, which at once became a part of the $21,500,000 in liquor taxes which Mr. Long laterals into the state treasury annually.

Naturally Mr. Long's strategy has been met by strategy. Massachusetts tipplers who want to buy a case of the stuff notify a citizen of New Hampshire, who fetches it over the state line in his car. Even counting two or three bucks for him, the case is still six or seven dollars cheaper than one paid for at home rates.

Of course the whisky wardens can always search a car coming south across the state line, but public sentiment is dangerously opposed to that sort of thing. Besides, Mr. Long never has had more than 16 men on his force and all of them have other chores, making car searching pretty impractical.

As the Battle of the Bottle spread, citizens of the entangled states held patriotic rallies. In New Hampshire, orators, Dry and Wet, ignited audiences with exhortations to repel the invaders just like the Granite State boys chased the redcoats under General Johnny Burgoyne at Bennington, Vermont, in 1777. This had nothing whatever to do with the situation but it was pretty exciting and was much easier to understand than what was going on in Washington. In Massachusetts terrific and sometimes inaccurate speeches were broadcast about the spirit of Paul Revere, the Boston Tea Party, Bunker Hill and even Captain Dan Shays, who in 1786 stirred up a tax rebellion in Massachusetts.

The people of southern New Hampshire did their best to drag their governor into the war, requesting him to take legal action against Massachusetts for "restraint of trade." No politician ever ducked faster. In Massachusetts demands were raised that Governor Dever do something restrictive about Henry Long and his whisky wardens. But His Excellency let it be understood that since 1920 no governor, Republican or Democratic, has ever emerged victorious nor even 50-50 from a debate with Mr. Long, and that anyway he was in favor of every cent Henry could legally squeeze out of the populace and still keep it on its feet.

Through it all Mr. Long remained smoothly imperturbable, even when a couple of his personal friends (both nondrinkers) invited arrest or whatever by driving into New Hampshire and purchasing a case apiece, accompanied by plenty of publicity. Henry Long collected $9.60 from each of them, ignoring their demands to be arrested. They must have known they were licked before they began. Mr. Long dragged 200 such violators into court. He won exactly 200 times.

"Splendid gentlemen and fine friends, both of them," sighed Henry Long. "But you don't collect taxes with your heart."

Brisk Bootleg Trade in Cigarettes

In the meantime, Mr. Long also turned his attention to cigarettes. The legal price for a pack, in Massachusetts, is 23 cents. Hotels, restaurants and night spots may charge more but nobody may legally charge less. In New Hampshire a carton will cost $1.85 as against $2.23 in Massachusetts. Thus when one drives to New Hampshire to lay in a few bottles of his favorite juice, it pays to pick up a carton or two.

However, the Battle of the Butts was something else again. Enterprising persons in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and North Carolina were doing a pretty business in cigarettes by mail. Eventually New Jersey and Delaware, raising taxes, dropped out, but from North Carolina and Maryland the mails will bring you a carton for many cents less than you can buy it in a Massachusetts shop. And inasmuch as Henry Long estimates that tobacco purchased in Massachusetts should enrich the state treasury annually by upward of $25,000,000 in taxes, he is, at present, at war with North Carolina and Maryland.

Valiant and consecrated as they are, Mr. Long's tax dicks protested that all this whisky, and cigarettes too, was just too much for them. So to help his overworked lads Mr. Long has enlisted the services of town, village and neighborhood tobacconists. They, like the liquor dealers, are more than willing to fight out-of-state competition. Today, therefore, if you stop dropping into your customary store for your pack or two the proprietor may report you to Henry Long or to one of his 10 income tax offices scattered over the state.

The proprietor will probably also report that he has interviewed other tobacconists in the neighborhood who also testify that you aren't patronizing them, but that you are still smoking cigarettes. Then watch out; Henry Long will begin to watch your mail.

In small towns and villages this is pretty easy. A tax dick drops in at the *(Continued on page 55)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

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Two Bouquets

By HERBERT GUTTERSON

Collier's SHORT SHORT

IT WAS April again, and the morning was as warm and friendly as the clasp of a little girl's hand. There was definitely something in the air and in the gentle sunlight which told of new and fresh beginnings in the earth. And in the heart of man there was a quickening and a conviction that all things were possible.

Mr. Hotiphar sensed it very keenly when he opened his florist shop on Lexington Avenue. He paused for an extra moment on the threshold to breathe deeply and smile at the soft blue sky above the tall buildings. He was dressed, as usual, with fastidious care, in morning coat, striped trousers and the gleaming stiff collar which he considered infinitely superior to the soft and shapeless modern substitutes. His silvery hair beneath his black Homburg was neatly combed, and his face, although he had been presenting it to the world for more than sixty years, had a ruddy smoothness. He was at once urban and incurably romantic. These early spring days always stirred in him the faint, half-forgotten memories which were his treasures now. He sighed gently and then went in to his beloved flowers.

It was midmorning when the young woman appeared. Mr. Hotiphar had been rearranging some plants in one of the cool and fragrant display cases. He was assisted by his delivery boy, a young Negro with a brilliant smile. Henry was also reacting to the balmy air, Mr. Hotiphar saw. He had been humming to himself, and every now and then he would tap his feet in rhythmic accompaniment.

Mr. Hotiphar glanced around, and there flowed over him that warm, pleasant feeling which the sight of a pretty woman invariably evoked. She was a tall brunette, and he noticed with instant approval that she knew how to wear her clothes. There was a look of bright expectancy in her brown eyes and at the same time a kind of holding back which anyone as observant as Mr. Hotiphar could scarcely fail to see. Here, obviously, was an affair of the heart. But then it was always so where flowers were concerned. He approached her, smiling politely.

"May I help you?"

"Yes," she said, but now her hesitancy was very apparent. After a moment, she said, "I'd like a dozen daffodils."

"Daffodils?" asked Mr. Hotiphar. He had somehow expected it would be something else.

She smiled. "Yes. He likes them. They're for my husband."

"Certainly," said Mr. Hotiphar.

From one of the cases he selected a dozen of his choicest flowers, carried them gently to the counter and began to wrap the stems in crisp, green paper.

"Do you wish to take these with you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. Would you deliver them, please? To Mr. William J. Tanner. His office is in the Shipley Building right across the street. Room 505." She paused. "Or do you think that would embarrass him?"

"I should imagine," said Mr. Hotiphar, "that it would depend a great deal upon his state of mind."

"H'mm." She frowned. "The trouble is, I don't know his state of mind." She looked up at Mr. Hotiphar. Something discreet and kindly in his face, something very gentle in his blue eyes encouraged her. She laughed nervously and a slight flush tinted her cheeks.

"I know it's ridiculous for me to be talking this way, but it's really quite complicated."

"I suspect it's basically very simple," said Mr. Hotiphar with a little smile.

She had not been prepared for that remark. She gave a little gasp and he saw the surprise in her eyes. He had only to wait now and she would tell him about it. Experience had taught him that flowers were never dispatched without emotion and without purpose. Flowers were always going on missions, like ambassadors. And many times he would be consulted on matters of protocol.

The young woman's color had heightened still more. "The point is," she said, "my husband and I have separated. We agreed to send flowers to each other at the end of ten days if we wanted to go back together. Today is the last day. He has been staying at a hotel, but he may not go back there until very late tonight. So I thought—"

"I understand," said Mr. Hotiphar. "Under the circumstances, I should definitely send them to his office."

She looked relieved, but the next minute he discovered the real reason for the hesitancy she'd showed.

"I'd like to," she said, "but you see, I haven't heard from *him*."

"Enter the dragon, pride," said Mr. Hotiphar.

She smiled ruefully. "You're right, but I can't help it."

"May I suggest," said Mr. Hotiphar, "that we keep the flowers here until you telephone that you want them delivered?"

"Oh, yes, that would be fine."

"Did you wish to enclose a card?"

"No." She laughed. "I'm sure no one else would send him daffodils. Just the way he always sends me talisman roses with very long stems. He'll understand."

"I'm sure he will," said Mr. Hotiphar. The transaction was completed and he escorted her to the door, bowing with that old-world formality which people remembered long afterward.

Shortly after he had returned from lunch, Mr. Hotiphar saw the young man cross the street from the Shipley Building. He was a handsome, clean-cut man, but there was a stubborn set to his jaw. He walked up to Mr. Hotiphar and came directly to the point.

"A dozen talisman roses, please. Make sure they have long stems. I'd like them delivered to Mrs. William J. Tanner, Suite 806, Hotel Traxton."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Hotiphar. At least one of them had managed to swallow his pride, he thought. But he was wrong there.

The young man seemed to be waging an inner battle. "Wait," he said. "I'll pay for these now, but don't send them out until I call you." He hesitated a moment longer, staring at a vase of talisman roses with a sudden tenderness in his eyes. Abruptly he turned and walked out of the door.

DURING the rest of the afternoon Mr. Hotiphar wore a very preoccupied look. But just before closing time, when the shop was empty again, a slow smile spread across his face crinkling the skin around his eyes. It might be true that marriages were made in heaven, but once in a while somebody on earth had to lend a hand.

Methodically he selected a dozen long-stemmed talisman roses and placed them in a box. From one of the refrigerated compartments he removed the order of daffodils. With the two boxes side by side in front of him he made out the delivery tags, checking to make sure that there was no mistake. Then he called for Henry.

When the boy ambled over, Mr. Hotiphar's face was impassive. "Henry," he said, "do you think that, for five extra dollars on your salary this week, you could be in two places at once?"

"Yes, sir!" said Henry without hesitation.

"Good." Mr. Hotiphar handed him the boxes. "Deliver the Shipley order first, then the Traxton. They're only ten blocks apart."

In a very few minutes the telephone rang. Mr. Hotiphar had been waiting for that. The young man's voice was very angry.

"What is the idea," he demanded, "of sending those roses up here? I told you—"

"What is the name, please?" Mr. Hotiphar inquired politely.

"Tanner. I was just—"

"I'll check it, sir." Mr. Hotiphar put down the phone, examined his fingernails minutely for several seconds, and then picked up the receiver again.

"I regret there has been an error, sir. The order indicates that you were supposed to receive one dozen daffodils. I'm dreadfully—"

"No kidding!" the young man burst out delightedly. "Say, that's wonderful. That's all I wanted to know. Don't worry about it." He laughed. "I wonder if she got the daffodils?"

"I'm quite sure she did," said Mr. Hotiphar.

"Perfect!" He laughed again. "If she calls, forget it. I'm going straight home now and I'll explain it to her. It's all right. Everything's all right."

"I think so too," said Mr. Hotiphar, and, smiling, he bowed to the flowers around him. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

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We g[illegible] the gon[illegible]o cigarette cure-alls—

Cold cures

[illegible]e thing

[illegible]d Best Tobacco

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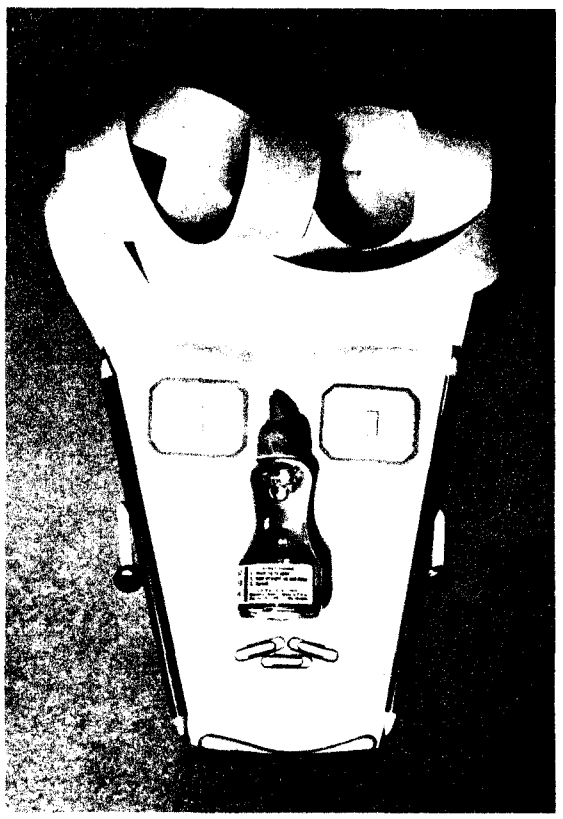
OFFICE TYPES

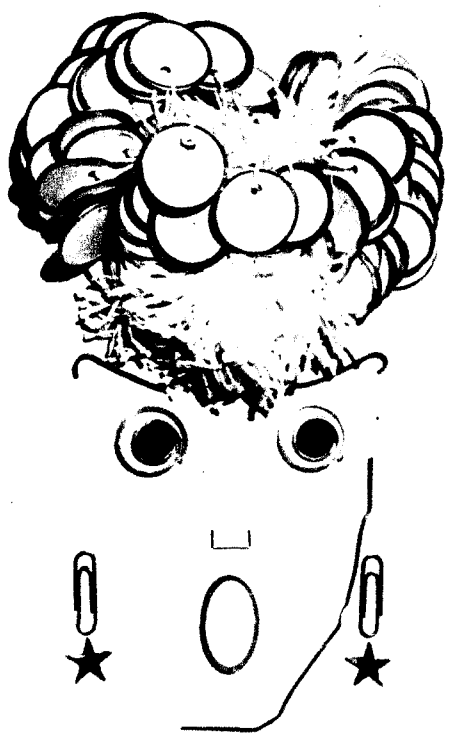
By MILDRED and LAURENCE TILLEY

Here are some denizens of almost any office, reflected in an arrangement of various stationery items



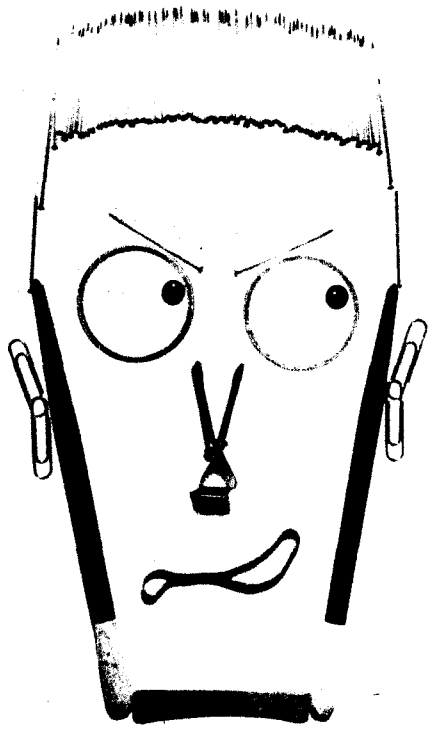
Agnes Crackle, office manager, rules the place with her squared rubber-band chin, stubborn gluepot nose and gummed-label eyes highlighted by those sharp staple pupils

Erasmus X. Penstroke is the boss behind whose inkwell brow lies a great brain. The pen-cigar always points up; his metal-rim-tag eyes and rubber-band ears miss nothing

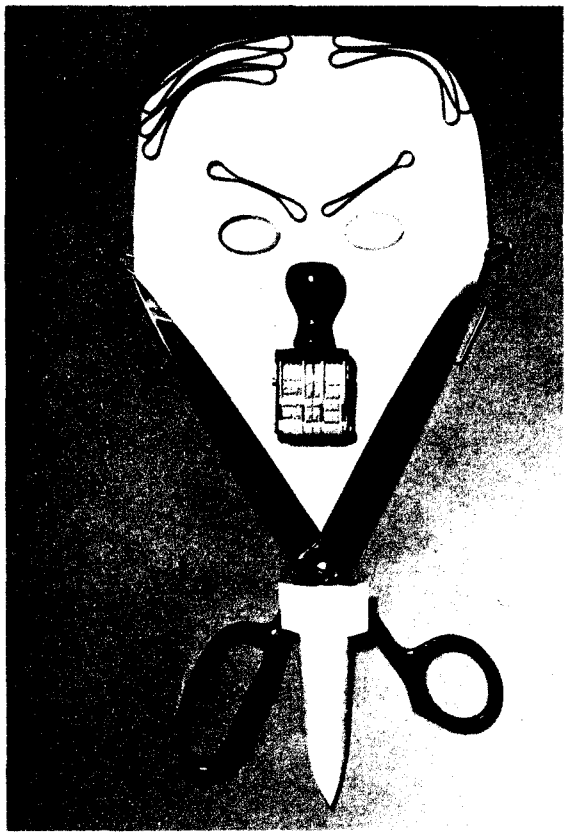


Lana Featherhead, the receptionist and switchboard operator, kills visiting salesmen with her tag permanent and paper-clip eyes, but she wears good-behavior stars for earrings

Harold Huffington's typewriter eraser beard and rubber-finger nose point him out as the creative genius. He's fussy about his tape tie, proud of his sweeping rubber-band hair



Brady Sax Pineapple, sales manager, is as sharp as his bank-pin hair and thumbtack eyes. He got the bent binder-clip nose when he fell in the potato race at the office picnic



Ambrose Digit, with his date-stamp nose and mouth, is the natural-born bookkeeper. The thinning rubber-band hair and squinting eyes are the result of proving bank balances

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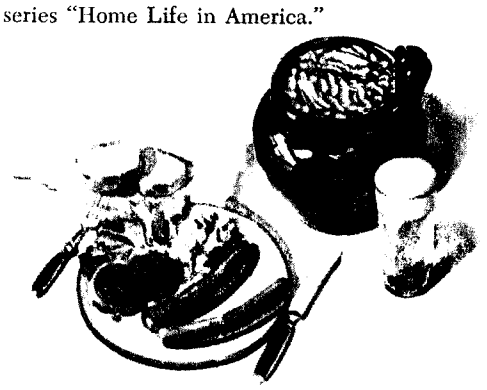
PICNIC [illegible] HOMESITE by John Gannam. Number 54 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*



Beer and ale—mealtime favorites

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Stairway to an Empty Room

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

that Veach lifted his head a little to look at her through the dark glasses. Hateful man, she thought, watching me bumble my way along. I loathe him. Even if his hair is his own, I loathe him. And if it isn't—She was at the last tree now; she turned her head to survey the lake through the watery glare. Her heart lurched.

There was flat brilliance everywhere, light that smacked your eyes so hard it made your skull ache. But the peaceful lake seemed empty even of mud hens and terns. "Winifred!"

Veach's boat turned a little, as though it drifted with a current. She couldn't see that he used the oars, or even that he moved. The motion of the boat, smooth and gliding, brought his back toward her.

THEN something erupted from the water. Not near Veach, but yards away in another direction. There was a burst of foam, arms that threshed and churned, streaming yellow hair, a strangled yip.

Veach made no move to look around. He seemed intent on something he was drawing from the water, a sodden bit of weed which had fouled his line.

All this Monica saw as she saw things in nightmares: with a hideous, lightning-like illumination in which faces, bodies and background seemed picked out with a hellish distinctness. She was running; she felt the hard, gritty sand underfoot. She hit the water clumsily and began to swim. Four or five desperate strokes; then pain gripped her and doubled her up, and she rolled in the water and went down.

She was strangling. A pulse beat behind her eyes; her throat seemed to be bursting. Her mind said coldly, "You damned fool, you're drowning yourself instead of saving Winifred. How dumb can you get?" With a painful effort, she forced her arms from her sides and made them reach out, to pull her through the water. The pain was fiery, the water like ice. She sucked water into her lungs and coughed. It seemed forever until she felt the sudden clutch of Winifred's hands. They settled on her; the arms followed, wrapping around her neck, and Monica and Winifred went down together.

Monica fought clear and got up to the surface, then grabbed a handful of yellow hair and rolled on her side. She saw Winifred's face break water. She bit her lips and began to pull for shore.

The rowboat danced on the watery horizon. She couldn't tell if Veach was on his way. She couldn't wait; he might not be. She heard the roar of a motor, a screech of brakes, then yells, then splashings. Her arms gave out; her face went under.

She flung up her head. Stevens was in the water, not far off, coming fast. His wet face looked white in the glare—white and furious, as though she'd done something very wicked. He reached out, roaring in Monica's ear: "Give me the kid! Can you make it?"

"Yes." She gargled the word; it didn't get past her lips.

He pulled away, leaving her and not looking back. Winifred lay on her back; she was like some dead thing he towed through the water. Monica swam after, but couldn't keep up. The stabbing pain returned and she doubled up again, put out her hands, and went down retching. She let the water take her. Her feet went down slowly and then she found that she could stand. Her head was out of water.

After that came a period of confusion when things happened in a sort of void, without reason or connection. She lay on her face on the beach, and the world spun. There was a hollow silence, a vacuum, in which all sounds were so loud that they hurt. No one paid Monica any attention. In a moment of awareness she saw that they were all gathered around Winifred.

She heard Stevens say, "Stand back, please. No, don't do that, Mrs. Veach."

Monica raised her head. The blond woman had stepped back from Stevens. She was shaking her head and smiling as if in apology for offering to do something that had been unnecessary. She had on a lavender organdy dress and a big yellow straw sun hat. Very dressed up for the mountains, this fisherman's lady—and there was something else about her, something that made Monica's nose twitch. A smell. A heavy odor of perfume.

I've got to think, Monica said to herself. There's something I've got to remember, but I hurt like hell. I'm going to have to grit my teeth . . .

A long, roaring, breathless time went by.

Out of the vacuum, Stevens said, "She's coming around all right. I'm going to take her inside. Open the door of that last cabin for me, will you, Mr. Brill?"

A man Monica hadn't seen before—one of the hunters, perhaps—went ahead. Stevens followed. Winifred's legs dangled from the crook of his elbow.

The blond woman was bending over Monica. "Can I help you, honey?"

Monica raised her head enough to shake it. "No, thanks. I'm all right."

Still the woman lingered. "Was it cramps?"

Monica looked at her fuzzily. Some fugitive thing nibbled at her brain, something she was supposed to know, to recognize. "Was what—"

"The little girl. Did she have a spell of cramps in the water?"

Monica said, "No, I think she must have stepped into a hole." She turned her head and forced her eyes to focus on the flat, bright water. "Your husband was fishing in a boat. I don't see him now."

"He came ashore when the excitement started."

"I don't see how he helped hearing the rumpus we made."

The woman blinked, rather slowly. "He's pretty deaf."

Monica put her head down. The sun was beginning to make her feel drowsy. The blond woman went away.

GRADUALLY Monica became aware that her skin was too hot. She staggered to her feet and made her way through the pines to the cabin. Winifred was in the bed, propped up with pillows. Stevens sat in a chair, talking to her.

When Monica came in, both of them looked up. Winifred smiled but there was unmistakable anger in Stevens' eyes.

Monica went to her own cot, sat down gingerly, felt of her ribs, and winced. "Thanks for helping," she said to him.

He rose from the chair and took a few steps to stand over her: "Why did you let her go out that far?"

She was surprised at the anger in his tone. "I didn't. She was hot and bored, and I told her to go in but to stay close to shore. I don't see how she got out so far."

"You ought to have your head examined."

Monica tried to control her rising temper. "You could keep a civil tongue in your head," she said. "I'm half drowned myself, you know."

"I don't have a civil tongue for a fool."

Monica started to count to ten and then gave it up. "If my ribs weren't giving me hell, I'd slap your face," she told him.

Stevens ran his hands through his hair; his cold eyes flickered from Monica to Winifred. "You," he said, "why did you go out into deep water?"

Winifred squatted on her haunches on the cot and appeared to reflect. "There was a little bitty bird," she said at last. "It got in the water and couldn't get out."

"Where?"

"Close at first. Only when I tried to catch it, to save it, the bird sort of wobbled away."

"Did it make a sound?" Stevens demanded.

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Winifred rubbed her wet mane thoughtfully. "No. I guess it didn't."

"Did it go toward the boat?"

"What boat?" Winifred asked.

In Monica's mind a picture re-created itself: Veach, bent over, clearing a draggled something from his line. She stared at Stevens, at his unreadable face. "What are you trying to say?" she demanded.

He gave her the wise, knowing look again, the one that infuriated her. He didn't answer. He walked over to the window and looked out. He spoke over his shoulder. "Your car's okay except for the glass. You'll have to replace that in town. A bent fender—it's not bad. The lights work."

"Thanks," she said. "If you'll leave now, we'd like to get out of these wet suits."

He started for the door. He turned there. "I owe you an apology, Miss Marshall. I shouldn't have shot my mouth off about the kid going in the lake. It wasn't your fault; you were laid up, all but crippled. You did save her."

Monica gulped in astonishment. Winifred's face crinkled in a smile; her hero was redeeming himself.

"I'll be back after a while," he said, "to see about getting you both some lunch."

He shut the door. A moment later, Monica was up, peeling off her suit. "Get your clothes on, Winifred. We're clearing out of this place—fast."

"You ought to go back to bed."

"Nuts to that. I can't even feel those ribs now, I've got such a tizzy in my head. I don't care who Veach is, who the blonde is—"

"She's Wanda."

Monica went on grimly, "—or what went wrong with the car, or what kind of a bird you saw on the water, or what Mr. Stevens' mysterious little game is—we're leaving. We'll go back to Los Angeles, sell the car and take a train to New York."

She grabbed the suitcases, propped them open, and began stuffing them with clothes. Infected by the hurry, Winifred skittered about. "Here's Beezer's carrier. But where's Beezer?"

Monica stopped, her hands full of clothes. "Didn't he go to the lake with you?"

Winifred tiptoed toward her, eyes big, face paling. *"They've* got him!"

"Who?"

"Them!" Winifred jerked her head toward the row of cabins to their right.

This was the snapping point; ridiculously, it was the idea that her cat might be in danger that gave Monica courage.

She dressed in a hurry and walked from the cabin, limping from the pain in her side. She went up the path to the Veach cabin, up the steps to their screen door. And was stopped there by the innocent scene inside.

The blond woman and Veach sat at a table in the center of the floor; there was food on the table before them, a lunch of canned stuff and crackers, but they weren't giving it their attention. They were watching Beezer. Beezer was lapping from a white dish near the door.

The blonde must have noticed Monica's figure against the light. She looked up, squinting. "Oh, hello."

MONICA had no words to say; she stood rooted to the porch. The noise Beezer made, the slupping and splashing of his gluttonous tongue in the milk, was the only sound in the silence. Veach sat with his face turned toward Monica, his eyes fixed on her face.

They were peculiar eyes—yellowish, and with a motionless quality that made them seem strangely aware and alert and not quite human. She had, Monica remembered, glimpsed something much like them in a den at the zoo. "I came for my cat."

Veach rose. "Oh. Is the animal yours?"

"He's so *funny!*" chortled the blonde. "We were here eating, and all at once he was at the door, begging. He's just bulging! This is his third dish!"

"I know," said Monica.

The blonde got out of her chair, picked up Beezer and stroked him, and came to unhook the screen.

Monica backed down the steps with Beezer in her arms. A wave of violet sachet flowed from the blond woman.

Monica wanted to run. Now I know, she thought; and her mind began backtracking, picking up details as it went. The steps in the hall at the hotel. Mrs. Lannon: *"She knows things."* The blonde, clicking her teeth. Mr. Veach, who was smaller and younger—with those eyes he could do anything; he probably refreshed and renewed himself from time to time in the way of vampires. The face at the window of the lodge. The brakes that mysteriously went to pot. The little bird on the water, drawing Winifred out to drown.

"You look a little pale," the blonde said through the screen. "I'd take it easy for a few days. Quite an experience you had in

VIP'S WAR

"You don't see any of the *other* fellows going all to pieces over a few little snakes and meadow mice, do you?"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

How Do You Get to be an Old Maid, Auntie?
I'M NOT AN OLD MAID, BETSY! WHOEVER TOLD YOU A THING LIKE THAT?
MY MOMMIE DID! AND SHE SAID WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO IS GO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH! SO WHY DON'T YOU, AUNTIE RUTH?
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BRINGS OUT THE NATURAL SPARKLE OF YOUR TEETH, TOO! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
MY NIECE NOW POINTS TO ME WITH PRIDE FOR THANKS TO COLGATE'S, I'M A BRIDE!

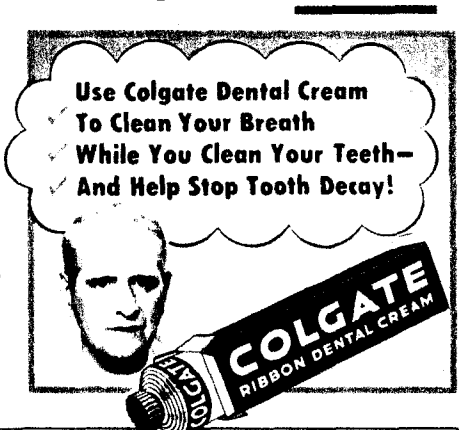
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

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the lake this morning. Things like that leave you weak, you know."

"So they do," Monica said. She turned and walked away.

At her cabin, she found another surprise waiting. Stevens was there, sitting down in the middle of the obvious preparations for flight. He had a bottle of whisky on the table, some ice, and a siphon of soda.

"What's wrong?" Stevens asked.

"Nothing." Monica put Beezer on the floor, rubbed her temples, then sank down on the cot and took a good look at the cabin. She felt that she had never seen it clearly before. The shabbiness now seemed sinister, the aloneness of the place frightening. Why had she been so stupid as to come here? And—incredible blunder—how had she managed to find the very people who *must be bent on doing Winifred harm*?

Then she remembered the clerk at the hotel, so solicitous, so eager to make all arrangements for her. And so eager to turn over to another, for a fee, the information of where she meant to go.

"It strikes me that you could stand a drink," Stevens said.

She nodded mechanically; then her eyes swung to him. She felt a rush of the initial antagonism and suspicion. But, no—if he were in on the thing, whatever it was, why should he have pulled Winifred from the water? And why should he have been so genuinely angry and insulting over what he considered Monica's carelessness?

She took the drink he offered, and sampled it. The whisky was good Scotch, and warming.

"I take it you have something on your mind," Stevens commented.

He'd seen the suitcases, anyway. "I'm leaving for Los Angeles," she said.

He took his drink down by a couple of inches. "Yes, I thought you might be. You haven't had too good a time of it."

She shuddered, a motion he must have noticed. She was remembering the downward lurch of the car high at the top of the grade, the nightmare panorama of flying shrubbery, curved roads, trees.

"I want to look your car over first," he said.

SHE was stung anew by suspicion. This morning at the lake, had he seen that she was rescuing Winifred anyway, and decided to put on a show to win their confidence? Or had the hunters been on the verge of coming in sight of the lake, so that Stevens had known she would soon have help and that his had better be first?

"I'm going to Bishop late today. I'll drive you that far," he added.

"Oh, good!" Winifred cried happily.

Monica frowned. "You won't have any way of getting back."

"Yes, I will. There's a party coming through on their way here."

It didn't sound convincing; it was a lie. She made up her mind to be rid of him. "I'm afraid the car will be pretty full with all of our stuff."

"Full? With just suitcases?"

"Too full to give you a lift," she said firmly, looking him in the eye.

He assumed an indifferent manner. "Okay, then. Drink up."

The whisky masked the pain of her wrenched side and the fright that had filled her mind. She began to think optimistically of the trip to Los Angeles. She'd make it in one jump, driving straight through. Then her thoughts returned to Stevens. "How long did you say you'd worked here?"

"I didn't." Stevens bent and picked up one of Winifred's pine-cone men off the floor and dangled it in front of the cat.

"You're not what you pretend to be," she said.

"Neither are you."

"Neither is Mr. Veach." There was a sense of foolish daring in thus hinting at her suspicions. The whisky was loosening her tongue; she had sense enough to realize it and stop drinking.

But Stevens poured her a new drink and she didn't protest. It was good to feel calm and relaxed.

Stevens looked at Winifred. "How do you like Mr. Veach, kiddo?"

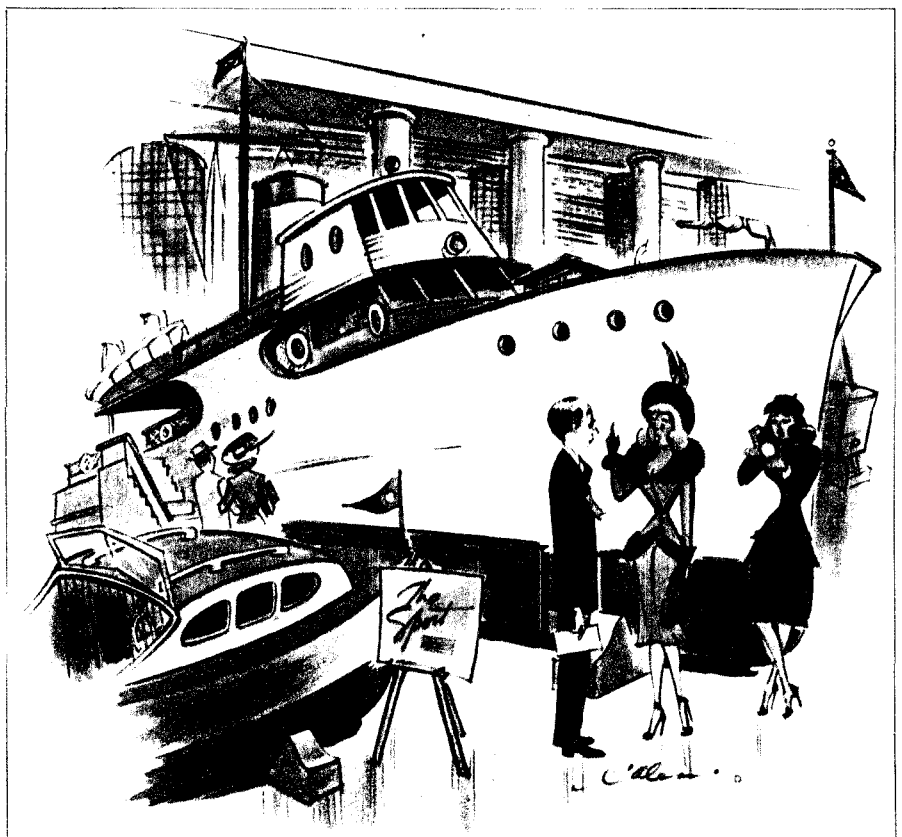
"He has wolf's eyes," Winifred said.

Stevens smiled on one side of his mouth. "A pretty good description." When he thought Monica wasn't noticing, he poured some fresh whisky into her glass.

He's trying to get me drunk, she thought with amusement. She gave him a tipsily drowsy smile, and laughed inwardly at the way he brightened up. He's got something up his sleeve. If Stevens hadn't centered his real interest so obviously on the child, she might have considered that he had designs upon herself. But that wasn't it. She decided to try him out a bit. She let him make more drinks, and put on a show of becoming sleepy. She stretched out languidly on the cot after a while, propping her head up with a pillow.

Stevens said guardedly, "I thought you said you were leaving?"

"Am leaving," she insisted with the careful distinctness of a drunk. "Am leaving, taking Wiffred. Going to L.A."



"Well, we're not exactly interested in the yacht itself—we're interested in who *buys* it"

COLLIER'S — GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Hadn't we better be getting started?"

"That's right." She let her eyes close for a moment, then jerked them wide. Stevens was bending toward her. His tanned face was expressionless. He might have been watching the struggles of a fish he expected to have for dinner.

"You coming along?" she mouthed, as if she were puzzled.

"If you want me." His tone was clipped and businesslike; she could read whatever she wanted into the words. Monica decided that she was expected to read a lot.

She reached out and caught his fingers in hers. "You're awful big. Awful quiet. But cute."

Winifred giggled and hopped about.

Stevens winked at Winifred as though they shared a joke. "Sure I'm cute. You just didn't notice it before. Have a new drink." He mixed one and held it out to her.

She looked around woozily. "Where's yours?"

"Right here." It was, she thought, the one he had started with, reinforced with fresh soda.

"Right *where?*" She wriggled on the cot, sat up, reached over, and poured the drink from her glass all over his pants.

He stood up quickly, and she saw suspicion flicker in his eyes. Monica said, "Hadn't you better go change your clothes? We'll wait. Mix me a new one to work on while you're gone."

Her desire for further liquor reassured him. He used most of what was left in the bottle to make a new drink. "There you are. As good as new. I won't be long."

Stevens went out and shut the door behind him. A moment later Monica went to work in a frenzy. She stuffed the last of the clothes into the suitcases, put Beezer into his carrier, checked Winifred's appearance, and then looked out the door.

"Are we running away from something?" Winifred asked.

"We are leaving Mr. Stevens in what is known as the lurch."

"Mr. Stevens? Isn't he a nice man?"

"He's a boor and a cheat, plus other probable things which I won't put into your innocent young ears." With a staggering rush, burdened by the bags and other paraphernalia, Monica led the way to the car. She stowed Beezer and the bags in the rear seat, put Winifred in front with her, slid in behind the wheel, and closed the door as quietly as she could. The car didn't look bad, except that its left fender was dented and the windshield was gone. Monica turned the switch and tried the starter.

Nothing happened.

All the frantic rush, the deception, had been for nothing. By and by Stevens came out of his cabin, carrying a suitcase. The motor ground and ground, and then Monica leaned on the wheel and cursed to keep from crying.

"Move over," said Stevens.

"It won't start," Monica said to him, raging.

"Oh, yes. That thing. You damaged the automatic choke. Wait a minute." He lifted the hood and did something to some gadget in the engine. Then he came back, crowded Monica over, and stepped on the starter. The engine roared.

"You're smart," Winifred said. "You fixed it."

"Oh, I'll get by," Stevens said, with a sidelong look at Monica.

He gunned the motor several times, with what seemed an almost deliberate effort to draw attention to their leaving. Then they rolled out of the camp, and climbed the road that led to the pass and the highway to the town of Bishop. With the windshield out, the rush of air was terrific. Monica had Winifred get into the rear seat; she tied up both their heads with scarves.

They had passed the summit and started down when Stevens suddenly gave a jerk to the steering wheel and sent them into a dim side road.

A lump rose in Monica's throat, choking her. She put a hand on the door, crouching far from Stevens. He gave her an impatient glance. "Take it easy." The car crawled into a clump of stubby pine trees and rolled to a stop. Stevens got out from behind the wheel, opened the rear door of the car, and unsnapped his suitcase. He put something in his belt, under his coat, patted the coat into place and said, "Come on. No, not you, kiddo. You stay here." He took Monica's hand and guided her with him into a thick clump of brush.

"Look," said Stevens.

From the clump of brush they could see the road. In a moment Veach's big car swept by below with Veach and the blond woman in the front seat.

THEY waited. There were no sounds except faint ones made by the birds in the brush. After a while, Stevens touched Monica's arm. "Let's go."

She had forgotten him; her mind had been filled with her own fear. "Won't they realize that we've stopped somewhere?"

"Not for a while, anyway. And we're not going to follow them. We're going back, over the ridge to the Lodge and down the other side into the San Joaquin Valley. It'll be a hell of a drag, but worth it."

She looked at him angrily. "All that business about your needing to go to Bishop, about getting a ride back with people who were headed for Raboldi's—"

"Just as phony as your drunk," he said grimly. "Come on."

"You can drive us back to Raboldi's. Then you can stay there. We'll go on over the ridge."

"No, I'm going with you."

She stuck her chin out. "I don't intend to stay in Los Angeles. I'm going to sell the car and take a train East, back to New York, where Winifred will be safe."

"The kid won't be safe anywhere." He was taking the gun from his belt. It was a surprisingly big gun.

"You're not scaring me with that," Monica snapped. "And you seem to know an awful lot of things, all at once."

"I've always known them." He stuck the gun back into his belt and took her by the shoulders and shook her, impatiently and hard. "Get it through your head that I'm trying to help you."

"Th-thanks for being so nice about it," she stuttered, jolted.

"Just don't be so damned independent."

"Are you a detective?" she said.

"Don't talk now. You'll scare the kid."

They got in. Winifred was sitting up straight, her gaze curious. With a half grin, Stevens said, "I thought I saw a lost dog over there."

But Winifred was sharp. "There was a car went by on the road," she told him. "They followed us, I bet."

This was the pattern, Monica thought: Winifred with her eternal bogies. Only they were real, fearfully real, and Winifred right along had been speaking the truth.

"Who are those people?" Monica demanded. Stevens gave her a sharp look and shook his head; he wasn't going to talk in front of Winifred. Monica turned around to face the child. Here was a source of information all too ready to divulge what it knew. "What did you mean when you said Veach was smaller? How could he be?"

"He wasn't *much* smaller," Winifred said. "He was flatter on his feet, sort of."

Stevens was looking straight ahead, his eyes narrowed against the rush of air.

"I don't get it," Monica said in exasperation. "I don't understand why they should want to—"

"Save it," Stevens cut in.

Her mind went on: Why should anyone want to hurt Winifred? Who was she that

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she should be shaken up in an accident, half-drowned in the lake? A half-orphan, soon to be a whole one, with a father in a condemned row of the penitentiary, a mother murdered, a dim-witted aunt—

Well, for one thing, Monica's own thoughts answered, she's the only one on earth who believes that Jerry Huffman didn't kill her mother.

But how could that be it? A kid's simple belief, built up on nothing but faith—

She was distracted by seeing Stevens take the gun out of his belt and lay it on the seat between them. She drew away. He seemed a violent and unreadable man. "Do you expect trouble?"

"I don't know." They had come out of the defile; the camp lay below in its cup-like valley. There seemed to be no one stirring.

"But Veach and the woman are gone."

He went on squinting into the wind. "They could have friends."

But they passed the camp without incident, without even seeing anyone. The lake looked lonely and peaceful. The boat from which Veach had fished was tied to the end of the pier, rocking a little.

"Aren't you going to tell me anything?"

"Yes, I think so." He drove in silence for a while. They began to climb the steep grade to the ridge. The rushing wind smelled clean and woodsy. "We'll stop at the first good-sized town and get this glass fixed. We can't drive all the way to Los Angeles without a windshield. When we get to the city I'm going to take you to a place where you and the kid will be safe. At least, I think you'll be safe. Then I want you to meet a man I know. His name is Demarist. He is a very rich man."

"Are you working for him?"

Stevens shook his head.

She went on, her voice picking up heat. "Don't you think you're taking us over in a pretty highhanded manner? I haven't asked for your help or your protection. I'm grateful, of course, for the help you gave this morning in the water, but I was making it okay when you showed up."

"You were getting ready to drown the kid and yourself," Stevens said. "I thought for a minute there that I'd have to go back for you." He gave her a glance out of the unreadable gray eyes. "Let me set you straight about something. You brought this all on. *You*. If the kid had stayed at Mrs. Lannon's place, she'd have been safe. Nothing would have happened to her."

"Now I know who you're working for!"

"Mrs. Lannon?" He laughed. "No, I'm afraid I'm not in her set."

"And your name probably isn't even Stevens!"

He shrugged. She could think what she wanted to. What she thought wasn't important, anyway. Monica raged, "Why don't you tell me the truth?"

"Wait until you talk to Demarist," he said. "Then you'll know as much as I do."

THE house was in the San Fernando Valley. It stood at the end of a winding road, no other houses were close, and the place must have contained a quarter acre of ground fenced in steel link, with a padlocked gate. Inside the gate, a couple of police dogs lay on the green lawn. When the car drew up and stopped, the dogs lifted their heads.

Through a few scattered eucalyptus trees Monica could see the house. It was low, sprawling, Spanish, white stucco and red tile, with a broad, deep porch facing the drive. Stevens got out of the car and went to the stone gatepost and pushed a button. Presently a woman in a white dress came out on the porch of the house and opened a box on the wall. Stevens opened a cubicle in the stone post, took out a small telephone receiver and spoke into it. A man came around the house from the rear, walked down the drive, and unlocked the gate. He was a big man in gardener's overalls. He watched without curiosity as the car went through, then locked the gate.

The woman in the porch shadow was about fifty, well-built, well-preserved, with a pleasant face and neat gray hair. The white dress was a nurse's uniform and there was a nurse's cap on her gray hair. She smiled when she saw Stevens.

Stevens went up the red-tiled steps. "I called from Bakersfield. You weren't in, but they took a message."

"Yes, I was expecting you." She came down toward the car.

Stevens opened the car door for Monica. "This is a sanitarium," he said matter-of-factly. "A private mental hospital. Nobody gets in or out without some difficulty. You'll see what I mean. Mrs. Adams, this is Miss Marshall. And the kid is Winifred."

The woman gave Monica her hand. "You must be very tired."

Monica nodded. Her head buzzed; her eyes burned from the long hours of watching the highway. The tape had become an intolerable agony, gripping her flesh. "There's a cat in the back seat. He's pretty hungry by now." She rubbed a hand over her face; she felt gritty, unwashed. I must look awful, she thought. And no doubt I look a fit patient for a private—or even a public—insane asylum.

"We'll take care of everything. Don't you worry for a moment," Mrs. Adams said. "Come inside and I'll show you your rooms."

They went into a pleasant small parlor. At the opposite door was a desk; seated at it was another woman in white—this one square-jawed and big, with beefy shoulders. "This is Miss Wice," said Mrs. Adams. "Miss Wice, this is Miss Marshall and her niece, Winifred."

Monica, in spite of the tired fuzziness, tried to look sharply at Stevens. No wonder he'd kept calling her Miss; he'd known all along that she had lied about Winifred being her own. She tried to get mad, but Stevens' appearance distracted her. She hadn't noticed before how he looked; there was a stubble of beard over his face and his eyes seemed hollow and burned out.

I'm too tired to hate him right now, she told herself. But he needn't think I'm going to take his bossing lying down.

She wanted to fall into bed right away, but the nurse Mrs. Adams summoned to help wouldn't let her. No, first the old tape had to come off. After it was off a conference was held over the condition of the skin under it. Then she must bathe. She fell asleep in the tub and the nurse roused her before she drowned. Then she had to submit to being daubed with sticky ointment where the tape had rubbed her raw. Her ribs, freed of the binding, at first felt good and then felt horrible. She gritted her teeth; the nurse saw it.

Another conference. The sticky stuff was removed and more tape was applied. Not so much and not gripping in quite the same tender spots, but tight, making her feel like a mummy again.

When she was in a nightgown and in bed, a young and timider nurse came in and tried to stick a thermometer in her mouth. This was the last straw.

"I'm not *sick!*" Monica raged. "I'm beat, I'm dying for some rest! Now get out!"

She turned over, and sleep rolled through her like a tide.

IT WAS morning. Early. A lot of sparrows were making a fuss in one of the eucalyptus trees outside the window. The light was thin and milky.

Monica got out of bed and went to sit on the window seat. There were iron bars fitted into the concrete sill. She rattled them absently, a gesture of defiance. I'm in a mental hospital, she reminded herself. Just suppose there was a deep dark plot hatching to declare me incompetent and to take Winifred away. What could be neater as a start? Here I am, already shut up.

COLLIER'S **"Here's a recipe for leftovers. What a laugh!"** AL KAUFMAN

This line of thought made her nervous. She went over to the wall near the bed and punched a button. By and by the timid nurse stuck her head in. Monica went out of her way to sound civil. "Is it too early to have something to eat?"

"Breakfast isn't quite ready yet," the nurse said. "But I can fix you a cup of coffee."

"Fine."

"Cream and sugar?"

"Black this time, please."

The nurse went out. When she came back with the coffee, Beezer walked in at her heels. He looked up into Monica's face and licked his jowls. It was his milk signal.

"Is Winifred up?" Monica asked.

"She's still asleep," the nurse said. She gave Monica an under-the-eyelash look. "Mr. Stevens was asking how you felt."

"Tell him I died during the night," Monica said. Beezer jumped up on the bed and thrust his yellow face close to hers and purred loudly. Monica petted him and he pretended to bite her. "I'm going to get dressed," Monica told the nurse.

The nurse went out and Monica dressed. Her clothes had been unpacked and hung neatly in the closet and most of the wrinkles had fallen out. Monica put on a gray silk dress with a dark blue belt. She brushed out her black hair and powdered her nose. With lipstick, she thought, she didn't look too bad. The nurse came back with breakfast, made the bed while Monica ate at the window seat, and admitted Stevens when he knocked.

He still looked tired and a little pale, though he was freshly shaved and had on clean clothes. He took a chair close to where Monica sat eating. He lighted a cigarette, waiting for the nurse to go. He looked not at Monica, but through the window above her head, as if he were thinking.

When the nurse had gone, he said dryly, "I'm glad to see you pulled through."

"Curiosity kept me alive. I'm waiting to hear who you are and what your business is."

He went to the bedside stand for an ash tray. "You know who I am. My name's Stevens."

"What did you do with Mr. Raboldi? Dump him in the lake? Can't you at least explain the stuff at the resort?"

He came back carrying the ash tray. "Yes, I'll tell you that. You were being followed. The clerk at your hotel on Wilshire was paid to keep track of you. I was paying him, but so was someone else."

"And the real Mr. Raboldi?"

"He didn't mind taking a few days off when I convinced him there might be trouble coming. He was very friendly."

She thought it over. "You got to Raboldi's ahead of Veach?"

He nodded. "I flew to Bishop and hired a car there. Raboldi took the hired car to make the return trip, leaving me the truck."

"So there you were, all set. Doesn't Veach know you?"

"Not yet. When he does, I won't be sitting so pretty."

She frowned. "What does Veach want?"

"I don't know," Stevens said surprisingly. "The kid obviously represents some danger to him. But I don't know what it is."

STEVENS crushed out his cigarette and got up to walk impatiently across the room and back. "Why didn't you believe the kid when she told you she knew Veach?"

"She said he was smaller and younger," Monica answered. "Besides, she'd already told some whoppers—that Mrs. Lannon had followed us to the hotel, that my sister left her outside a bar while—"

"What bar?"

"It wasn't true!" Monica said. "Biddy didn't drink!"

He studied her levelly. "Why the fuss? You do."

"Yes, but she was younger, and—and always a lot more conventional and scrupulous. She wouldn't have left Winifred outside a bar while she went in to drink!"

He shrugged as though it didn't matter, and went on walking the floor.

Monica's mind returned to something he'd said. "Why were you paying the hotel clerk to tell you where we went?"

"Let's say I just wanted to know," he answered. "I thought Veach was going to be interested, and that I'd better be ahead of him. It meant coming out where he could see me, but that couldn't be helped."

He wasn't going to tell her what she wanted to know, the basic reason for his interest and intervention. She changed her tack. "Why did you bring Winifred and me to this place? How did you know of it and how were you able to get in?"

"When I first got in touch with Demarist—the man I mentioned, the one in Beverly Hills—he was here."

"Then he—he's been—"

"No, he's quite all right mentally. He went through a bad time. You'll understand when you meet him today."

She looked at him impatiently. "It's all so foolishly mysterious, so asinine. I don't see why Winifred and I should have to hide or be afraid. I can go to the police and tell them everything."

"Tell them what?"

She stopped. What did she have for the police? Footsteps in a hall, a bird on the water . . . "My—my brakes. They'd been tampered with, to go out like that. There must have been some evidence."

"The brakes were damaged," Stevens said, as if explaining to a child. "They could have been damaged in other ways than by deliberate tampering. If they were worked on with the idea of killing you and the kid on the grade—who did it? Where was it done? Do you have proof? In other words, what can you pin on Veach?"

She tensed all over with anger. She didn't

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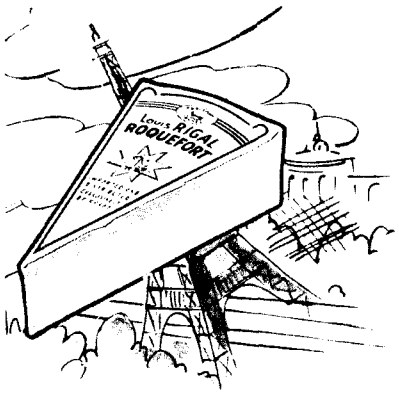

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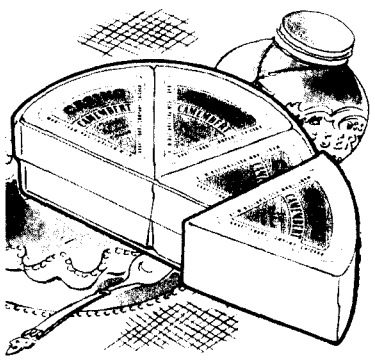

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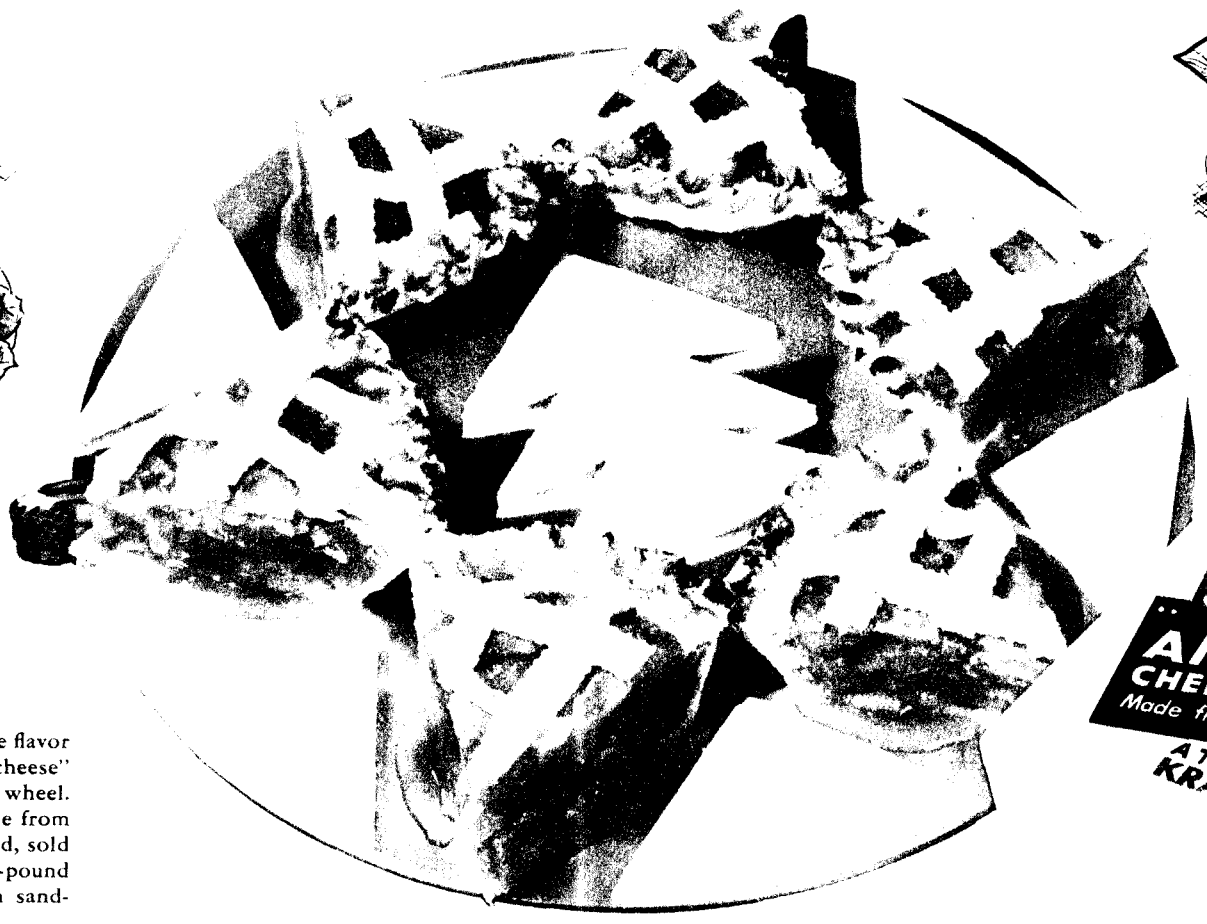

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want to acknowledge it, but what he had said was true. "Nothing. Damn it."

He stood over her, implacable, commanding. "Unless you want to keep the kid locked up behind bars like these for years" —he motioned toward the window—"you're going to have to string along with me."

She let him see the scorn in her eyes. "And you're doing what?"

His face twitched; then he turned and went to the door and put his hand on it. He stood there for a moment. She thought he meant to walk out of the room. But he came back. "What gives with you?" He leaned over her. "What's the eternal chip on your shoulder all about? Did some man stand you up once? You look like the kind who wouldn't forget. But give the kid a break, even if you are a man-hater."

A pulse began to beat through her temples. She felt almost ill at his insolence. "No man ever stood me up," she managed to say evenly. "I can take men or leave them alone. You with the rest."

"It sticks out all over you," Stevens said. "The first moment you met me, you had your claws out. You didn't even know me. I hadn't done a thing."

Her face felt hot, burning. "You remember, you criticized me for bringing a cat to a place where hunters already—"

"That's it! You won't take a breath of criticism! You're not a man-hater. You're an everybody-hater. Everybody who doesn't agree instantly with you."

She felt tears—tears of rage—ache in her eyes. "You'd have let me drown, when Winifred and I—" She cut it off, biting her lips. She wouldn't let him see how she felt. Or rather, how much she felt it.

He withdrew a little. When he spoke it was calmly. "Let's agree to an armed truce, Miss Marshall. For the little girl's sake. She's a kind of a nice little kid." He made an abrupt, oddly broken-off gesture.

"Why are you interested in Winifred?"

His eyes stayed on her blankly. "Don't you think she needs friends—any friends?"

"You're asking me to take you on trust—on nothing," she insisted. "I have a right to know your motives in this business."

He turned back to the door. "I'll be ready to leave for Beverly Hills around nine. I'll meet you in the waiting room then."

SHE poured and drank the last of the coffee in the silver pot. Then she retouched her make-up and from the closet took a light coat and a scarf for her hair. Beezer watched from the bed; when he realized that she was getting ready to leave and that no milk would be forthcoming, he set up a howl. An instant later the door popped open and there was Winifred. She was in pajamas, slippers and robe. The child and the cat greeted each other like exiled compatriots. *You'd think, Monica* told herself wryly, that they were comforting each other for my common meanness to them. "I'll bring you a bottle of milk," she promised the old cat.

Winifred crooned over him for a moment. "We're in jail. I saw the bars over the windows, just like in the movies."

"It's a mental hospital," Monica said. "Didn't you hear Mr. Stevens explaining yesterday?"

"Are we crazy?" Winifred asked.

"I wouldn't be surprised. Not for myself, at any rate." She went to the bed and stroked the tumbled yellow hair. "When I get back I'm going to have a talk with you."

A wary light settled in Winifred's eyes. "What about?"

"Lots of things."

"Mrs. Lannon, I bet," said Winifred.

"You're psychic, kid," said Monica, rubbing her cheek against the small head.

Winifred took one arm off the cat to circle Monica's waist. "Will we stay with Mr. Stevens?"

Monica stiffened. "Why do you like him?"

"I don't know," said Winifred, on the defensive. "I guess maybe it's because he listens, though. When we went out in the boat to fish I told him lots, and he listened to every word. He even believed it, I bet."

For some reason, Monica was aware of acute mental discomfort. She gave Winifred a final pat, then went to the mirror and put on the coat and adjusted the scarf.

"You look nice," Winifred told her. "I bet Mr. Stevens likes you."

"Just like arsenic," Monica said absently.

"Don't you like Mr. Stevens?"

Monica was aware that her hands had clenched into fists on the dresser top, that the knuckles had turned white. How silly, she thought in anger, to let Stevens get you down. "He's quite a guy," she said to Winifred, keeping her voice casual. She walked to the door. "You and Beezer stay indoors and be good. You won't find Mrs. Lannon peeping in any windows here."

THEY climbed the canyon road. "It's a little off the beaten path and out of our way," Stevens said. "But if anyone's following, I'll spot them."

But no one followed. The crest of the grade was hot and sunny and deserted. The flanks of the hill gave off the smell of wild sage. The downward road was winding, closed in, shaded with eucalyptus and bordered with masses of ragged robin.

Monica took a slip of paper and a pencil from her purse, and began to make notes. Stevens looked at her sidewise. "A shopping list?"

She shook her head. "I'm making a check on everything I didn't believe before. I'm going to talk to Winifred when I get back."

"I'd like to be there, too."

She shrugged. "I don't mind."

They weren't in Monica's car, but in one that Stevens had had sent out from a rental agency. It was a black sedan, not too new, and inconspicuous. After a while Monica noticed that Stevens had slowed down, and that he was watching parked cars, and the rearview mirror. He swung off the main drive into a side road. Here were concrete and stucco walls shutting in big estates. Monica didn't know she betrayed any particular feeling, but Stevens—who must have eyes in the side of his head—said, "Prejudiced against the rich?"

"Yes. I guess so," she admitted.

"Demarist is going to surprise you."

"There's nothing I loathe more," she told him, "than a rich hypocrite pretending to be democratic."

"My, my," he said. "We're very opinionated today."

"My father was a chemist," she said without expression. "He spent his life inventing a varnish that made another man rich. My father left fifteen thousand in insurance when he died. The other man left more than fifteen million."

Stevens drove for a minute in silence. Then he said, "I'm beginning to get it."

"What?"

"That chip on your shoulder."

"You can stop trying to figure me out," she said coldly, "and do some explaining about this man Demarist."

Stevens didn't answer. He drove the car into still another side street and then into a private drive. The house was big, a mansion sitting on a little knoll. Wide lawns glittered from a fresh sprinkling. The roof of a greenhouse showed through some trees. A fountain near the drive had a bunch of nude marble girls pouring water from stone pitchers. "Yeah, it's pretty awful," Stevens said, following her glance. "But Demarist is getting ready to turn this place over to a religious order for an orphanage. They'll take down those naked women."

"The naked women don't offend me."

"Something's making you grit your teeth."

"My ribs hurt."

With an air of apology that was obviously spurious, Stevens helped her from the car. They crossed a broad terrace, then entered the porch between two columns. Stevens pushed a button in an ornate decoration on the door. Presently the door was opened by a pleasant-looking man in a white uniform. Monica glanced at Stevens cynically. So he isn't crazy, the glance said.

Apparently the man in the uniform knew Stevens from some previous visit. "Hello," he said. "Come this way, please. Mr. Demarist is waiting for you in the den."

THE hall was long, with a parquet floor, and had a few chairs and decorative tables here and there against the paneled wall. The chairs weren't the kind anyone would care to sit in, except perhaps a monk doing penance, Monica thought, remembering the remark about the religious order. The man in white led the way to a door halfway down the hall, and stood aside.

It was quite a den. Stuffed animal heads and mounted fish adorned the walls. A small fire burned in the grate. The room was hot. Monica began to take off her coat.

Across the room, near some windows, two men waited. One rose as she and Stevens entered. The man in the wheel chair sat where he was. He was a big, bony old man in a faded blue cotton-flannel bathrobe, his legs wrapped in a white blanket.

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The other man, the one who stood up, was in his thirties. He had on a silk sport shirt and cocoa-colored slacks. He was dark, slender and extraordinarily good-looking. Stevens didn't know this second man; Monica saw his quick, appraising stare.

The man in the wheel chair held out a hand. "Hello, Stevens. This is Miss Marshall, I take it."

"Miss Marshall, I'd like to present Mr. Demarist," said Stevens.

The flesh hung on the old man's face as if it were tired and getting ready to drop off. His eyes were tired, too, tired and pale; but in their depths glittered a feverish impatience, as though he knew he was short of time and had to be about things while he could. He turned to his companion. "This is my nephew, and attorney, Richard Aldeen. Miss Marshall—Mr. Stevens." He took a minute to watch the reaction among them. Stevens held out his hand; he and Aldeen looked at each other steadily for a moment, a measuring stare.

When Aldeen took Monica's hand, he did it with a certain flourish, an effect of heel-clicking and bowing, though he did no more than incline his head. There was a certain flamboyance about the man that Monica found amusing. Mr. Demarist went on. "Since I'm feeling none too chipper these days, and since the affair concerning my ward must go on even after I am dead, I wanted Mr. Aldeen in on the investigation."

Stevens obviously didn't like it. His flat stare fastened on Demarist. "I thought we had agreed for safety's sake to limit our information to as few people as possible."

Demarist touched the sagging flesh of his face with fingers that shook a trifle. "I'm not really a *person* any more. I'm a hulk, a ghost—a spook without sense enough to lie down where I belong."

"I'll withdraw, if you find my presence objectionable," Aldeen said stiffly, his dark face flushing. "I'm as eager to find Margaret as anyone is. I wouldn't want to hamstring the investigation."

"No, no," Demarist said brusquely. "The estate—Margaret's estate—must be represented after I am gone. I have no hopes of living until she chooses to come back to us." He swung the wheel chair to face the room more squarely. "Sit down, please—all of you. Would anyone care for coffee?"

"I would," Monica said. Aldeen said, "I would too." His tone was bristling, offended. Well, Stevens simply had a gift for making people dislike him at first sight.

"See if you can locate Henry," Demarist said to Aldeen.

"You ought to have bells put in," Aldeen said.

"There were bells," Demarist said absently. "I didn't like them. It made me feel as if I were summoning a robot."

Aldeen went out, returning in a moment with Henry. "Yes, Mr. Demarist?"

"Do you suppose Irene is still in the kitchen?" Demarist asked.

"I don't know, sir. If she isn't there, I could fix whatever it is you wish. Is it coffee, sir?"

"Yes, we thought we might have a pot of it in here while we talk." Demarist's tone was almost apologetic, as though he feared to overwork the people he had hired.

Demarist was smiling at Monica. "I'd like to hear about the little girl," he said.

A TOUCH of fear fled through Monica's thoughts. So many people seemed to be interested in Winifred, so much curiosity was shown about her, so many minds in such odd places seemed waiting to soak up knowledge about her. Even here, in this immense house which must belong to a millionaire, there was someone wanting to know— "What is it you'd like to hear?"

"What has she told you about the man named Veach?"

Monica found herself glancing at Stevens. He wasn't looking at her; he was watching Aldeen. Monica said, "She dislikes Veach. She says he has wolf's eyes."

"Mr. Veach is, indeed, a very terrible kind of wolf," Demarist said. "I believe Mr. Stevens, on the phone, made mention of some incident at the lake in the mountains. What was Veach's part in it?"

"Veach was in a boat, fishing or pretending to fish," Monica told him. "Winifred went into the water, went far out, stepped into a hole, and almost drowned. She said that a bird had fallen into the lake and couldn't get out, that it wobbled ahead of her, just out of reach. I saw Veach take something from his line, a draggled thing I took to be a piece of weed." She stopped, aware of her own heart's thudding.

"You are afraid, just thinking of that," Demarist said, studying her.

"Yes, I'm very frightened."

"But there was no proof that Veach had done anything?"

"No."

"Did the child seem to connect Veach with her misfortune?" He watched Monica shake her head. "But she recognized him?"

"In a way." Monica frowned, feeling baffled. "She said that he was smaller and younger. She insisted on it."

"That's very odd," Demarist said.

"Couldn't there have been some mistake?" Aldeen said.

"There was no mistake," Stevens put in. "It was Veach, all right."

DEMARIST looked at Stevens as if he expected him to go on, to make an explanation of Veach's appearance, but Stevens said nothing further. He seemed to be in an unpleasant mood because of Aldeen's presence. Demarist said, "I should be very cautious, Miss Marshall, in giving Veach the opportunity to get at the little girl. He is an unscrupulous and evil man. I would like to tell you—"

Stevens interrupted: "Miss Marshall knows nothing about your ward, Mr. Demarist. You'll have to start at the beginning."

Demarist lifted his white eyebrows. "Does she know Veach's—profession?"

"No."

Demarist rubbed his knuckles together, looking at Monica. "Veach is one of the human vermin who have taken advantage of the interest in, and the recognized need for, psychological guidance. He is not a physician. At one time he studied for the ministry in a small Eastern interdenominational college. He didn't finish the course, but from it he seemed to acquire a manner of authority and righteousness. He took up yoga and other autosuggestive cults, briefly, finally abandoning all of them to set himself up boldly as a 'psychiatrist.' Under the present lax laws governing the practice of this branch of medicine, he is able to operate, taking in many dupes and extracting their money and sending them away again no better, if not actually worse."

Demarist's face sagged. "You see, I know much about him. I was one of his victims."

Stevens, Monica recalled, had said: "He went through a bad time—"

"It took me some time in a sanitarium to get over the effects of Mr. Veach's ministrations. My troubles hadn't been serious—until I went to him. In my absence from here, he gained the confidence of my ward, a girl I had adopted and raised." Demarist turned to Aldeen. "Get Margaret's photograph from the study, will you, Dick?"

Richard Aldeen went out of the room, and came back with a large picture in a plain gold frame. Monica took it from him. The girl in the picture was slight and young, with a simple and obvious type of prettiness. She was blond; the tinted photograph showed deep-blue eyes in a childish and rather expressionless face.

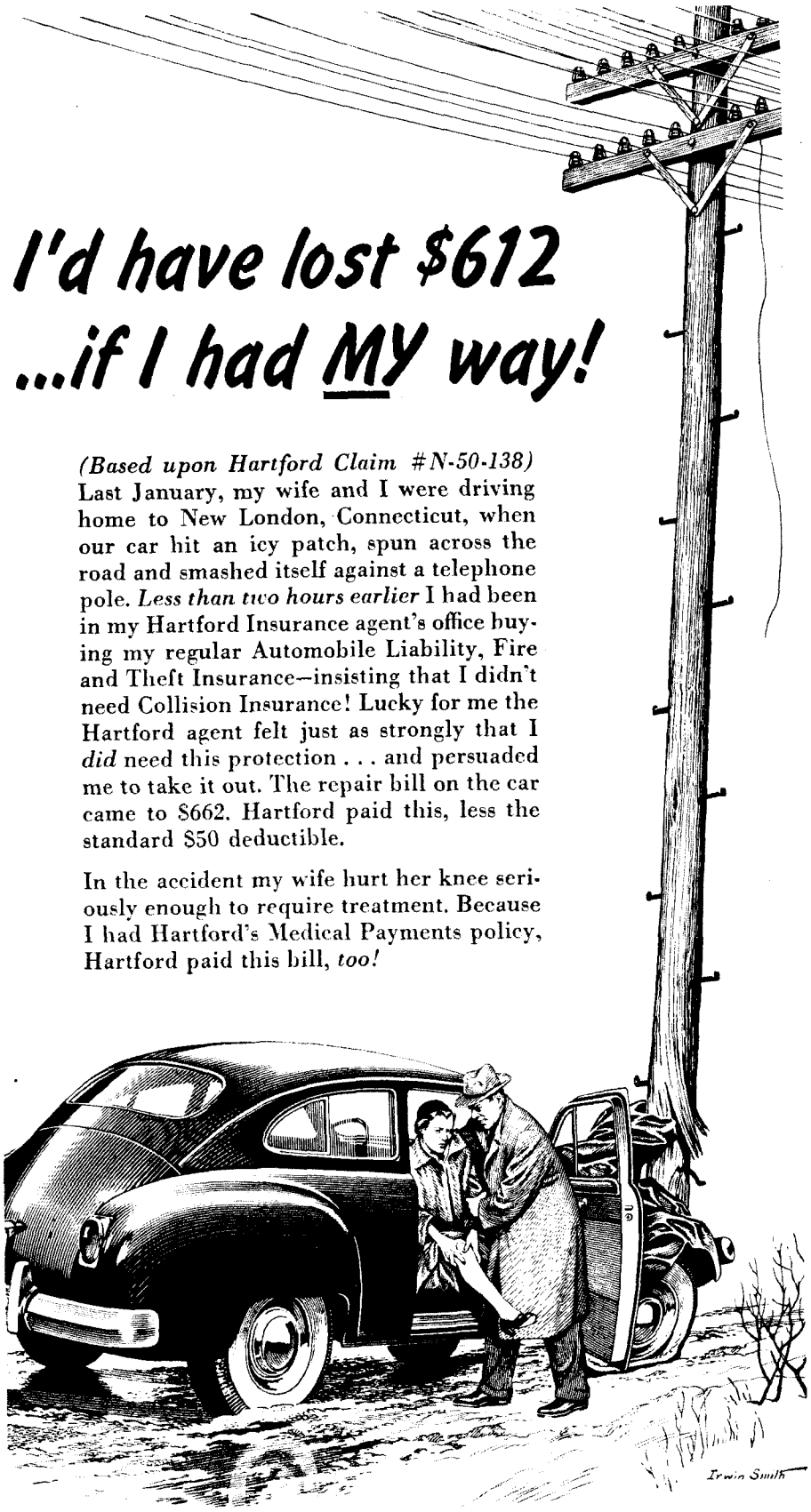
"That picture was taken when Margaret was seventeen," Aldeen said. "She's twenty-two now, and looks older."

"She seems very innocent," Monica commented, giving the picture to Stevens.

"Innocent she is," said Demarist. He rubbed a flap of skin beside his mouth. He was obviously deeply distressed. "A trusting child, always. There was no way I could prepare her for the ways of the world. She is—handicapped."

Monica stared at him blankly.

Aldeen said, "Margaret is a little slow;



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not much. Not enough that you'd notice it immediately on meeting her. But, as Uncle Dem says, trusting. She believes anything she's told, the way a child does."

Monica's throat grew dry. She was remembering Veach as he had looked in the cabin. "And Veach—*has* her?"

Aldeen shrugged. "She went to him willingly. Uncle Dem was ill. I couldn't hold her here."

"We heard from her, just once," Demarist said. "She asked us not to try to find her. There was a desperately pleading tone to the note. I sensed that some dreadful trouble was hanging over her. It was almost immediately after the Huffman murder. I wouldn't have connected the two events, except that Veach was called as a witness in the Huffman case. You knew that, didn't you?"

"No. I didn't follow the trial. She was my sister and I—I didn't want to know."

"You believed in Huffman's guilt, then?"

"It seemed certain."

"There is something very strange under the surface of the case," the old man said slowly. "I am sure that if I could locate my ward, she could cast some new light on it. She is afraid to come to us, afraid for us to find her. I am sure she has some guilty knowledge."

"I'm not sure that I agree with Uncle Dem," Aldeen said. His dark eyes were narrowed. "There are a lot of coincidences possible in a thing like that. Veach wasn't an important witness at the Huffman trial. I've studied the case records." Aldeen paused to clear his throat. "My own opinion is that Margaret may have been subjected to experiences which shamed her and made her reluctant to come home."

There was a short silence. It's queer, Monica thought—we all know what he means, though he didn't put it into words. She thought of the trusting, not-quite-normal young girl with Veach, and goose flesh came out along her arms. "Haven't you gone to the police?"

"We have no grounds for police action," Aldeen answered. "Margaret is of legal age. Uncle Dem would never attempt to have her declared incompetent, even if her condition made it possible. She had a considerable amount of money of her own. We suspect that Veach has it now. Any other funds left to her by Uncle Dem will be put in trust."

"I have a plan—" Demarist began, but he was interrupted. The door opened and the man in white came in bearing a large silver tray. There were fine china cups and saucers, silver spoons, sugar and cream in ornate containers. "I'm going back for the coffee, sir," Henry said to Demarist. "I couldn't quite bring it all at once."

"Heavy stuff," Demarist complained. "Why didn't you pile it together on the small aluminum tray?"

"You want to show off your nice stuff now and then, Mr. Demarist," Henry said. He went out and came back a minute or so later with a larger silver coffeepot. Henry poured, and passed the sugar and cream.

Monica was beginning to like Mr. Demarist. Something about his tired, friendly manner reminded her of her father.

When Henry had gone, Demarist put down his coffee cup and resumed what he had been about to say. "I have a plan which will, I think, force Veach to show his hand. I'm going to write to Margaret in care of him, and tell her that because of my state of health I am ready to turn over to her a substantial part of what will be her inheritance—*provided* she can account for the money she had when she left. I'm not going to mention Veach; I'm simply going to state that I know she has closed out her bank account and that I'm wondering if she used the money wisely."

Demarist's pale eyes seemed to burn in his sagging face. His voice was husky and urgent. "Veach is going to be on a spot. He's going to have to restore the amount of that bank account in order—as he will think—to get his hands on a much greater sum. He's going to have to let Margaret present the proof of that restoration."

Demarist straightened and grew tall in the wheel chair, as if he were already savoring his triumph over Veach. But it seemed to Monica, listening, that there was danger in the plan—nothing definite that she could put her finger on. But danger nevertheless.

(To be continued next week)

Burridge Carries On

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

that was; only a feeling that the distance between there and Fifth Avenue was not calculated in mere miles. A faint stirring rose within her and she pushed it down—*that* was best forgotten; *this* didn't concern her.

In the servants' sitting room, lunch was in progress and Haines was pouring beer.

"Someday she'll act up once too often," cook was saying, "and then she'll have no one to blame but herself."

"Well, but she can't *force* the girl," put in the housemaid. "Or can she? Poor Miss Angela."

"Consider the facts," said Haines judicially. "You know the mistress'—ah—background. Unaccustomed to position, she is socially ambitious. What follows? She engages domestics who," he said complacently, "have served the highest aristocracy. She struggles, as it were, to shine. She sets her heart on this brilliant marriage but the daughter has other ideas. What follows?"

"Hell breaks loose," said the housemaid.

"There you are," said Haines.

"But we *know* all that," cried cook impatiently. "What comes next?"

"Ah," said Haines, "what next, indeed."

Burridge said nothing. The faint stirring had come back, bringing a bitter flavor of the thing she wanted to forget.

BURRIDGE had started out as kitchenmaid at Lord Ivor's—was that thirty-eight years ago? Yes, she'd been seventeen. Ivor Park was purest quality, but dreary, and she'd taken to slipping out nights to the Boar's Head where there were jokes and songs. There'd been a young hostler, too, and no knowing where that mightn't've led if the players hadn't come.

They gave Shakespeare for five nights and Burridge hadn't missed a performance. Afterward she'd rushed back to the Boar's Head to watch them come in to supper. The first night, as she stood staring by the door, a pretty young actress gave her a mischievous wink and when Burridge, curtsying, murmured, "Oh, thenk you, Miss," the girl laughed. Burridge watched out for her the next night: saw the back of her hem dragging. Trembling yet resolute, Burridge stepped forward.

"If you please, Miss—your hem is out."

"Bother!" The girl screwed her head around. "This is the only decent thing I've got—and I'm so tired!"

"Oh, Miss, if you'd let me fix it! It'd be such a pleasure."

"Putting in hems a pleasure?"

"Putting in yours, Miss."

The girl winked again but then her eyes grew sober. "I know—footlight fever. It makes the whole thing glow, every least bit about it. Well, now, this hem. What's your name?"

"Mary Ann Burridge, Miss."

"Right, Burridge. Come along." She led the way to a small, dingy room on the top floor, and undid her dress. "Here, you sit by the lamp."

Burridge sewed and the girl watched. "This is like having one's own maid—my soul, if I ever get to that!" She began posturing, holding out her arms. "Burridge, my peignoir—and don't jerk my hair, clumsy!"

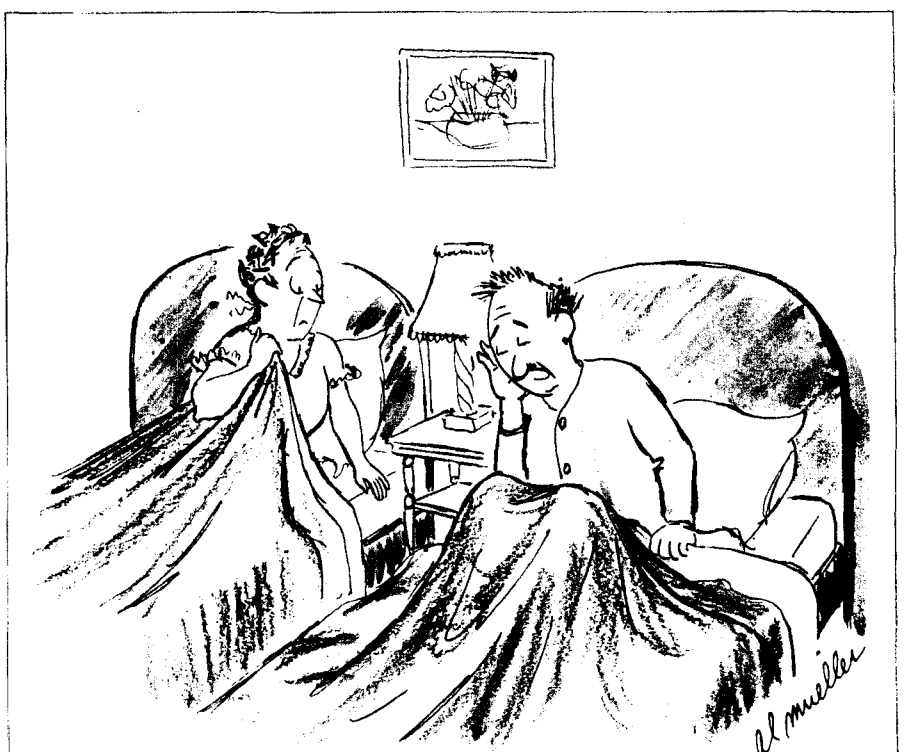
And then a queer thing happened. The dingy room turned into an elegant boudoir and the shabby girl became as great a lady as the Countess of Ivor herself. Burridge left off sewing. "Lawk, Miss, you do that *just* like."

"And how do you know it's like?"

"Because, Miss. Many's the time I've seen her ladyship . . ." She told of her place at Ivor Park.

"Oh, tell me everything! I've never seen a real countess and I've got to know."

That was how Burridge's real life began, with her first knowledge of Sybil Austen whose puckish character sketches were to entertain most of London. Eagerly Sybil Austen drank in the doings of quality; gave back what Burridge told her and became



COLLIER'S **"There's nothing strange about that noise. It's just the kitchen window being opened"** AL MUELLER

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quality; gave back Burridge's own words and became an awkward young maid talking of quality. "You see? One day I shall make all this come alive. And when I do, you shall be my maid. That's a promise."

"Oh, thenk you, Miss!" She never expected to see Sybil Austen again but the drear feeling was gone.

Two years later, when the image of that strange night had begun to blur and the hostler was safely married to the barmaid, a telegram had come from an address in Gower Street. It said: PROMISE FULFILLED COME AT ONCE SYBIL AUSTEN. There had been upheaval in the housekeeper's room.

The Gower Street address was a drab lodging and Sybil Austen looked shabbier than she had. "I'm opening in my own act next week. My first try on my own and I'm way down on the bill. It'll look good, though, if I have a maid. I hope you're not particular about wages at the start? And oh," she added, with a wink, "you might let me have that hat you're wearing."

First it had been frowsy diggings and shattering train trips, but even then the act was good and it got better. And then it was top billing at the Palladium and a flat of their own in Portland Place, and cheers for "our Sybil." And the sketch that always brought down the house was the one with the awkward young maid who wore Burridge's hat and talked of quality.

From the start they understood each other. They read Shakespeare together and took walks about London looking for new bits for the sketches. Sometimes it was Burridge who found them; when Miss Sybil tried them out, she offered pungent criticism. And sitting together over late supper, they gossiped about who came to the dressing room. First, stage-door Johnnies, then City men, then proper swells. They all came in and Miss Sybil let them all go out again. Except young Percy Ffoulkes.

Young Percy's uncle was the Earl of Harcourt, he knew everyone worth knowing, and there he'd stand, laughing and joking with Burridge while Miss Sybil took her curtain calls. Burridge was glad when young Percy came around. Miss Sybil could look farther and fare worse.

AND then he stopped coming round and Miss Sybil, looking strangely worn, took her supper with Burridge again. Then, reading out the paper while Miss Sybil had her breakfast, Burridge stumbled full on the announcement of young Percy's engagement to Lady Gweneth Hare.

"Why, the bounder!" she gasped.

"Not at all," said Miss Sybil. "I sent him packing."

"You did? But, duckie, whatever for? A quarrel?"

"Only the one I picked," said Miss Sybil, throwing the line away as she did in the act.

"But, are you mad? You know perfectly well that he—"

"Never mind what I know." Miss Sybil set down her teacup. "And I'm not mad. Now look, darling, Percy Ffoulkes belongs to one of the greatest families in England. He has big things before him and he deserves big things. And *she's* the same sort. She'll help him where a—a music hall queen'd simply block his way. Now you know. And let me alone about it."

Burridge had let her alone about it. And she'd never stopped reproaching herself.

They saw him only once more, years later. He was Lord Harcourt then. Miss Sybil was giving six performances a day, in hospitals and lofts, to a whizzing obbligato out of Berlin, and after one of the shows he just stood there looking hungrily at her. He asked if there was anything he could do for her and she said no, not a thing. A moment later she said she must rest before her next show and he told her not to overdo and Miss Sybil smiled, her eyes seeming to look past the stoutish man before her, at someone who wasn't there.

When the war work was over and she opened again at the Palladium, Miss Sybil fainted one night, coming off. The doctor ordered complete rest. Burridge knew the truth even before he stopped in the hall to explain something about the heart. "How long?" she asked.

"Who can tell? Maybe weeks, maybe years. Or tomorrow."

They went to Devonshire and lived on their joint savings. Burridge read out the theater news and talked buoyantly about new contracts. Eight months ago, she'd put Miss Sybil to bed one night and hadn't been able to wake her in the morning.

WHEN she could think again, she saw one thing with agonizing clarity: for all the years of work and glamor, Miss Sybil's life had been a loneliness. And Burridge had done nothing about it.

Burridge had had plenty of offers—not a star in London who didn't know Sybil's Burridge—but she couldn't face the old routine. She'd come to New York where the past wouldn't glare at her; and when the employment office asked for references, she said she'd never worked outside her own home—which, in a sense, was true—and they'd have to take her on her face. These were the things Burridge never talked about.

That evening, a littlish Mr. Carter came to dinner. Mr. Carter had just returned from a six-month government mission abroad (ah, the mission, Burridge thought), and his talk was full of big names. Mrs. Talbot hung on his words while Miss Angela studied the tablecloth, and Mr. Talbot studied Miss Angela. As she brought in the vegetables, Burridge mentally compared Mr. Carter's hint of baldness and smallish eyes with young Roger's thick dark hair and eager smile.

Two nights later there was a larger dinner and Mr. Carter was again present. The next day he came alone for cocktails. The moment he left, Miss Angela shot out of the room. Mrs. Talbot called her back peremptorily. Burridge, without shame, busied herself at the bar.

She could hear a murmur of voices, one more subdued than the other. Then the less subdued voice flared into Mrs. Talbot's tantrum voice. ". . . enough for me to want a thing and you oppose it!"

"But you can be decent to him, can't you? A man as important as that!"

"Mother, to please you, I've told Roger not to come—not even to phone. But anything more—"

"Roger! A fifty-dollar-a-week engineer—a clerk! And for *that* you set yourself against a man who can give you background, position—everything. Why, this new appointment in Washington—"

At that moment, Haines came through the pantry door and Burridge disappeared down the corridor. She had a queer feeling about Miss Angela. What ailed the girl? True, she was young, and the mistress was a tartar; but she could take a stand. Unless she had some kind of freakish idea. . . . The picture of Miss Angela blurred and Burridge was back at home, in the bedroom, where Miss Sybil, strangely worn, was talking about young Percy. "Now you know. And let me alone about it." Burridge roused herself now. The two cases weren't alike. Not a bit. Burridge told herself not to be a fool about what didn't concern her. . . .

When she took in Miss Angela's breakfast, next day, the girl was staring out of the window. Her shoulders drooped abjectly.

"Beg pardon, Miss."

"Oh?" She turned quickly and Burridge glanced away from the look in her eyes.

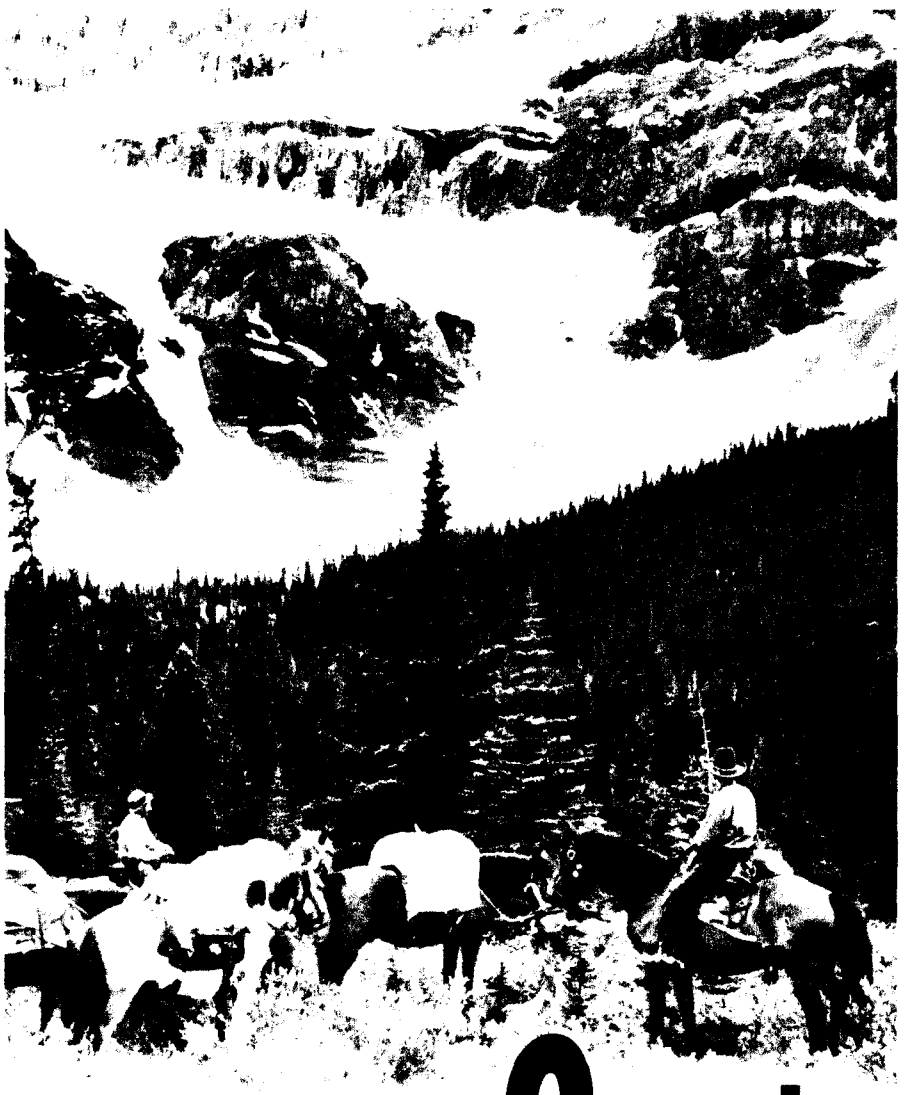
"Your breakfast, Miss."

"Oh. Yes, of course. Thank you."

Burridge set down the tray and turned to go. Then she stopped, took a step forward, uncertainly, as if still hoping to protect herself against her own folly. "Beg pardon, Miss. What I am about to say may seem like a liberty but it is not so meant. You—you are not happy, Miss."

The girl shrugged. "I don't suppose I'm the only one these days. Besides, there's nothing to be done about it."

"Ah, there's where you're wrong, Miss! You can marry him." The words out, Burridge saw she'd given away more than she



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had any business knowing. But Miss Angela didn't seem to notice.

"You don't understand. It isn't—I mean, it's simply—" She stopped short.

"Look, Miss." Burridge came a step nearer. "The person as meant most to me did similar to what you're doing. She let him go. And—" Burridge, too, stopped short.

"And what?"

"Why, nothing, Miss. That's just the point. Her life was a—a loneliness. Don't let it happen to *you*, Miss."

After a silence, Miss Angela said, "He's enlisting."

"There you are, Miss. Marry him first."

"He wants me to. But—"

"Come, Miss. It wouldn't be one of those hasty things. You'd've married him anyway—or should."

"But it isn't as simple as that. My Mother—she's had disappointments. If I added to them, I'd feel—oh, it's all so mixed up, I don't know what to do!"

"Easy, Miss," cried Burridge wildly. She was thoroughly involved in the Talbots' affairs and she had the odd sensation that the old Earl of Harcourt was somewhere in it, too. "Easy! Just you go out and take a walk. Stop at a booth and ring your young man. Ring your father too, Miss, at his club. Then you need never feel you've done the shabby. That is, of course, if Mr. Talbot isn't also opposed."

"No. Oh, no. He likes Roger. That's part of the—the upset."

"Then settle it, Miss. It'd be terrible to see the same thing happen twice!"

Miss Angela stood wordless, her face drawn. Presently she turned back to the window.

CARRYING Mrs. Talbot's tray down the corridor an hour later, Burridge saw Haines at the front door.

"I may be a bit late," came Miss Angela's voice from outside. "I'm going to take a walk."

The next days passed normally enough. Mr. Talbot went to his club. Mrs. Talbot asked Mr. Carter in for cocktails, and Miss Angela, rosy from her walks, was so pleasant to him that Haines commented upon it in the servants' room.

"You watch," the housemaid warned, "she'll wear that poor lamb down yet."

Burridge said nothing.

On Thursday, Miss Angela rang for breakfast earlier than usual. Her desk had been cleared, the dressing table set in order. Miss Angela had color in her face and her eyes looked alive.

"Come in and shut the door," she whispered, radiant. "It's this afternoon! Dad's meeting us at the Municipal Building. He's as excited as we are. Yesterday we all went shopping together, for valises and clothes and things, and hauled the stuff down to Roger's place. Oh, Burridge, you've been wonderful!"

"Not wonderful," said Burridge thoughtfully. "It's merely what I should've done years ago."

The morning passed. Mrs. Talbot went out to lunch. Later, there were guests to tea, Mr. Carter among them. Presently Mrs. Talbot sent Haines to find out if Miss Angela had come in. It seemed she had not. "I wonder what's keeping her," Mrs. Talbot kept saying.

In the middle of the party, Mr. Talbot came in with a happy look.

"Hello, Kitty," he said comfortably.

"Hello, yourself. Sit down and have tea. Do you know if Angie's come in?"

"I didn't see her," said Mr. Talbot pleasantly.

"Well, she'll be here any moment. She went out for a walk but," Mrs. Talbot said with a glance at Mr. Carter, "she knows we have guests."

As she crossed the room with a plate of cakes, Burridge fancied that Mr. Talbot was looking at her.

Presently the guests began to leave. Mr. Carter stayed on, but after a while he had to go, too. Mrs. Talbot went out to the foyer with him; came back and began pacing the long room.

"That crazy child! Whatever can be keeping her? I told her—You don't suppose anything's *happened?*"

"Well—" said Mr. Talbot. "Come on over here and sit down." Clearing off the tea things, Burridge hurried to the buffet behind the arch. "Look, Kitty," Mr. Talbot went on easily, "Angie isn't coming. At all. She's married."

"What?" said Mrs. Talbot. Then she screamed.

"Oh, cut it, Kitty," said Mr. Talbot cheerfully. "Too late now for dramatics. Angie and Roger were married at ten minutes past one. It was very nice; no more fuss than we had ourselves—remember? And they're terribly happy; makes you feel good to see 'em. They're in the country. Going to stay there,

"It's just around the bend. They take special pains with their sauces, serve delicious salads and a light, fluffy soufflé that is literally a taste sensation!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

I guess, till Roger joins his outfit. He enlisted, you know."

There came a smaller scream; a choked gulp, then silence. Tiptoeing to the pantry door, Burridge saw Mrs. Talbot cover her face and Mr. Talbot put his arm about her.

In the pantry, Burridge suddenly set down the tray. Her arms trembling, her breath coming fast, she stood there savoring a beautiful feeling that pressed the burden of all those years into smaller compass.

IN THE servants' room there was towering excitement. All of them were giving detailed explanations of what they had thought and felt on learning of Miss Angela's marriage, speculating on what the mistress would do now.

"That yell she let out—like a wild animal!"

"It upset me so, I dropped the saucepan with the peas."

"Well, that does for Mr. Carter and his titles."

"Thank goodness, there's nothing she can do about it."

"The master, now. He's beaming."

Full of happiness, Burridge let the talk swirl around her. But gradually it came nearer, piercing her. The mistress. She'd used her place in the mistress' household—you might almost say—to deceive her. Then she trimmed off the almost, and her happiness sank beneath a weight of guilt. The end of her adventure was right enough—but the means? With what feelings would she next face Mrs. Talbot? As she listened to the excited talk around her, Burridge saw what she had to do. . . .

The next morning she sought out Haines. "I should like a word with you, Mr. Haines. I—well, I wish to give in my notice."

"Ah?" Mr. Haines's eyebrows went aloft. "A bit sudden."

"Well—yes," said Burridge.

"And you've quite made up your mind?"

"Quite."

"Well, I shall be sorry to lose you, Burridge. Very. Still, I cannot say I blame you. If I weren't a family man myself, I'd've given notice long ago. I've seen a good bit in my day," Mr. Haines went on conversationally, "and I've taken abuse from the highest aristocracy, Burridge. But to take it from an upstart musical-comedy girl—"

Burridge did not hear the end of the sentence. She felt a lurch, as though the floor were buckling under her. "M—musical-comedy girl?"

"Didn't you know?" asked Mr. Haines blandly. "I thought everyone here knew the mistress' background. Oh, yes. Before her marriage, Mrs. Talbot was in the chorus. Kitty West, she called herself. Once, years ago, a gentleman dined here who remembered her. I cannot easily forget that evening."

"Ah?" murmured Burridge.

"She wishes to live it down. It is evident she wishes to live *something* down. Well, that's it. After the evening I mention, I took the trouble to hunt up old records. The pictures were quite unmistakable." Mr. Haines smiled. "In one place, it said Kitty West had been promoted to the front row."

Burridge nodded, trying to remember something. And then she did. It was Mr. Talbot showing the picture in his watch and telling his wife she had nothing to be ashamed of. Burridge drew a deep breath. At last it was all clear—the tantrums, the climbing, everything she'd wondered about. The mistress was trying to live down what she was; struggling to be what she wasn't. The mistress was ashamed of the stage.

". . . however," Mr. Haines was saying, "I'd prefer your giving in your notice direct. Considering what we've been through this past day, them that's leaving can face her better than them that's staying."

Mrs. Talbot kept to her room, after yesterday's upheaval, and it was afternoon before Burridge could see her. She approached the boudoir in a new frame of mind. One could harbor no qualms about a musical-comedy girl who was ashamed of the stage. Full of peace, Burridge knocked smartly on the door.

MRS. TALBOT lay on the chaise longue, with an eyeshade and a bottle of cologne on the table beside her. "I didn't ring," she said languidly.

"No, madam," said Burridge, and her mind said: Look at you there. A musical-comedy girl. Ashamed of the stage. "But if I might have a word? I wish to give in my notice."

"Now? But it isn't at all convenient after—"

"Beg pardon, madam. You have a month." And how did you get on when you were a chorus girl? Burridge thought.

"Oh, I can't be bothered. If it's more money you want—"

"It is not, madam. It is merely that I have felt out of my sphere."

"Out of your sphere?" Mrs. Talbot sat slightly upright.

"Yes, madam. I am used to a very different world—the world of the theater."

"Oh?" Mrs. Talbot sat quite upright and gave Burridge an odd look.

With no preparation, Burridge said, "Miss Sybil Austen." It gave her a shock to speak that name aloud, but she went firmly on. "I had the honor to serve Miss Sybil. Five-and-twenty years."

"Sybil Austen?" Mrs. Talbot's tone had lost its languor. "You were with Sybil Austen? But, she was perfectly wonderful! I used to go see her when the comp—when I was in London. Every chance I got. Oh, to play like that! And *you* were—Imagine! If I'd known that, I—" Mrs. Talbot checked herself. "Well, I suppose you do miss it."

"I miss Miss Sybil, madam, more than words can tell."

"Oh, and the life!" Mrs. Talbot's eyes had a faraway look. "The feeling of a dressing room just before curtain time—"

"Yes, madam," said Burridge severely. "The callboy tapping on your door—and the people waiting for you, wanting you, wanting the lift they know you will give them. A proud thing, madam, to reach people's hearts that way. I am speaking, of course, of the artist."

There was a moment of silence. Then Mrs. Talbot said, "I used to sing a bit."

"Indeed, madam," said Burridge distantly. And now you're ashamed of it, she said to herself.

"I once thought of doing something about it. A young girl's whim." Mrs. Talbot stopped, gave a little laugh that sounded as if it hurt. "No, it wasn't a whim. I longed with all my soul to do—what you just said. Well, I never did it. Hadn't the gift, I suppose. I didn't do anything. But it was a lovely feeling."

Suddenly Burridge realized something. The mistress was lonely, too. Lonely for something she'd never rightly had and never could have. And that was perhaps the loneliest loneliness of all.

". . . all my life," Mrs. Talbot was saying, half to herself, "I wanted to—to get something out. It's too late now, of course. Except for—for keeping faith with what's in you. I see that now. I didn't then. And all these years . . ." She swung herself off the chaise longue and came to Burridge. There was energy in her motion and her eyes were alive. They looked exactly like Miss Angela's. "And now, just when you could talk to me, help me—Burridge, *must* you go?"

Burridge stood looking at her. It *was* a good service. And it wasn't the stage the mistress was ashamed of. She was ashamed of herself. And you couldn't rightly hold it against a person that he lacked the gift. Then the queerest thing happened. Miss Sybil seemed to be there—right there beside her, as clear as clear—smiling and giving that wink. Burridge fetched a long breath. "Well, madam, suppose we carry on together?" THE END

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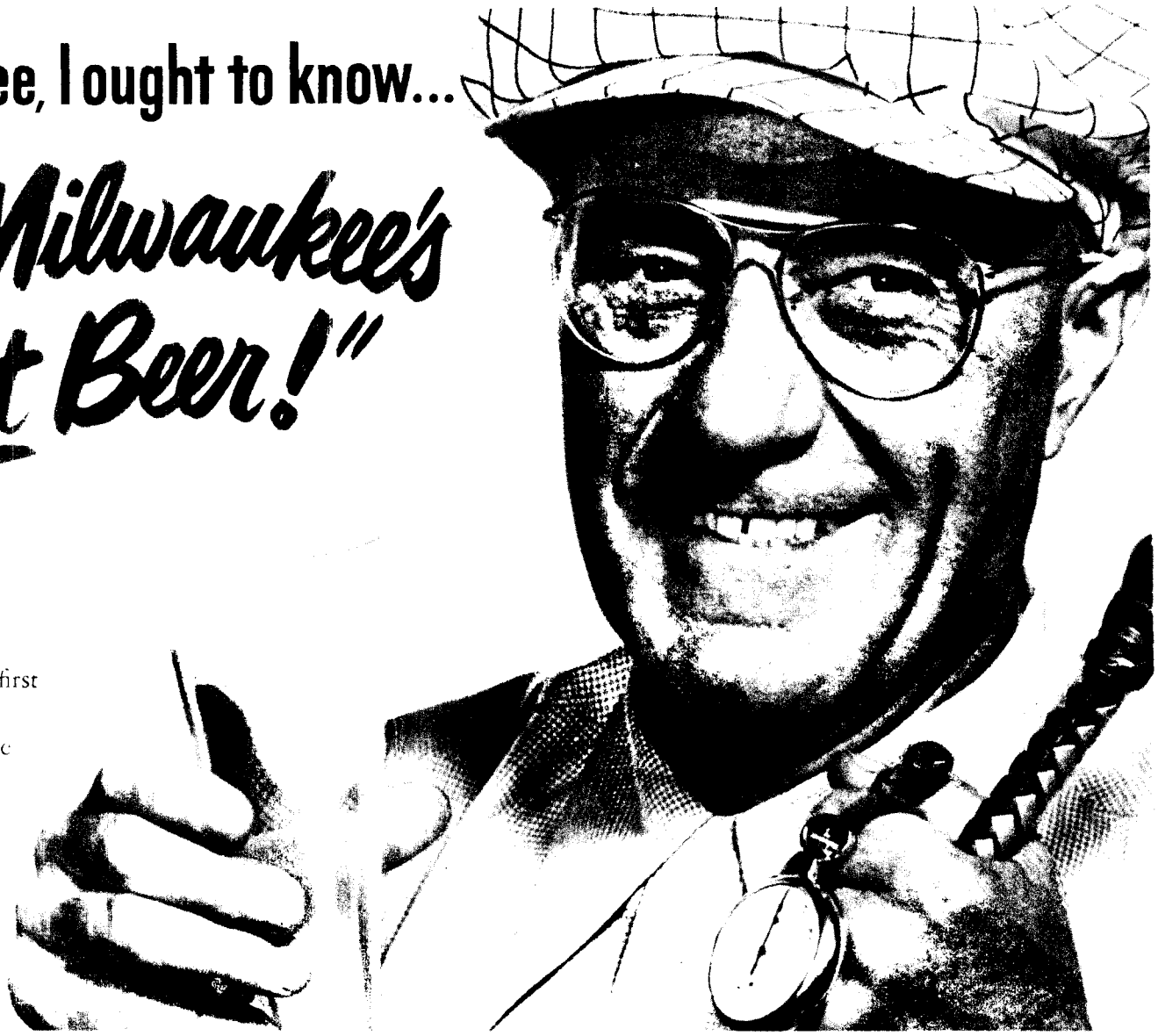

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Jousting with McGraw

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Something snapped inside McGraw when he lost, as he himself admitted. We umpires always reported to National League headquarters every morning when we were in New York and the incumbent president would frequently say, "Get ready, boys, McGraw's lost two straight and there's bound to be trouble." And there would be, unless the Giants got away in front. He would fight with the cash customers, the umpires, the opposing ballplayers and members of his own team. Nothing was sacred when he unloosed his tongue. We used to say that the fellow who wrote "Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me" never heard John McGraw or Frank Chance.

The first time I saw McGraw was when I appeared at the Polo Grounds in 1905 to umpire. He came out to home plate just before the game started and presented me with a silver balls-and-strikes indicator which was a present from the Lakewood, New Jersey, High School baseball team. He had real charm—and he could turn it on when he wanted to. Three innings later I was forced to eject McGraw from the park for the first time. I was to repeat that ceremony in every stadium in the National League, plus cow pastures and bush-league fields from coast to coast.

The second day there was a close play at first base that went against the Giants. McGraw said nothing, but when the inning was over he trotted by me on his way back to the bench from the coaching lines. As he passed he said, "I can lick any umpire in baseball, you know."

I yelled at his back. "No, you can't!"

He turned and trotted back. "Who can't I lick?"

"You're looking right at him. And I can't fight."

The Little Napoleon looked at me for a second, turned and went to his bench.

Before the series was over I was in another battle and McGraw made his favorite threat: "I'm going to get your job, you busher."

"Mr. Manager," I answered, "if it's possible for you to take my job away from me, I don't want the job."

How Umpires Lost Their Jobs

The shameful thing about it all was that McGraw *could* get my job. At least he had got the jobs of umpires who preceded me and he was to get men fired who were my colleagues. McGraw himself never appeared at headquarters to press for an umpire's dismissal. But his owners obeyed his instructions and the league presidents succumbed. That was what was wrong with McGraw and baseball.

I was not the only umpire to fight McGraw. Most of them tried to get along with him to the complete detriment of their work and self-respect, because there was only one way to keep McGraw off your back. Little Bill Byron, the Singing Umpire, took nothing from the Little Napoleon. But his attitude cost Byron a beating administered under the stands by the Giants and, in time, it was to cost him his job.

McGraw could understand me. When he got choleric, I did too. When he hammed it all over the field protesting a called strike, I gave it a little of the showboat, too—as I tossed John out of the game. But Byron laughed at McGraw. If McGraw became too difficult, Byron would sing:

To the clubhouse you must go
You must go
You must go
To the clubhouse you must go
My fair manager.

Byron also had a little refrain for batters who complained about a called strike—particularly a called *third* strike. Keeping time with his whisk broom, he would chant:

Let me tell you something, son,
Before you get much older.
You cannot hit that ball, my friend,
With your bat upon your shoulder.

Byron's unkindest cut of all was to say to a raging McGraw, "Why, they chased you out of Baltimore."

There was some basic truth in this statement about John's departure from the town that had taken him to its heart. But I have always felt the real reason John departed from Baltimore was Ban Johnson, president of the American League. For two years John had managed Baltimore, in that league at the time, but the stern Johnson broke McGraw's heart by refusing to listen to club owners' complaints about umpires. John could bully no American League umps, so he got back to a league where he could.

It is highly doubtful that John McGraw ever won a fist fight. And it is without question that he never ducked one. Pat Newman, managing in the Texas League, gave McGraw one of his most awesome shellackings. It was typical that McGraw could be just as unpleasant in his efforts to win an unimportant exhibition contest in Texas as he would be in a pennant decider.

Pitchers were McGraw's favorite targets, next to umpires, and for the same reason. He was working on their confidence and coordination, and using personal abuse as his weapon. He so ired Ad Brennan one afternoon in Philadelphia that Brennan walked from the mound and knocked McGraw cold with one punch. The league disciplined Brennan, of course. Next day the fans of Philadelphia presented Brennan with a huge floral piece.

I had a thousand battles with McGraw on the playing field and a play-by-play recountal would serve no purpose here beyond proving that the Little Napoleon, like the original, didn't know when he was licked. It is important to note, however, that every time he tangled with me he did get licked. That bolstered my ego, which as you know needed bolstering like Texas needs oil. But it did do something really important: it proved to the cult of McGraw imitators that their idol was vulnerable when he tangled with an umpire who knew the rules and stood his ground. As a result, the rowdies started behaving and a lot of umpires started umpiring.

McGraw loved to play tricks with the rules. There was the time he, or one of his players, caught me squarely in the back of the neck with a pitcherful of water tossed from the bench. It happened before the game started, so I was powerless and McGraw was hysterical at my fury.

In the fourth inning McGraw left the bench to wave his shortstop closer to second base. I halted play. "Mr. Manager," I bellowed, "you're off the ball field."

"Why?"

"There are 10 men on the field. You are the tenth." It was a low trick on my part taking advantage of an unenforced rule, but it taught John to drink his water after that.

Pitcher Didn't Get Rattled

Another time, the Giants were up to their favorite ninth-inning tricks. They would do anything to get on base or to rattle the pitcher. This day the pitcher was Patsy Flaherty of Pittsburgh and, to my secret delight, he was not being rattled. The Giants were sticking their elbows and backsides in the way of Patsy's pitches trying to get on base. I refused to let them get away with it and McGraw led a storm of screaming players.

I restored order but Sandow Mertes, the Giant batsman, sat on his haunches and refused to take his place in the batter's box after I had called one strike. I ordered Flaherty to pitch. This is always dangerous for an umpire because, nine times out of ten, the pitcher will become rattled and the umpire is forced to grant a walk to the batsman he is trying to discipline. But Flaherty split the plate twice more and Mertes was out.

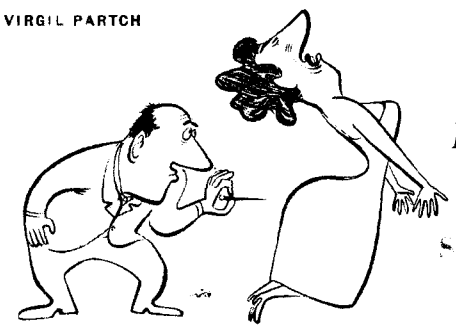
Billy Gilbert came to bat and attempted to foil me by standing on home plate. I evicted him from the game and Sammy Strang came up to hit for Gilbert. Sammy, a good pinch hitter, whaled the first pitch almost out of sight for a triple. It won the game for the Giants and a Pittsburgh paper carried a headline: "Klem Beats Pirates."

Another time, after a rough afternoon in Cincinnati, we were going to the dressing rooms when I heard a voice yell, "Catfish! Catfish Klem is a thief!"

I yelled back, "I heard you, Muggsy, and it'll cost you plenty." I knew McGraw felt about being called "Muggsy" as I felt about the nickname "Catfish."

I made an issue of it, telling John Heydler, the league secretary, "It's McGraw or

VIRGIL PARTCH



LITERAL LATIN

IV

Some Free Translations of Familiar Phrases

De rerum naturae:	Her figure's her own.
Currente calamo:	News-flash.
Foramen magnum:	For fat men only.
Hoc loco:	Pawn-happy.
De gratia:	With cheese.
Arbiter bibendi:	The ref's been on a bender.
Callida junctura:	Dangerous intersection.
De gustibus non est disputandum:	This bus is drafty, and you can't deny it.

—DICK SHAW

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me." McGraw was suspended by Heydler and told he could not return until he apologized for calling me a "thief," which was the word I chose to emphasize in my report on the incident. McGraw immediately left the club to beard Heydler in his den. He begged to be relieved of the letter of apology but Heydler, bless him, stood firm. Finally, the letter was written. It was brief. As brief as possible. But so great was McGraw's rage when he wrote it that every period and every dotted "i" was made with so vicious a jab that the pen went through the paper.

On another day I came to the bench for the Giants' line-up—a practice which I soon stopped by forcing the managers to bring the line-ups to home plate. But this was before such a rule was in effect, so I had to get in among the players and absorb whatever pregame abuse they chose to proffer. McGraw started off with, "Drunk again, eh, Bill?"

"Give me your line-up," I persisted.

Mike Donlin, sitting next to McGraw said, "You don't drink, do you, Bill?"

"Haven't had a drink in 14 years, Mike." This was true.

Now McGraw switched from raillery to a snarl. "That's a lie."

I switched, too. "Give me your line-up, Mr. Manager, and let's play ball."

"That's a lie, Klem," McGraw repeated. "I saw you drink a bottle of beer on a train last year and I'll swear to it."

"Mr. Manager," I said deliberately, "you are a dirty liar."

The battle concluded with McGraw threatening my job again. I think he lasted two full innings that day. It must be remembered that drinking was a serious charge. Umpires sneaked a beer like it was a beaker of cocaine. The reason: too many old-time umpires had become drunks as the result of trying to sooth raw nerves with alcohol.

By the time my reputation for having "never missed one in my life" had been established, I managed to miss one. I was loafing and I anticipated the play too much. It was a simple infield grounder hit by Larry Doyle and I underestimated Doyle's speed. I called him out and realized immediately he was safe from here to China. I also knew that John McGraw was coaching on third base. Out of the corner of my eye I saw John stiffen and then topple over in a mock faint. Complete grounds for dismissal from the game. But John could have kicked me in the shins after that play and I would not have ejected him.

The Boston bench started screaming at me. "Look at McGraw, Bill. He's falling dead on you."

I stared the boys down and yelled back, "Gentlemen, I can't see him." And I couldn't, because I kept my back to him until play resumed.

I still do not know why McGraw did not put on one of his patented scenes. He was indeed a perverse Irishman.

A Delicate Social Problem

McGraw and I developed a strange off-the-field relationship. We frequently dined together during spring training and, in the few years when his team was not in the pennant race, we would dine after a game. I had a rule not to mix socially with any player or manager if his team was in the race. I could never get my beloved friend Uncle Wilbert Robinson to understand this idiosyncrasy. To Robbie a friend was a friend and a ball game was just something you did in the afternoon for a living.

Robbie, incidentally, was an Oriole with McGraw and for a long time he was McGraw's right-hand man. Robbie was the Oriole's "smoocher." While the other boys pushed and screamed at umpires, it was Robbie's job to try to sweet-talk them into being friendly to the Baltimore cause. Robbie's split with his friend McGraw came after years of loyal service and was indicative of McGraw's personality.

McGraw attended a riotous reunion of the old Orioles. The Giants had just lost the 1913 World Series and McGraw chose the reunion celebration as the time to yell aloud at Robbie, "You looked pretty bad on those coaching lines, Robbie."

Robbie answered quickly, "John, you made more mistakes in that Series than all the rest of us put together."

"Robbie, you're fired. This is my party. Get the hell out of here."

"All right, I will," said the usually gentle Robbie taking his leave, but not before pouring a glass of beer on the Little Napoleon's head with the suggestion, "This'll cool you off a little, John."

McGraw's mercurial rages were usually followed by frantic efforts to regain the friendship lost, if it could be done without the overt apology which was so deserved. Robbie never came back to McGraw and went on to manage the Brooklyn Dodgers and win the affection of every fan in Brooklyn and the National League.

I got a bit bored with McGraw's abuse followed by invitation to dinner, and I told him so. He said, "Bill, please don't feel that way. The tougher the battle we have on the field, the quicker you must have dinner with me." I never felt so sorry for John McGraw in my life.

Reviewing the "Merkle Boner"

It is ironic that McGraw, the greatest umpire-baiting manager of all time, was himself the victim of Johnny Evers, his prototype among players. Evers talked a great and good umpire, Hank O'Day, into making the rottenest decision in the history of baseball and it cost John McGraw a pennant. It was the famous case of the "Merkle Boner" and I am sick of reading for 42 years of what a great play Evers made. It was not a great play. It was bad umpiring and gutless thinking at league headquarters.

Before offering my negative opinion about Merkle's boner, I must preface it with another opinion I have always had. The rules of baseball were written exceedingly well, but they were written *by* gentlemen *for* gentlemen. They should have been written for professional athletes who were, in the main, completely unfamiliar with the meaning of the word "gentlemen."

The Merkle incident actually started in Pittsburgh where Chicago was playing the Pirates. With two outs and Pirates on first and third and the score tied in the ninth, somebody hit a single deep into the outfield. The winning run scored and the man on first ran a few steps and headed for the clubhouse without bothering to touch second. Evers pointed out to Umpire O'Day that a technicality existed. If the ball was returned from the outfield and a Chicago man stepped on second with the ball in his possession, he could complete a force-out which would be the third out. And the rules say that runs scored during the completion of a force-out which is also the third out shall not count, even if the run scores before the force is completed.

But any judge will tell you that it is the *intent* of a law which counts, not the phraseology. The intent in this rule applied to infield grounders and such. It does not apply to cleanly hit drives to the outfield that make a force-out impossible unless the runner on first drops dead. And custom, another strong factor in all law, had long established the right of a man to leave the field when there was no reasonable doubt that the game was over.

Shortly after the Pittsburgh incident, the Cubs came into New York fighting for their pennant lives. Chicago and New York went into the last of the ninth inning tied at 1-1. With two out, Moose McCormick at third base and Fred Merkle on first, Al Bridwell slapped a single to the outfield and McCormick jogged home with the winning run. Merkle lit out for the clubhouse after running only a few yards toward second. Evers saw this—had been waiting for it, in fact—and yelled for his outfielder to throw him the ball so he could make the third-out force play at second and technically nullify McCormick's run. It was

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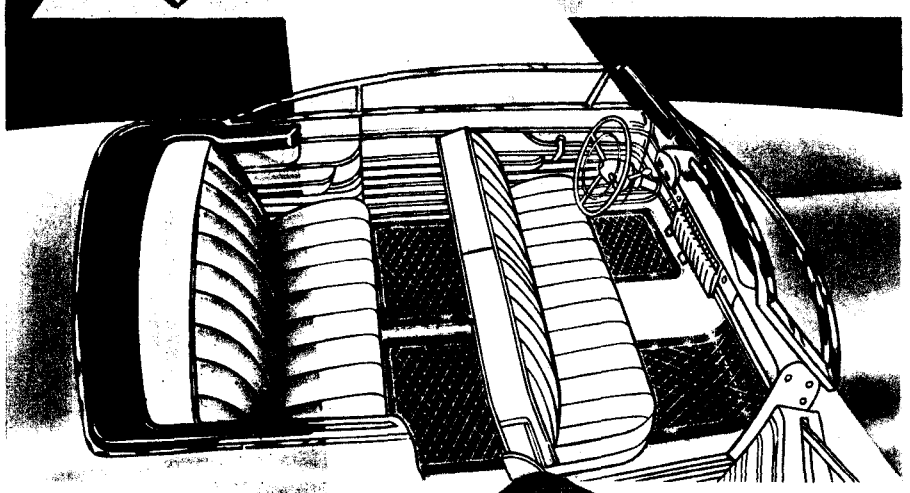

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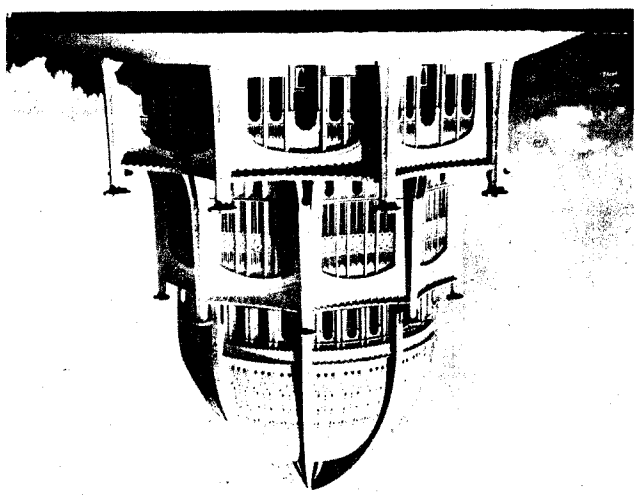

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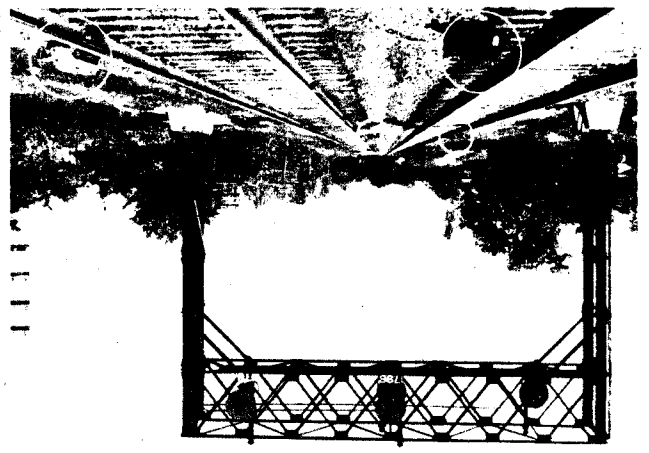

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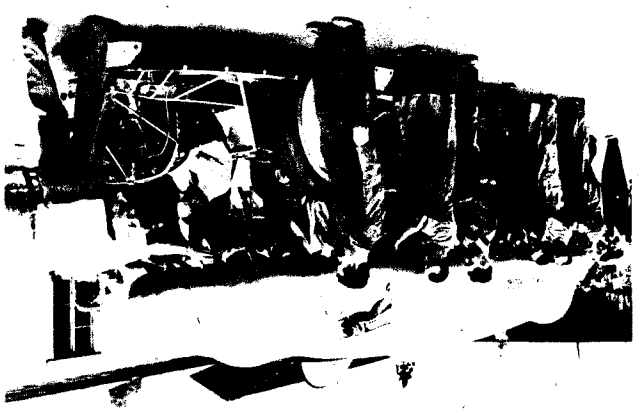

What's the Record?

Picture questions: A. John R. Cobb established an official World's record of 394.196 miles per hour. His fastest mile was 403.135 m.p.h. B. These are intermittent inductive train stops which automatically apply the brakes when the tower signal is disregarded. C. The Baha'i Temple in Wilmette, Illinois. D. Syngman Rhee, President of South Korea. *Word questions:* 1. A diamond is the only gem stone composed of a single element—crystallized carbon. 2. Streptomycin is prepared from basic microorganisms isolated from the earth's soil. 3. Yes, synthetic protein fibers made from components of milk, eggs, and other similar products are used to make suits, sweaters, hats, etc. 4. The "Daily Dozen" are setting-up exercises devised by Walter Camp. 5. Psychosomatic Medicine, a new branch of medicine dealing with the relationship between the emotions and body illness. 6. Admiral John B. Jellicoe in the battle of Jutland. 7. A photomicrograph is a greatly enlarged photograph of a microscopic object, while a microphotograph is a microscopically small reduction of a normal photograph. 8. "Shah mat" means "the king is dead" and signifies the ending of a game of chess. 9. St. Stephen's church in Camelot, the capital of the kingdom and the home of the Round Table. 10. You would weigh more at the North Pole and more at sea level. 11. Only one . . . Collier's Encyclopedia.

ANSWERS:

1. What is a diamond?

2. From what common substance is Streptomycin, one of the miracle drugs, prepared?

3. Can you wear milk and eggs?

4. What is the "Daily Dozen?" Who developed them?

5. What new medical field received great impetus during and after World War II.

6. What famous British admiral crossed the "T" and in what battle?

7. What is the difference between a photomicrograph and a microphotograph?

8. What is the meaning of the Arabic word "shah mat" and how does it apply to a favorite American game?

9. In what church was King Arthur married to Guinevere?

10. Do you weigh more (1) at the Equator or at the North Pole (2) at sea level or on a mountain?

11. How many major encyclopedias on the market today have been produced completely new since the end of World War II?

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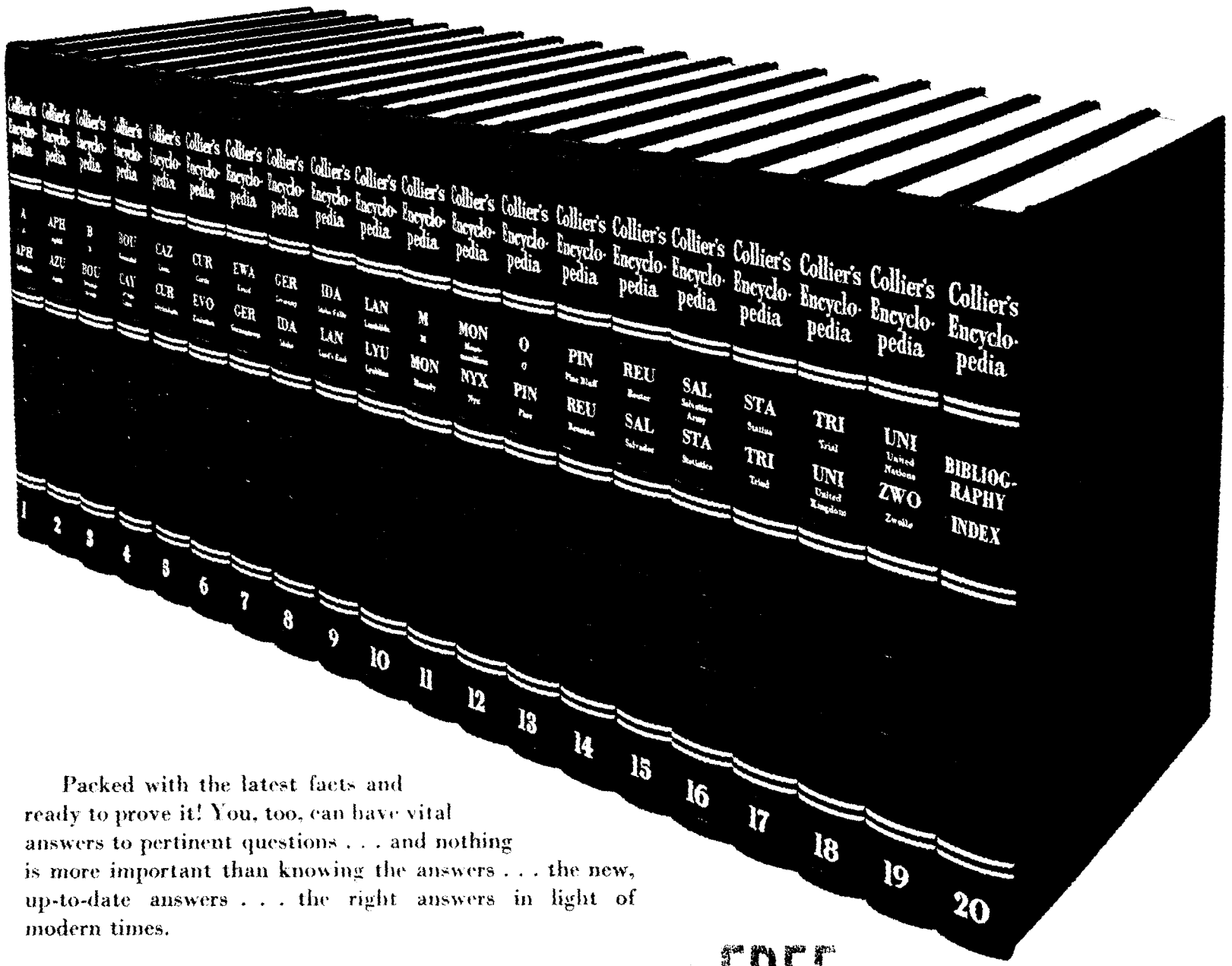

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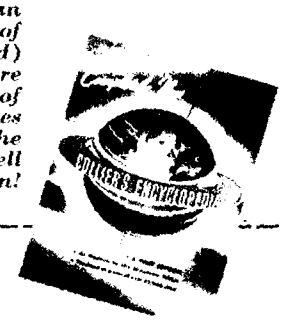

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thrown to him, but Iron Man Joe McGinnity of the Giants, realizing what was up, intercepted it and tossed it to the fans. Evers somehow got another ball and stepped on second. He ran to O'Day, leaving the field, and reminded him of the Pittsburgh incident. Later O'Day ruled Merkle out. It was, he said, a 1-1 tie.

In other words, he was accepting a technicality and ignoring perhaps half a century of custom, usage, tradition and the intent of the rule. He was, to repeat, making the worst decision in the history of baseball. There can be no question of O'Day's physical courage because, had he been short on guts, he would not have favored the visiting team against the home team.

Literal View of Rule Upheld

McGraw appealed the verdict to the league president, Harry Pulliam, who spent a week debating McGraw's claim that the ball game was over and won against Chicago's insistence that a rule was a rule. Pulliam took the Chicago viewpoint and ordered the game replayed should it prove a factor in the pennant race. It proved to be *the* factor because Chicago and New York finished up tied and whichever team won the play-off of the "Merkle affair" would win the pennant.

As the season drew toward its close it became apparent that a Chicago-New York play-off was a possibility. I was umpire for the final series in New York.

On the last day of the regular season I found myself with a shadow. A man met me as I was leaving the park and sat beside me on the el going downtown after the final game. As we talked, it became apparent that he was trying to bribe me.

It was fantastic, sitting in the rattling el, trying purposely to misunderstand this man. First, I wanted no scandal, so I did not rise in righteous wrath and have him arrested. And, second, he was a nice guy, a man I had known for some time. I begged him not to talk such nonsense, but he persisted.

"Listen, there isn't enough money in the world to bribe me," I told him. "And I have no reason to believe I'll umpire the play-off. Nor have you."

I was stretching a bit there. I knew I was to umpire the game with Jim Johnstone. But it hadn't been announced publicly and I wasn't telling him.

"Bill, you'll work the play-off and you'll be set for life if the Giants win. Tammany Hall has assured me of that."

"Don't talk such damned nonsense. You're being silly."

I wanted to duck this man and I wanted no approaches from anyone else before the important game that would decide the National League pennant. I tried to ditch him by leaving the train at Forty-second Street, making him believe I was going to my home.

I did go there, but left immediately to spend the night at my hotel. I bought a magazine and told the hotel clerk, "Don't call me unless President Pulliam telephones, or Mr. Heydler. No one else."

I was in bed by eight with my reading matter. Bright and early the next morning I was at National League headquarters. Jim Johnstone was there, too, talking to Secretary Heydler. I told Heydler I had something for Pulliam's ear. Heydler said Pulliam was in Detroit. I wanted to talk only to Pulliam, but Heydler said, "Oh, what's on your mind, Bill?"

I did not want to talk about it in front of Johnstone, but Heydler gave me no choice. So I said, "John, they're after me with money."

"Oh," sighed Heydler.

"They're after me too," said Johnstone. He told a vague story about a couple of men telling him on a train that they would like to talk to him. I said nothing more.

Heydler was disturbed, of course. But there was nothing he could do. A public statement would put us on an intolerable spot. The substituting of two different umpires could be done only over my dead body. So we all hoped for the best and went to the ball park. That was the most exciting day of my umpiring career.

Johnstone and I dressed and started under the stands for the field. The man was waiting for me behind a post. He shoved a roll of bills at me and said, "Good luck, Bill." I pushed him up against a post.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "Going crazy?"

I almost ran onto the field.

Johnstone and I called the rival managers, McGraw and Chance, together. "They've got the fence down in two places and if that mob gets in we can't play. We'd better start as soon as we can," I said.

Chance and McGraw agreed. We got the game started about 15 minutes ahead of schedule. The Cubs beat the Giants 4-2 with Christy Mathewson the losing pitcher. I never umpired a better ball game.

Somehow the newspapers got hold of the essence of the bribe story. Not from me, because I never told it until today. The National Commission, which ruled baseball in those pre-Landis days, ignored the immediate public demand for an investigation. But the newspapers pounded away and a secret hearing was held the next spring. In April, 1909, the man who tried to bribe me was barred for life from entering any park in organized baseball. The fact of his disbarment was printed, but I believe this to be the first public recital of the full tale.

I will go to my grave wondering where the money he offered me came from. Certainly not from Tammany Hall, because they didn't care ten dollars' worth. And certainly he himself had neither the bank account nor the property to raise any large sum.

In the winter of 1913-'14 the National Commission assigned Jack Sheridan and me to umpire a round-the-world barnstorming tour between the Chicago White Sox and the New York Giants. Sheridan and I agreed that this was to be a pleasure trip and that normal big-league discipline and the nonfraternization rule could happily be ignored. But we overlooked two vital things: any ball game—anywhere, anytime—between an American League and a National League team is for blood. The other thing we overlooked was that John McGraw was going along.

We played for almost a month in the United States and, after two weeks, we had to summon McGraw and Jimmy Callahan, the Chicago manager, for a lecture.

An Ultimatum on Rowdyism

"Gentlemen," I began, "your clubs are not playing big-league ball. Your players' rowdyism is giving both major leagues a bad name out here in the West. I am warning you both that starting tomorrow the same rules apply as would cover a scheduled contest. And if things do not improve I am going to wire the National Commission that this tour is detrimental to the best interest of baseball."

That started a terrific row and the only points of agreement between Callahan and me were that the Giants were rowdies, and between McGraw and me that the White Sox were thugs.

However, the trip across the country was most pleasant day and night. The latter was occupied with friendly but earnest poker games run by Christy Mathewson in the club car. Sheridan was ahead $500 when we got to San Francisco. I showed a neat profit slightly in excess of $1,000.

In San Francisco, McGraw was on Sheridan and me all afternoon. I whipped off my mask and yelled, "McGraw, cut out that kind of talk."

McGraw came off the bench and elaborated on his theme.

"Mr. Manager," I bellowed, "you're out of the game. Leave the field."

"Bill," yelled McGraw, "would you put me out in front of all my friends in California? In an exhibition game?"

"I would and I have, Mr. Manager. You're out."

McGraw was spitting. "Klem, if I go, you'll never get on that ship."

Once again he was threatening my job. I answered, "Never mind the ship; you're out of the game, John."

"I'm paying your wife's expenses around the world!" McGraw screamed.

"Don't mention my wife's name out here on the ball field," I shouted back. "Leave the field! And take the Lieutenant with you!" The Lieutenant was "Turkeyneck" Mike Donlin, who acted as a one-man Greek chorus in most of McGraw's verbal outbursts.

That night Mrs. Klem and I ran into Charley Comiskey, owner of the White Sox. "Bill," he said, "they tell me you're not going to get on the ship."

"That's what they told me this afternoon, Charley."

"You tell McGraw and the rest of them that you will be on the ship. And tell them that this is no one-man affair—whether McGraw thinks so or not."

McGraw took to sulking and refusing to speak to me, which was always the way I best liked McGraw. After three days of silence I walked past Christy Mathewson and McGraw in the hotel lobby. Christy grabbed me and said, "Hey, Bill, you and McGraw know each other, don't you?"

McGraw, still sulking, said, "Yeah, we know each other, and he always gives me the worst of it."

Infield-Fly Wager Refused

We sailed for Japan. In Brisbane, Australia, I got the chance to teach McGraw another lesson. I called Germany Schaefer out on an infield fly. McGraw thought I had called it too quickly, but he did not protest on the field. After the game, at a reception, Schaefer began needling me about the decision. He offered to bet me $500 I had misinterpreted the rule. He wouldn't stop until I took him aside and reminded him we were guests in a foreign country.

Aboard the ship again, I called his hand. Jimmy McAleer, owner of the Boston Red Sox, was to decide. I knew Schaef didn't have $500 because he had gone broke during the poker game in the States. So I figured McGraw had put him up to it and furnished the money.

I offered to bet Schaefer $1,000. I was not a bit surprised when Schaefer turned to McGraw and McGraw handed him another $500. The money was set on a table. I pulled a rulebook out of my hip pocket, read the rule for McAleer, tossed him the book and left for a walk around the deck.

When I finished my first turn, I looked in the smoking room and the argument was still sizzling. So I walked around again. The boys were quiet when I finished my second turn, so I entered and, walking to McAleer, I said, "Well, Judge, who wins the money?"

"The umpire wins all the money," McAleer intoned and shoved it at me.

I slammed my hand down on the table and grabbed the $2,000. I handed $500 to Schaefer. I turned to McGraw and gave him $500. "That one is yours, too, John," I said, pointing to the $500 in Schaefer's hand. "You put Germany up to this. And you ought to know by now that you'll never get fat betting the Old Arbitrator on baseball rules."

The remainder of the trip was uneventful, save an episode at the Marylebone Cricket Club's Lord's grounds where His Britannic Majesty George V applauded in amazed amusement. His Majesty was nice enough to state later that it was all pretty strange, this thing called baseball, but he enjoyed the performance of Mr. Klem immensely.

Many things that are commonplace in baseball today came about only after 20-year feuds or, at least, bitter arguments among reasonable men. Many of these innovations can be traced to Bill Klem, who takes you behind the scenes of baseball progress in the next Collier's. Order a copy now

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The Man Who Runs New England's Tax Gestapo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

post office and keeps an eye on the mail carriers. Any parcel the size of a cigarette carton is suspect. The house at which it is delivered will before long be honored by a bill from Henry Long for, say the tax on five cartons. The size of the bill will be protested and Henry will settle for the one-carton tax he expected all along.

The manager of a manufacturing plant in Boston began to import cartons from North Carolina in lots of a dozen—sometimes 10 dozen. He sold them at cost to his employees, who were so enthusiastic that they couldn't keep it quiet. Mr. Long settled that by billing the company for the tax on 50 dozen cartons.

It is not at all clear just how much Henry Long has added to the Massachusetts treasury by thus keeping his ears alert. But by watching the post offices in only one town of 13,000 souls he has tagged nearly 100 ladies and gentlemen who have been getting their cigarettes by mail and has collected all sorts of sums from them—anywhere from 60 cents to $30.

Mr. Long also has received some help from Congress, which passed the Jenkins Bill on October 20, 1949. This requires all interstate shippers of cigarettes to furnish state tax departments with the names of those to whom the smokes are mailed. Just recently Mr. Long obtained from a firm in one of the seaboard states the names of 7,500 Massachusetts residents who had sent in cards requesting cigarettes by mail. These have been processed and Mr. Long now is collecting what he calls "substantial sums."

To circumvent the Jenkins Bill—now Public Law Chapter 363 of the Acts of 1949—many cigarette "bootleggers" are going down into Maryland and North Carolina, buying cases of cigarettes at warehouses specializing in this type of business, and trucking them North for resale in the states where cigarette taxes are high.

War on Interstate Smuggling

But you don't get around Mr. Long that easily. His director of field investigation, Ralph H. Caspole, makes regular trips into Maryland to spy on the "bootleggers" loading up. He trails them over the state border and then puts the heavy hand of the law on them. In this work the tax departments of Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania work together in apprehending these cigarette road agents.

It pays. In Henry Long, for $11,000 a year, Massachusetts is getting its money's worth. Unless there is something big brewing, he leaves his office at six thirty every evening, gets into his car and drives 25 miles to his home in Topsfield, Massachusetts—the town where he was born. He is back in his office at eight in the morning.

His recreation is taxes. His wife manages now and then to drag him off to a movie but he can never remember what it was about nor who was in it. He's much too occupied figuring out how much it cost and what it produced in taxes.

For all this, he is one of the most relaxed and least jittery public servants we have ever observed. The secret of this, he says, is to have a conscience and stomach which agree with you. He's extremely reluctant to give advice to the young and recipes for living. But if you insist, he answers:

"Decide what you can do best. Equip yourself to do it. Do it. Keep at it."

He says it is none of his business how men make their money so long as they pay Massachusetts proper taxes. And he means all men—gamblers, for example, horse parlor operators, bookies, numbers racketeers, dog track bowwows and bone-rollers.

Every so often, Treasury agents drop in on Henry Long and try to wheedle out of him the names of such Massachusetts slicks. Henry Long is not to be wheedled and they have known it for years. But they are hard to discourage. He always gives them the same answer:

"You're the cop. I'm just the tax collector. I'm not asking you to do my job for me, am I? Anyway, the law won't let me divulge any income tax information."

It is Henry Long's firm belief that the gamblers and racketeers come across with their Massachusetts taxes about as honestly as others in more sanctified livelihoods. As a matter of fact, he thinks there are lawyers and doctors less honest.

Cash Fees May Escape Tax

"Lots of lawyers—of a sort—want cash, not checks," he says. "You go to a doctor and he charges you, say $10. You pay in cash. That cash, like the lawyer's fee, goes into his pocket. And that's just about the end of it so far as the tax collector is concerned."

During prohibition, Henry Long made it his business to know and cultivate those lawyers who most frequently appeared in court in defense of bootleggers, hijackers, rumrunners, alcohol cookers and speakeasy owners. He neither bought nor drank what their clients sold, but never ceased to remind them that "it is no crime to pay your taxes. They can't put you in jail for that."

These mouthpieces never forgot Henry Long. After the repeal of prohibition, when their clients went into other rackets, the lawyers began dropping into Henry Long's office frequently. His reputation as a resourceful and remorseless tax gatherer was growing. Little by little and at an ever-increasing rate, the racket boys' lawyers would fetch with them income tax declarations from their clients. The clients were designated variously—interior decorators, amusement promoters, salesmen, brokers, advertising writers, real-estate speculators. Things like that.

Massachusetts levies a 3 per cent tax on "intangibles" and Henry Long regards the bookmaker's slip and the gambler's chit as intangibles. The lawyers for these dealers in intangibles have confidence in Henry Long's integrity and discretion.

In the words of the fast-dollar boys, Mr. Long "is no cop and he don't rat." Whether Mr. Long regards this as the very last word in character acclaim is doubtful. Even if he were inclined or legally privileged to reveal names and incomes to state and federal police agencies, he'd have no proof that any of them were gamblers or racketeers. He has been very careful not to inquire into the affairs of people who come across taxwise to his satisfaction. Not that he's a wide-eyed innocent. And not that he always accepts the mouthpiece's evaluation of a client's income. Very gently one day he chided a lawyer who, in his opinion, had made a palpable understatement. He wasted no words.

"As you know," he said, "it is none of my business how your man earns his living. But I have excellent reasons for asking you to go over these figures again and drop in in a day or two."

The lawyer returned with the income declaration trebled. Henry Long thanked him and said he was glad that the interior decorating business was so flourishing.

That kind of thing Henry Long considers one of his simpler tasks. He is still understandably convinced that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not getting its proper income from liquor smuggled across its borders. And that bothers him. Although he now devotes an average of only 20 to 40 minutes a day to the problem, there are spots in Boston where you can get eight to five that before he's through he'll have licked New Hampshire, Maryland and North Carolina. Those boys know him.

THE END

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The Phantom of Walnut Spring

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

Confederate defeat but rarely even a momentary Confederate flinching. And that was the way, Tucker believed, it should have been.

"We're goin' campin'," Tucker called. "We're fightin' the North too. We've started the war again."

"That's the stuff, boy!" Soldier yelled. "Don't never give in to 'em! Ever' time you lay eyes on a Yankee shoot 'im right through the belly button!"

"Yes, sir," Tucker said stanchly.

And once more, just as invariably happened, he felt that some communication of spirit had passed between them—between himself, direct descendant of irreconcilable Grandfather, and the old man who in his day had been a sharpshooter with Imboden.

The army trod on up the road. They had reached Walnut Spring when they saw, sitting on a limestone rock, a character so suspicious-looking that Tucker ordered a halt and began an interrogation. She wore a skimpy cotton dress and was dawdling her toes in the dirt. With the amazing faculty that enabled her to progress to distant points without apparent expenditure of either energy or time, she had soared a mile and a half around the back way, through ailanthus and swamp, and probably reached the spring a full ten minutes ahead of them.

"What're you doin' up here?" he demanded.

"Ah guess Ah kin set here on thishere rock," the suspicious-looking character said. "Thishere big road's one thing yawl doan own."

"Where you think you're goin' anyway?"

"Ah ain't decided. Ah'm liable to go anywheres Ah feels like."

"Did Ginnie say you could come up here?"

"Ah never remembered t'say nuthin' to her about it," she said unconcernedly.

"What's your name?"

"Yawl knows mah name well's yawl knows your own—Teaberry Williams."

"What're you doin' in a military area?"

Tucker was quite annoyed with her. She not only tagged at his heels wherever he went but she was under the delusion that she was his guardian—a fantasy created by Father in a moment of jest and nurtured each Sunday morning when Father solemnly left seven pennies for her under his breakfast plate.

"Ah wants t'go 'long with yawl."

"Aw letter go 'long," Captain Hoy said. "I'm gettin' tired of all this playin'. I wanta catch some fish."

The General considered quickly. He looked at the one who claimed to be Teaberry Williams. "All right, you can be a private," he said reluctantly, "but I'd like to know where you think you'll sleep."

"Ah'll sleep whurever Ah happens t'be," she said, and already she had joined them as they moved on up the road. She was inextricable now from either the army or the expedition because, although posing a new problem for their conscience—that of abetting her in slipping away without getting Ginnie's consent—she had absolved them from the more important one of leaving her behind in the first place.

HOOKER'S forces were trapped and exterminated in the big ailanthus patch. But the wily Grant was nowhere to be seen. Tucker climbed the rail fence of the hayfield and swept the terrain with his glasses. Grant had vanished from that whole part of the country. Had he turned tail back up the valley? Crossed the mountain? Or was he lurking in the woods? One thing: Grant was obviously sober today and when sober he was dangerous.

"All right," Tucker informed his staff as he climbed off the fence, "we'll proceed to the Poplar Hole at the river and wait for orders from Lee."

"Aw let's cut out all this playin'," the cynical Captain Hoy protested again. "I wanta hurry up and get at them fish."

"You can fish all right," Tucker told him. "The army needs provisions."

Captain Hoy assured them he would catch plenty of fish; he had already caught a dozen or more in his life. Colonel Harvey, panting a little as he walked, shifted High Tension in his arms, and looked mysterious, indicating that he was going to show them something new and memorable in the business of catching fish. He had the theory that he could run a wire into the Poplar Hole and all the fish would come to the surface already boiled.

At this time of day all of life had a way of changing, of growing softer, of renewing itself. The heat had departed. They walked

COLLIER'S "Hold it a minute, Ed. Here's another dozen roses for Miss Banning" STAN FINE

along in the shadow of Broomsage Hill kicking up silent dust. There was a hush, a pause, a time-in-between. Tucker turned and looked back in the direction of home. He could just see the roof and chimneys of the house above the maple trees. The cows were slowly grazing along the edge of the swamp toward the barn with their bags hanging heavy and low and hundreds of bullbats—first harbingers of night—were wheeling over the meadow.

There were long shadows everywhere now. Soon foxes would stick their sniffing noses out of dens on the hill. Owls would begin their ghostly hooting and the whippoorwills would sing. A whole new set of creatures would take over the world.

As they rounded Chinquapin Turn, a soberness was upon the whole army. It was Teaberry who voiced the mood.

"Yawl ever hear things on that?" she asked Colonel Harvey warily. She was obviously under the impression that High Tension had some kind of mystic power.

"Might, once in a while," he said.

"What's Santy Claus goina brung me?"

Tucker did not like the topic. He was not quite certain what he thought of matters tending to venture into the supernatural. He changed the subject with a sharp order to turn into the lane that led down to the Poplar Hole. But something was left hanging in the approaching twilight—a faint note of uneasiness and of eternal mystery. There were legends that on certain pitch-black nights strange spectral things were astir in the valley. Brooding shapes arose from the old colored cemetery and were glimpsed as shadow-fragments just beyond lantern glow. There were stories told by grown and reliable men of encounters with the ghosts of Confederate soldiers roaming about, trying to find their way back to homes in Kentucky or Tennessee . . .

Under the stalwart poplar at the river they broke ranks. Captain Hoy established himself on the bank, baited his hook and cast. Colonel Harvey took High Tension down to the riffles at the lower end of the hole; he was convinced that all high-tension currents moved toward the North Pole, and so the experiment, for maximum results, must be made from south to north.

Tucker decided that, since Grant probably knew the location of their bivouac anyway, he had better have a big fire going to attract the attention of Lee. Besides, a cheerful fire is just a good, companionable thing to have when one is two miles from home and night is near.

Saber in hand, he instructed Teaberry in making the campsite ready. He had her spread the blankets and then gather twigs and dry limbs. Finally he ordered her to bring a number of good-sized rocks to put in a circle to contain the fire. She brought two and no more. Tucker barked stern orders. He offered to promote her to a generalship if she finished the work and told her she would face a firing squad if she did not. Promise and threat alike simply left her standing and gaping at Colonel Harvey, who had High Tension planted at the edge of the riffles and was squatting over it, fiddling with wires, his face deadly serious.

Soon Colonel Harvey got up and announced soberly, "Stand back, everybody! There's liable to be a big flash." His chubby face was strangely white.

Teaberry ran toward the cornfield fence, turned her back and stuck a finger in each ear. Captain Hoy, not budging, glanced once at his brother in high scorn.

Tucker retreated a few respectful, cautious steps and watched Colonel Harvey, who had a small coil of wire in his hand. One end of the wire was attached to High Tension and the other end was free. The Colonel planted his feet and called to Captain Hoy, "Better get your line outa the water!"

Captain Hoy looked at him casually. "What for?"

"Current's liable to run up your line."

Standing like a statue, Captain Hoy said, "Anything comes up on this line it'll be a fish and that's the only way one of 'em'll come outa this hole. Hah!"

"All right, take your chances. If you get killed, don't blame me."

"Hah!"

Colonel Harvey took a deep breath, swung the line like a lasso and let fly. At the same instant he raced away from the pool.

"Hah!" said Captain Hoy. "Crank 'er up again."

TUCKER, Colonel Harvey and Private Teaberry all cautiously approached the water again. "Run up there along the bank," Tucker ordered Teaberry, "and see if any fish are floatin' on top yet."

She ran up the bank to where Captain Hoy stood watching the whole proceeding with utter detachment and faint scorn.

"Doan see nuthin' floatin' on top," she reported.

"Look down in the water. See if there're any dead ones layin' around. Maybe they're too big to float."

Tucker had not really expected a titanic explosion. But he had thought it possible that some of the big pike and bass under the bank might be so stunned they would float out with their white bellies turned up.

Teaberry crept over to the edge, flopped down and peered into the water. "Doan see nuthin' atall but one little ol' hog sucker."

"Does he look dead?"

"Not very. His gills is workin'."

"Maybe he's dead and don't know it," Colonel Harvey said. "Does the water look hot up there?"

"Doan see no bubbles. Ain't no steam comin' up off'n it neither."

"Wait'll I take the wire out, and then stick your hand in it and see if it's hot."

"Ah ain't stickin *mah* hand in that water!"

"I better myself," Colonel Harvey conceded. "Might still be a pretty heavy charge in it."

"Hah!" croaked Captain Hoy.

Colonel Harvey pulled in the wire, courageously plunged his hand into the water and promptly snatched it out to see if it had dropped off at the wrist. "Warmer," he said. "I'll try another hookup."

Tucker, having pretty much lost faith in the experiment, ordered Teaberry to finish bringing up rocks to put around the fire. She hopped up, ran down to the riffles, got one more rock, raced up the bank with it, dropped it at the campsite without break of stride and ran over to Captain Hoy. She flopped on the bank beside him and fastened her eyes on the hook lying at the bottom of the pool. Every few seconds she would report that a minnow, and now and then a small redeye, seemed to be headed in the direction of Captain Hoy's hook. She lay big-eyed, holding her breath, then relaxing to say: "Nope, went on by."

Tucker saw he was not going to get any more work out of her. He had to sheathe his saber and bring up the rest of the rocks himself. The blue edges of night were creeping closer. Two miles down through

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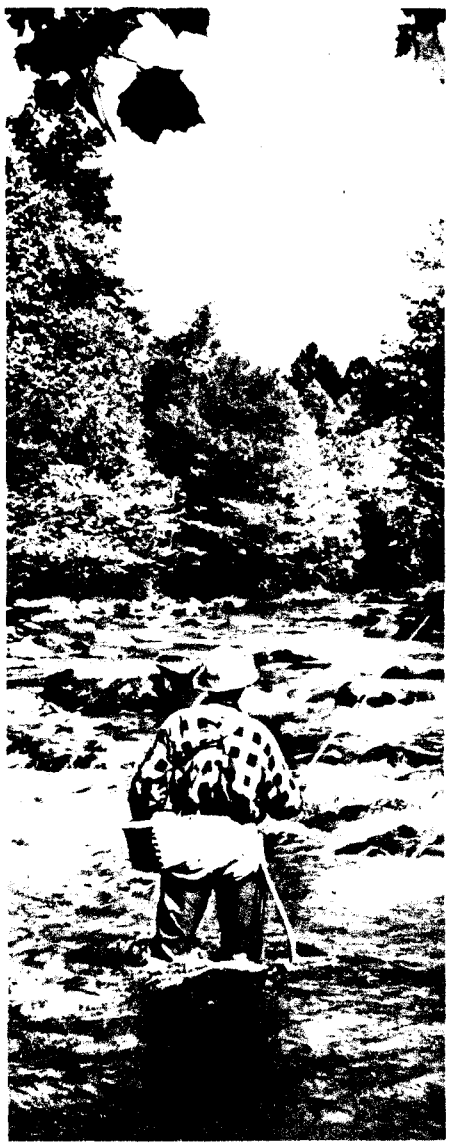

the fields the outlines of housetop and chimneys and barn grew dimmer and dimmer.

By now Tucker had a faltering fire started. He sent an order down the line for all sentries to take their posts. He wondered how many hundreds of times Grandfather McCantland had issued just such an order. He wished that he himself had been alive in those days and could have marched beside such heroes as Grandfather, Stonewall Jackson and Soldier Parrish.

Up on the side of Broomsage Hill, the first whippoorwill sang — long, lonely, plaintive. Whip-per-*weal*. Whip-per-*weal*. Without a word, Teaberry came up and sat down cross-legged, looking raptly into the fire. And now another whippoorwill began, sudden and startling, in the sycamores directly across the river, in a different key and with a different accent upon the phrase itself. *Whip*-pah-wuhl. *Whip*-pah-wuhl. This one had a curious baritone note, giving the call an eerie deliberation.

Teaberry rolled her eyes in the direction of the sycamores.

"Somebody goina—"

"Hush!" Tucker said. "That's no sign anybody's goin' to die."

"Whippahwill gits too close by, it's shore sign next person you see—"

"It's not any such thing," Tucker said. "They got to be right on the doorstep before it's any sign."

He unwrapped the bread and took out Father's jackknife. He cut six uneven slices and then cut two of the slices in half. He was aware in a moment that he was surrounded by his entire staff. Colonel Harvey had waddled up from the riffles with High Tension. Captain Hoy had set his pole over a forked stick and weighted the end down with a rock. Tucker passed the meager rations around. The staff looked at them rather glumly.

"Didn't ya never even bring no tomaters?" Private Teaberry asked.

"The army was dependin' on fish," Tucker said.

"Just never got quite the right hookup," Colonel Harvey said thoughtfully, leaning over the tangle of batteries and wires and making a new adjustment.

"Don't seem to be any fish in that hole," said Captain Hoy.

"Didn' ya bring none of that ham neither?"

"Ginnie wouldn't give me any. Said they were goin' to have it for supper."

"Wish I'd been there for supper," Colonel Harvey said wistfully.

Without butter the bread was a little dry. The staff ate in silence as night closed in, absorbing hills and trees.

Suddenly, somewhere up on Dunlap Mountain, a long piercing wail rose. It held, quavered. Then it trailed off and was lost in the inexplicable sounds of the night.

"Whuh was that?" Teaberry demanded.

"What was what?"

"That *thing*," Teaberry said, her eyes very large.

"Oh, nothin' much. Just some old owl or somethin'."

"Never sounded like no ol' owl to me. Sounded—"

"Hush. Keep quiet."

THEY were all quiet, huddled around the fire. Teaberry was the first to hear the almost imperceptible pit-patting of a horse's hoofs on the sand of the road. And once more they listened.

"Just somebody goin' by on a horse," Tucker said, letting out his breath.

"Ain' nobody ride he horse at night," Teaberry said, "lessen ole Mist' Soldier Parrish out gittin' hisself drunk agin."

Sometimes Soldier did totter out and put a bridle on his old bony sorrel mare and ride off up the road, not only in search of a hard-cider barrel and perhaps someone to listen again to his account of the Battle of Mill Mountain, but as if he were really in search of something else—an old, lost and never-to-be-regained thing.

They were all cocking their ears toward the road now, but even as they listened, the fragile sound was no more. Except for one smack of iron on stone, the hoof-clopping had been so faint it might have been a phantom horseman.

Memories of the tales of those old lost Civil War horsemen still wandering about seeped into Tucker's thoughts. A great longing overwhelmed him. He wished he could direct all those old heroes back to their homes. He had a sudden vivid impression of the dining room at his own home, where, within the glow of the green-shaded lamp, Mother would be crocheting and Father would be looking at the Colonial Springs News-Leader. It seemed to him, all at once, that it had been an incredible time since he had seen Father.

"Any ghosts come aroun' here," Teaberry said, suddenly, loudly, belligerently, "Ah'm goina bust 'em over the haid 'th thishere fryin' pan."

"Who said anything about ghosts?"

Who *had* said anything about ghosts? Who *could* say anything about ghosts? Who was qualified to determine the matter one way or another? It was not so much who had said anything about them—who had first voiced a thing better left unvoiced—but now the subject had quietly penetrated their individual minds. But if one *did* believe in ghosts, this was the very time when they were beginning to stir, just getting up out of their graves and yawning and stretching their arms and getting the cramps out of their muscles and looking around to see whom or what they could ha'nt.

Tucker stood up and threw two limbs and some twigs on the fire. A pleasant shower of sparks flew up, outlining the branches of the poplar tree. On the delicate question of ghosts he found himself vacillating. In the daytime he certainly did not believe in them. But at night, well, somehow his feelings took a different turn—left room for the possibility that, perhaps, just once in a while, one might see or hear something that was not fully explainable according to daytime standards. He sat back down rather close to the fire.

Whippoorwills were now singing away at a dozen points around them in the fields and up on Broomsage Hill. Frogs were croaking over along the river. The whole army sat very silent for quite a while.

"*Are* there any ghosts around here?" Colonel Harvey asked finally.

It was a full minute before anyone answered.

"Plenty of 'em," Teaberry said then. "Ghosts everywhurs you goes."

At least three minutes passed.

"Aw, who's scared of ghosts?" Captain Hoy asked. He got up. He spat into the fire. He bravely walked over and yanked up his fishing pole. He examined the hook and set the pole again. He strode back and spat into the fire once more.

For a long time this seemed to be a satisfactory expression of the group attitude, but at length Colonel Harvey had to admit flatly: "I don't like strange ghosts."

"Ah doan like no kinda ghosts," Teaberry said.

"Hook up your High Tension and sizzle 'em," Captain Hoy said to Colonel Harvey.

"Any ghosts come aroun' here whur Ah'm at—" Teaberry began.

"Hush!" Tucker said. "I hear somethin'."

HE WAS listening intently. Beyond question he was hearing something, but at first he had no idea what it was. He did hear, again, that faint and mysterious clopping of hoofs on the sand of the road, approaching slowly from the direction of the upper valley. But now he felt almost confident that he was hearing, or almost hearing, something else, something coming from a remote place and to be heard only by the most earnest listening.

"What you hearin'?"

"I don't know, but I think I'm beginnin' to get some orders."

"I'd like to see them," Captain Hoy said dubiously. "Where they from?"

"I don't know," Tucker said honestly. "It's like it's in invisible ink."

"I don't even see any papers," Captain Hoy protested.

"Invisible papers too."

"Who they comin' from?" Colonel Harvey asked.

"I think they're from General Lee. They sound like General Lee's orders."

"Ahhh," Captain Hoy scoffed. "You ain't gettin' any orders. You ain't got any way of gettin' any orders."

"I swear I am!" Tucker said earnestly. "I keep hearin' them."

"All right then," said Captain Hoy, "how're you hearin' 'em?"

"I think I'm hearin' them," Tucker said with conviction, "over that High Tension Set."

And it was true, almost absolutely true. He put his ear close to the tangle of batteries and wires. High Tension was bringing a message. And if the message did not take the precise form of a voice emerging from the set and entering his hearing, but chose to transplant itself inside of him first —within the heart—and emerge from there, he could not help it.

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COLLIER'S "Oh, nothing at all, Agnes. Just sitting around with old Tough-day-at-the-office" HANK KETCHAM

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"Lemme listen," Colonel Harvey said. He knelt over High Tension. In a moment he looked up and said with quiet reverence, "I hear somethin' too."

"Aw, bull!" said Captain Hoy.

"It's not bull either," Tucker said. "It's orders."

"There's somethin' comin' in on it all right," said Colonel Harvey. "I can hear it."

"Lemme listen," Teaberry breathed, and she crawled around the fire toward the set. She halted about a foot from it, poised on all fours, ear cocked. "All Ah kin hear is that ol' ghost ridin' along the road. Soun' like he comin' right down the lane too!"

"Just somebody ridin' by," Captain Hoy snorted.

"Keep quiet," Tucker said. "I think some more orders are comin' in."

"What does them orders say?" Teaberry asked in a very subdued tone.

"Advance!" Tucker said with sudden emphasis. "Advance through fire and water!"

"What do that mean?"

"It don't mean anything," Captain Hoy said, "because he ain't hearin' anything. Just somethin' more he's thinkin' up."

"Means just what it says," Tucker said, ignoring Captain Hoy.

"You think you're goina get me to climb up on that mountain to them old breastworks you got another think comin'," Captain Hoy said.

"Me too!" Teaberry whispered.

And then, as each of them must have realized at the same instant, the phantom rider was there, in the lane, just beyond the farthest glow of the fire, possibly human or possibly an apparition: a grizzled old figure wearing the battered wide-brimmed slouch hat of a Confederate cavalryman and a shabby gray battle jacket with brass buttons glinting feebly. The figure was astride an old bony sorrel, halter reins in one hand and in the other an object dim and jug-shaped; sitting there stark, memorable, incredible—vivid in its very dimness.

And then an ancient, cracked voice bleated, "Whar's Imboden?"

Already Tucker was at respectful attention. "He's not here, sir! This is McCantland's encampment!"

The grizzled face lifted for an instant, harsh in shadow, and the ancient noble voice said, "Old fire-eatin' McCantland! God bless 'em! Stood like iron afore Phil Sheridan's hellions. Left sixty thousand of 'em in one pile. I wanta shake his hand."

The head, with its sweep of hat and the lean old face with its grizzled whiskers, lowered, as if in terrible weariness. And then the figure stiffened and the face again lifted in defiance and indestructibility and once more came the quavering bleat: "Tell 'em I rid by! Tell 'em I'm like iron! Tell 'em ever' one of us is tired but we'll stand like iron ontell Judgment Day!"

Now the dim, jug-shaped object came up and for a long moment obscured the face that might have been an apparition. Then it was lowered and the bony sorrel, itself almost a skeleton, was wheeled and then held frozen a moment longer while once more the voice spoke:

"Don't fergit tuh tell McCantland we'll stand like iron!"

"Yes, sir," Tucker said reverently. "I'll tell him."

Then hoofs were heard in a soft jog up the lane and into the road and down it.

EVEN after the possibly phantom pit-pat of the possibly phantom hoofs had vanished into the night, Tucker stood at rigid attention, holding a sharp salute, his throat strangely dry, an unaccountable moisture in his eyes, an unaccountable warmth swelling his heart.

"That a ghost," Teaberry said as neither question nor exclamation. She had risen too, ready for that astounding locomotion which was not mere running but rather a phenomenon, like ghosthood, involving neither space nor lapse of time.

"Aw, that wasn't any ghost!" Captain Hoy said. "Just—"

"It was a spirit," Tucker said, not knowing precisely what he meant. He was now in the near-hypnotic mood that possessed him when he sat in the parlor hearing Grandmother recounting the deeds of all the old valiants. And he could almost see a silent parade down the dark road—not only Soldier, but alongside him the erect figures of Lee, Jackson, Grandfather McCantland and all those others who would have no surrender in their hearts in whatever distant regions they might be now.

"They're marchin' down the road," he said. "They're after Grant."

"Whur he haided?"

"Toward the house. We got to cut him off!" He flashed the saber and ordered the blankets rolled.

"Bull!" Captain Hoy snorted. "Let 'im go!"

"Can't!" Tucker said earnestly. "Sheridan's with him. They'll burn the house and murder everybody down there!"

Teaberry's lower lip dropped and began quivering. Her face screwed up and a faint blubbering broke from her.

"Aw!" said Captain Hoy. "He's just puttin' all this on."

"Break camp!" said Tucker. "Fall in to march!"

"I expect maybe we better," Colonel Harvey agreed uneasily. "You reckon they left any of that ham from supper?"

Realizing he was outvoted, Captain Hoy went over to get his pole. "Some fishin' trip!" he announced disgustedly, spitting into the darkness.

"Stop cryin'," Tucker told Teaberry. "We'll save your mother."

"Ah ain't thinkin' about that so much," she said, trying to straighten out her features and control the quivering lip. "Efn they does somethin' bad down there Ah might never see mah pinny a day agin."

IT MIGHT have been that Father heard them when they trooped across the side porch as quietly as they could. Or he might have heard them tiptoeing up the stairs. More likely he heard Tucker open the oven door to get the ham. It was some time before Father came up the stairs with the lamp in his hand.

They were already settled then. A platter with the spent remains of the ham lay on top of High Tension beside the bed. The General and his two senior officers lay side by side under the covers with the sheathed saber across their chests, and Teaberry, already comfortable under the light blanket, lay crosswise on top of the bed at their feet.

When Father opened the door and stood with the lamp in his hand and a look of perplexity on his face, he said, "What in thunderation?" And then the expression on his face changed. "I thought this army was out on a big expedition that would keep it away all night."

"Yes, sir," Tucker said, "but we changed our minds."

"You didn't by any chance get scared, did you?" Father asked in his jocular tone.

"Not very much, sir," Tucker said.

"Teaberry," Father said with mock sternness, "why didn't you make them hold onto their nerve? What do you think I'm payin' you that big salary for?"

Teaberry rolled her eyes up at Father. "Yawl still owes me fer last week," she said meekly.

Father's shoulders were shaking and he was jiggling the lamp a little

"What is it, Father?" Tucker asked.

"Oh nothin'," Father said. "Just somethin' Sherman said about war."

Tucker could not recall at the moment what it was that Sherman had said but he presumed it to be very funny from the way Father was laughing as he went down the stairs. He lay thinking for a moment about ghosts and spirits. Comfortable in bed and near sleep, he was almost confident now he had never believed in ghosts. But still there was something in this country in which he had been born and in which he lived that was not to be clearly seen or ever fully explained—something that knew no surrender and would go on and on always as a part of the valleys and the hills. THE END

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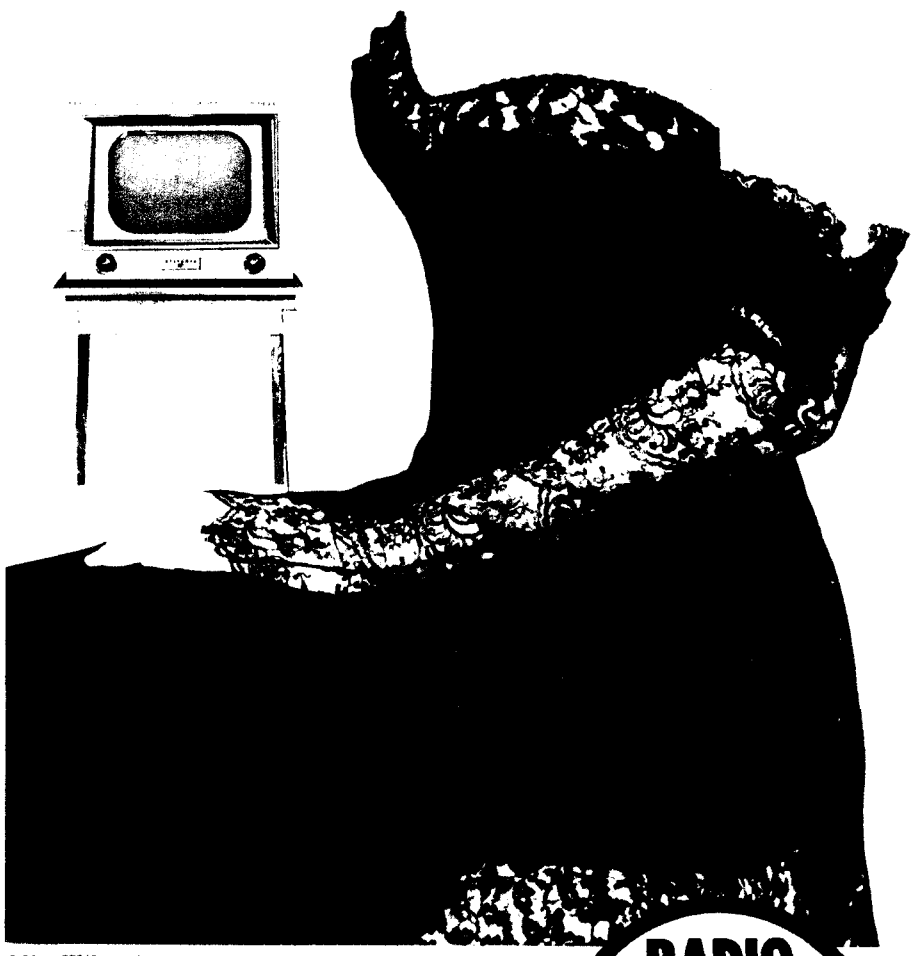

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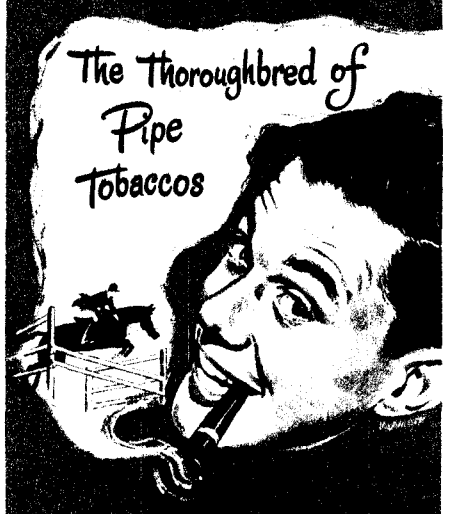

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Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Clyde Beatty

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

one man to whom almost everything has happened. On several occasions the lights have gone out during evening performances, and somehow, in the dark, surrounded by wild animals, he has managed to feel his way along the bars to the safety cage, a small cage through which he enters the main arena.

He has been caught in the middle of animal gang fights and has emerged dripping blood. An elephant named Jojo once knocked him flat with a sweep of its trunk and then tried to impale him with its tusks because Beatty smelled of lions and tigers. Fortunately, each tusk went into the mud on either side of Beatty's body, and he somehow got his arms around Jojo's tusks and held on amid violent contortions until his keeper could drive Jojo off.

Warned by Boy's Look of Fear

On another occasion, having driven his cats to the top of their pedestals, Beatty was taking a bow when he saw a look of horror on a boy's face in the front row. Instinctively, he dropped to the floor of the cage while Empress II, a sneaky tigress, went sailing over his head.

In Chicago, a cage boy forgot to tie the safety cage door to keep it from swinging open too far, and after a sudden dash to the small cage, he was astonished to find that he couldn't get the door closed in time to keep Pearl, a roaring 500-pound lioness, from coming in after him and sharing the four-foot enclosure. While the crowd screamed in terror, the diminutive Beatty desperately delivered a mighty kick to Pearl's chin as she towered over him, saliva dripping from her teeth, and miraculously enough the lioness toppled back into the arena.

As close a call as that was, an even worse experience befell Beatty in Peru, Indiana, on January 13, 1932, while the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, one of his numerous alma maters, was in winter quarters. The incident still ranks as the most harrowing moment of his life.

With a handful of spectators looking on, Beatty was working several lions and tigers when Nero, a lion, started over a hurdle. Instead of going straight, however, he swerved suddenly, catching Beatty off guard. Whip, chair and gun went flying, and Beatty was knocked to the ground with Nero standing directly over him. Frantically, he put his hand against the lion's upper lip and pushed. Nero snapped his head back to relieve the pressure, then brought it down again, and Beatty's hand slipped into his mouth. For some reason, Nero failed to bite it off. All Beatty remembers is that he scraped most of the skin from his hand on Nero's sharp teeth and tongue when he yanked it free.

Eyes gleaming, Nero lowered his head again. This time he sank his teeth into Beatty's upper right leg and closed his jaws. With Beatty unconscious on the floor of the cage, Nero began dragging him through the sawdust. Then suddenly, as quickly as it had begun, it was over. Nero inexplicably let go of Beatty's leg and started for a nearby lioness in whom he had some special interest. Carried from the cage and rushed to a hospital, Beatty was more dead than alive for several weeks, and the incident nearly cost him his leg, to say nothing of his life. As it turned out, he escaped with nothing more serious than a deep scar and a mysterious lion-bite fever which has since disappeared but which at the time rendered him unconscious every night for 12 consecutive nights.

Beatty has also had his share of trouble with escaped animals, both his own and other people's. Last year he was in Mexico City when a leopard allegedly escaped from the Oklahoma City zoo by leaping out of a so-called "open" cage. The incident threw the surrounding countryside into a furor, and authorities in Oklahoma called Beatty repeatedly for advice. Each time he told them he thought the leopard was probably still in its cage. "If it isn't," he said, "I don't know where to look." As a precaution, however, he told them how to build a simple trap device, but so far as he knows this suggestion went unheeded.

Instead, a portion of meat loaded with sleeping powders was thrown into the cage, and the leopard was found shortly thereafter, dead from the lethal overdose. Beatty still feels he was right all along, that the leopard never left the cage but instead was lying in a recess of some kind or was otherwise hidden from view.

"I know as well as I'm sitting here," he told a friend not long ago, "that that leopard was right where I said he was all the time. Why would he make a terrific leap to get out of the cage and then turn around and jump back into it? If he had wanted meat, he could have killed an animal on the outside. It just doesn't make sense, and I personally think the leopard was killed needlessly."

It may be that Beatty is right. In any event, his own numerous brushes with escaped animals qualified him long ago as an expert, and of all the escapes with which he personally has had to contend, none was more spectacular than one which occurred in Detroit in 1929 when he was preparing to give a private show for a convention of automobile salesmen.

Beatty had quartered his animals in the basement of the Shrine Temple, and at approximately three thirty in the morning, while more than 100 persons were sleeping upstairs, a watchman saw a striped head emerging through the bars of one of the cages. That was enough for him. Streaking up the stairs, he frantically sent word to Beatty, through the night clerk at Beatty's hotel, that a tiger was loose.

Beatty rushed to the Temple and went immediately to the basement. Gracie, a 400-pound tigress, was gone. Although Beatty was unarmed and without so much as a flashlight, he grabbed the watchman's folding chair and started up the stairs. At each landing he paused, peering through the dimly lighted corridors for a glimpse of Gracie, but there was no sight or sound of her.

Finally, he reached the top floor—the fifth—where a swimming pool was under construction. Pushing the door open a crack, he looked in. A mass of timbers, mortar bags, scaffolding and other building material was dimly outlined in the feeble light. Almost positive that Gracie was somewhere in that room, Beatty blocked open the swinging door leading into it. Holding his chair out in front of him, he stepped cautiously into the room. It was deathly quiet. Then, from behind him, he heard a soft, rustling sound. Instinctively, he jumped to one side as the tigress hurtled past him.

There then ensued a battle which lasted for approximately an hour. Slowly, tauntingly, Beatty worked the tigress down, a flight of stairs at a time, wielding the watchman's chair and a two-by-four he had picked up by the side of the pool. Once Gracie bolted past him at a landing, raced down a corridor, and turned into a room. Fortunately, the room was unoccupied. Beatty went in after her. She charged him and smashed the watchman's chair. He snatched up another one by a dressing table and resumed the game. Gracie smashed that chair and Beatty replaced it with a telephone table.

Finally, he worked her out into the hallway again. When she balked at the last landing, he smote her a savage, impatient blow over the head with the two-by-four. Gracie winced, then rose on her hind legs and lashed out furiously, sending both the table and the two-by-four clattering out of Beatty's hands. It was a heart-stopping moment. Then, seemingly unaware that at last she had Beatty cornered and defenseless, Gracie whirled into the basement and dashed into her cage. The battle was over.

After 30 years of this sort of thing, it is not surprising that Beatty has become a sort of human encyclopedia on the behavior of wild animals. Having lived, he learned. The surprising thing to the amateur psychologist is that Beatty, or any other rational human being, would deliberately choose the profession of wild-animal training as a way of earning a livelihood.

Beatty himself is not quite sure how it happened. As a boy on an Ohio farm, he had the usual farm boy's love for dogs, rabbits and guinea pigs, which he "trained" after a fashion, but there was no consuming fire burning inside him at that age to step into a cage with several dozen jungle killers.

Even after he had gone with Howe's Great London Circus in search of excitement as a cage boy in winter quarters at Montgomery, Alabama, he was undecided as to his eventual niche under the big top, and he spent much of his time practicing to be an acrobat. He became more and more fascinated with his animal charges, however, and when he injured an ankle in the course of an unsuccessful back flip, he decided to turn to training. Ultimately, he became so engrossed in it that he even taught his wife, Harriett, whom he met on the Hagenbeck-Wallace show in 1930, to train wild animals, and she achieved a considerable reputation in her own right before her death last year.

Over the years, Beatty has worked with a dozen circuses at widely varying salaries. In 1936, he was able to command $3,500 a week on a vaudeville tour, but vaudeville, with its four or five shows a day, was too strenuous, and he was forced to abandon the tour after three engagements lest he suffer a nervous breakdown. His circus earnings, even when he was risking his life daily as the headliner with Ringling Brothers at Madison Square Garden, seldom exceeded $250 a week, although he reached a point from 1935 to 1939 where he was earning $600 a week, plus a share of the profits, as a one-third owner of the Cole Brothers-Clyde Beatty Circus.

In recent years, movies and novelties have brought him a comfortable income in addition to the profits he derives from the Clyde Beatty Circus, which he formed in 1945. The first of this year he began a thrice-weekly half-hour adventure series over the Mutual network.

A Reward That Nobody Wanted

In the early thirties, Beatty worked 40 lions and tigers at one time in one cage, probably as daring an act as has ever been performed by a wild-animal trainer. The circus announcer used to offer $50,000 to anyone who would go into the cage and equal Beatty's performance, $100,000 to anyone who could exceed it. Naturally, there were no takers.

The act, however, was also foolhardy, and Beatty now doubts that he would ever risk it again, particularly since his legs have lost some of their spring and he is now required to compensate more and more with nimble thinking. At the time, however, he felt he could handle almost any number of animals and he reduced the number to 32 finally only when John Ringling, one of the famous circus brothers, pointed out to him that he was so little the spectators couldn't see him. "All they can see is 40 lions and tigers," Ringling said. "You ought to cut the act down."

Since wild animals frequently kill one another and are subject to other misfortunes, the number in his present act varies, but he carries around 30 lions and tigers on the circus train and a good share of them are usually in the ring with him. He would like to carry more but wild animals are not being imported in the usual quantities, and they

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are becoming expensive. Where a good tiger used to cost from $500 to $600, most dealers are now asking from $2,500 to $3,500 for a good Bengal or Siberian. Lions are cheaper, running generally under $1,000, but the price of a small elephant has gone up to $4,000 and a baby gorilla costs around $5,000.

Even the chairs which Beatty uses in his act are scarce. He prefers the old-fashioned round-backed chair, which is fairly easy to handle, but even though they are reinforced, his lions and tigers smash them to the tune of 50 or 60 a year, and the supply is getting short. The result is that he spends a good deal of time combing hotels, taverns and other public places for round-back chairs which have been replaced and presumably are stored in some back room.

Beatty also carries a whip, of course, which is used to cue the animals and not, as some people have complained, to punish them. The gun on his hip is empty, since he was once painfully burned by the accidental discharge of a blank cartridge, but the revolver he carries in his hand contains the usual number of six blanks. He does not carry a gun loaded with live ammunition for obvious reasons: if he were forced to shoot at an animal, he might well hit a spectator, and if he did manage to hit the animal and then only wounded him, he would be in more danger than he was in in the first place.

As it is, he does not assume he is frightening a lion or a tiger with his blank cartridges, but he does find that a sudden loud report will take an animal's mind off whatever devilishness it is contemplating at the moment.

Beatty has deliberately contrived a "fighting act" in contrast to the acts of most foreign trainers, who are generally content to spend years in training their animals to be fairly subdued while in the ring. The fact that he is thus particularly vulnerable to a sudden leap or swipe of a paw precludes any clowning in the ring, and he was once provoked into deep thoughtfulness over the effectiveness of his act when a businessman in one of his ports of call suggested for an advertising scheme that he wear a sandwich-board sign saying, "Be a Social Lion. Learn to Dance at . . ."

Beatty is guided by certain telltale signs in the ring and he does not expose himself unnecessarily. He knows, for example, whether a tiger is right-pawed or left-pawed and therefore which way he can be expected to charge. The swishing of a tail often indicates, though not always, that a spring is coming, and most lions and tigers flatten their ears against their heads when they are entertaining evil ideas. Similarly, their eyes frequently light up in anticipation of some sudden move.

Beatty does not resort to such foolishness as pretending to stick his head in a lion's mouth. There are two excellent reasons for this, one being that the lion is apt to bite it off and the other being that a lion's breath is positively overwhelming. He holds no brief, either, for trainers who pretend to stare an animal down or to hypnotize him. Looking a tiger straight in the eye gets one absolutely nowhere, but a trainer with a rival circus a few years ago claimed he could hypnotize wild animals.

Beatty's circus promptly posted newspaper ads offering him $50,000 if he would come over and hypnotize Beatty's lions and tigers. Not only would he come over, the rival trainer replied, but he would hypnotize Beatty, too. He never showed up. What he had actually been doing was to place two men with iron rods, which had been used to beat his lions unmercifully, outside the cage. The lions, who had naturally learned to fear the rods, simply lay there, intently eying the instruments of torture while the trainer pretended to be hypnotizing them.

Certain animals, of course, have idiosyncrasies which set them apart. One of Beatty's lions would eat nothing but hamburger, and another lion was afraid of Beatty only when he carried his whip in his left hand. If he carried it in his right hand, the lion would charge him. But which animal is the smartest or the most dangerous is a question which not even Beatty can answer with any certainty. He thinks, however, that the polar bear comes close to being the most dangerous because it bites in a series of savage crunches; and he thinks that perhaps the chimpanzee is the most intelligent animal.

Of the chimpanzees Beatty has known, Mickey was probably the smartest as well as one of the meanest. He had already expressed his unpredictability by killing a tiger cub and biting a child's finger off when, one day in Gary, Indiana, his keeper failed to secure the padlock on his cage. Mickey, who had been waiting for just this sort of opportunity, unfastened the lock when the keeper left, stepped out of the cage, walked to the main tent, and calmly shinnied up the center pole while a trapeze act was in progress.

Frightened almost out of their wits, the aerial artists literally froze in mid-air as Beatty and the keeper tried to coax Mickey down with bananas. Instead, Mickey worked his way across the rigging to the front door, dropped down, and scrambled out into the midway with Beatty and the keeper in frantic pursuit.

Just at the moment they were ready to seize him, Mickey shrewdly took the hand of a little girl who was promenading down the midway with her father. To the child's delight, the chimpanzee walked along with them, casting an occasional glance over his shoulder at the nonplused Beatty and keeper, who had been forced to withdraw lest Mickey kill the child in a fit of pique. It was a harrowing few minutes, but eventually Mickey got impatient with the game, made his break for freedom, and was cornered and captured a few minutes later by a group of men who came at him from around the merry-go-round.

Also, somewhere in this world today, if he is still alive, is a bewildered gentleman who was once strolling the banks of the Wabash River in Indiana when Beatty, a total stranger carrying a kitchen broom, accosted him and asked, "Have you seen anything of a polar bear?" The man was too astonished to answer, but a polar bear actually had escaped from winter quarters and was somewhere in the vicinity. Beatty found it an hour or so later and, by waving the broom at it, drove it back to its cage.

As for the circus itself, Beatty, like all circus people, is in love with it. But where once there were as many as 15 circuses plying the rails, there are now only two, the others being truck-and-trailer shows, and the once thrilling circus parade is a thing of the past. Although it seems only yesterday that the elephants and the camels were marching triumphantly down the main street, there hasn't been a real circus parade since the mid-thirties, mostly because of modern traffic conditions and the fact that parades require a good deal of special equipment which is best left behind at winter quarters to make room for more important props.

As it is, the Clyde Beatty Circus, a $300,000 show, requires 15 railroad cars, most of them specially built double-length flatcars, and carries from 450 to 500 people. Beatty himself travels in a private car which is furnished with rattan furniture from Manila and would be entirely suitable as a rolling home for a jungle planter. There is a painting, over a desk, of a tiger defending her cub, a number of tropical plants and a miniature lion for a doorstop, to say nothing of two bedrooms, a galley and a real bathtub.

The railroads charge different fees for hauling his train, depending upon the distances involved and the time spent on one line, but the average overnight move costs around $800. Last year, for example, it cost Beatty $640.66 to move from Brigham, Utah, to Salt Lake City, a distance of only 60 miles. From Provo, Utah, to Pueblo, Colorado, a distance of 535 miles with three intermediate stops, the charges were $5,268.63. Haulage is therefore a substantial item, and it looms even larger when it is realized that the Beatty circus must take in $4,800 a day just to break even.

With a circus, anything can happen. In 1945, when the show was on trucks and in trailers, the ticket wagon was stolen in Alton, Illinois; there was a blowdown in Pennsylvania; and to top it off, the side show got lost for three days in Arkansas. In 1947, near Hubbard, Nebraska, the train was derailed, one man was killed, half a dozen were injured, and equipment was strewn over half of Nebraska.

The cause of the wreck was later attributed to a broken rail, but the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, which was hauling the train, claimed that Beatty's equipment was too heavy and sued for $10,000 damages. The suit is still pending.

Beatty at times is a good deal like the kids his circus hires in every town to help put up the big top. He likes what he is doing, even though it is hard work and is sometimes not as rewarding as he would like. The Clyde Beatty Circus never stops at a town but what at least one mother, anxious for her boy, comes to the lot. Seeking out George Smith, the circus manager, she asks, "Is my boy here?"

Smith, a big 200-pound Irishman (formerly with Ringling) looks her straight in the eye.

"He is indeed, madam," he says. "And leave him alone. He's having the time of his life."

So, it appears, is Clyde Beatty. THE END

HARRY GOFF

NOW HEAR THIS!

KETCHUP BOTTLE: **Bap! Bap-bapbap Bap! Bap!—SKWATCH!**

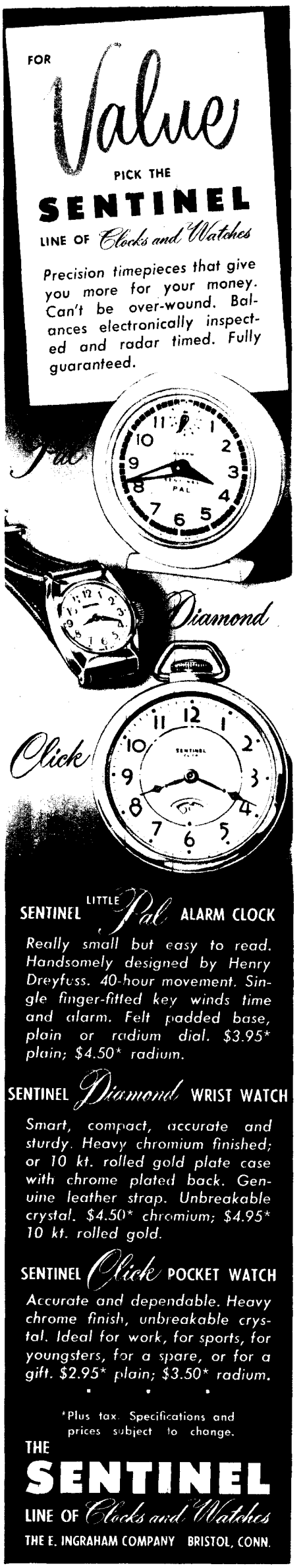
ROTARY LAWN SPRINKLER: **kwish-a-kwush-a-kwish-a-kwush-a-kwish-a-kwush.**

STIRRING PUNCH: **Saladle-de-daddle—saladle—de-daddle—saladle—adle-adle-de-daddle.**

POPCORN POPPING: **Thup! Thup! Thupthupthup! Thup! Thup! Thup! Thop (dud) Thup! thupthup-thupthupthupthup! (ready)**

CASH REGISTER: **zik-zik-zik—zikzik----------ZALOOFA—ding!**

—PAULINE GALE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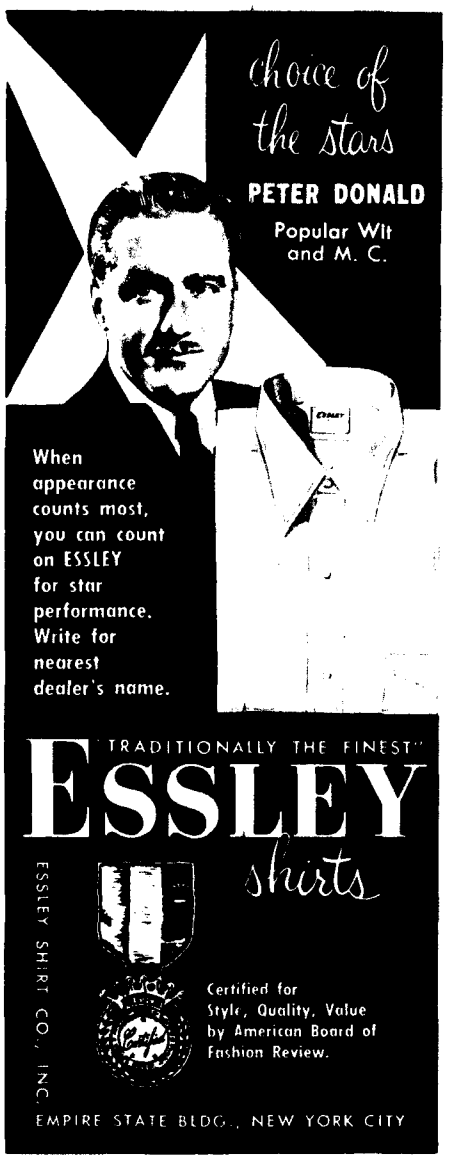
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The Huks—Foe in the Philippines

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

all excellent fodder for Communist propagandists.

Lately, the United States has offered the Philippines some fresh shots in the arm. Economic aid would total about $250,000,000. We have made a definite new pledge to defend the Islands from external aggression. JUSMAG—the Joint U.S. Military Advisory Group that's been helping reshape the Philippine Armed Forces—may send officer-advisers into the field to help the 1,200-man Philippine Battalion Combat Teams.

Such a move undoubtedly would draw hypocritical screams from Moscow and Peking—hypocritical because almost from the start of their revolution, the Huks have been receiving political, financial and military aid both from Chinese Communists and from Chinese agents acting under direct Moscow orders.

There are 135,000 legal Chinese residents in the Philippines. At least another 100,000 are in the Islands without permission after having entered as temporary visitors or having been smuggled in from Borneo. Some 20,000 are regarded as pro-Communist, and one half of these belong to Communist tongs, or secret societies, chief of which are the Kong Fan, the Kong Ti and the Wa Chi. The last named is a military organ.

Here in the Philippines, as elsewhere, there have been running tong wars between the pro-Kuomintang and the pro-Communist Chinese; in the last year, especially, there have been murders, extortions and kidnapings. The less violent activities of the Communist tongs include infiltration of fraternal, labor, cultural and youth groups in Manila's teeming Chinatown and throughout the Islands, as well as hoarding, smuggling and black-marketeering.

As a matter of fact, Communist activity on the part of Chinese agents here predates the Huks, going all the way back to 1927. Early that year, one Yang Ching Tung came to Manila for a few weeks from Shanghai and then continued, circuitously, to Moscow. For the next five years, he studied Communism there, with special attention to how it could be imported to the Orient. Then Yang returned to the Philippines. He has since spent much of his time shifting back and forth between the Islands and China. About 1940 he made another trip to Moscow, remaining six months.

Yang, I have been told authoritatively, is a top Soviet, rather than Chinese Communist, agent, although he is at present an important official in Mao Tse-tung's Commissariat for Overseas Chinese in Shanghai. He has worked closely in the Philippines with three other Chinese: Ong Kiet, Lee Ying-hao and Co Pak.

Communist Leaders in Flight

Ong Kiet is the military counterpart of Yang Ching Tung. He came to the Philippines in mid-1942, under specific orders to create disciplined Communist working cadres in the burgeoning Huk movement, then an anti-Japanese guerrilla force. Helping Ong was Lee Ying-hao. Sometime late in 1946 or early 1947, these two were among a dozen Chinese Communist leaders who fled the Philippines, driven out by fear of assassination at the hands of undercover Kuomintang agents.

Ong Kiet has been reported back in the Islands or due back momentarily. Lee definitely is said to be here now.

The financial end of the revolution was, until recently, in the hands of Co Pak, the number four conspirator. Co, alias Felix de Rosario, had made himself a multimillionaire in a variety of ways, legitimate and illegitimate (among other things, he had operated in the black market and run houses of prostitution).

On the direct order of President Elpidio Quirino, Co was deported to Formosa late last February to face almost certain execution for aiding the Communists. But while he was in Manila, Co Pak promoted the "donation" of an estimated million pesos (the peso is worth 50 cents U.S., officially, but its black-market value is about 25 cents) to the Huks; he also got them weapons.

Practically all this money came from wealthy Chinese individuals here; at least 150,000 pesos were given by Co Pak himself. Co also is said to have financed surreptitious trips to China for several hundred tong members between 1945 and 1947. An undisclosed number of these soldiers returned to the Philippines and are now fighting with the Huks.

Officials say there is every reason to believe that a large Chinese fifth column here is waiting to come out into the open at the proper time and that it may someday make an open bid to capture full control of the Filipino revolt. Meanwhile, the degree of guidance and aid the Huks are receiving from the local Chinese has increased since Mao's mainland victory.

It's doubtful, however, that the Huks are receiving any material help from the Soviet Union directly, although there are constant reports that Russian submarines have landed men and equipment. The important thing to remember is that it *could* easily happen: during the war we used submarines ourselves to support friendly guerrillas.

Some aid for the insurgents has definitely come from America, mostly from groups with Communist leanings. Money, propaganda material, and such valuable nonmilitary equipment as mimeograph machines and typewriters have been smuggled in.

There are perhaps a dozen American ex-GIs fighting with the Huks in the hills. Most of them are simply AWOL adventurers, but at least one of them is a lot more than that. He is William J. Pomeroy, of Rochester, New York.

Pomeroy has been a full-fledged member of the American Communist Party since 1938. He landed in the Philippines with the Fifth Air Force in 1944 and in 1946 went back to America, where he was discharged as a staff sergeant. He then returned here almost at once with the knowledge and approval of the Party. He married a Filipino Communist at the University of the Philippines, where he studied under the GI Bill of Rights, and the two together took to the hills soon after their graduation.

While maintaining his connections with American Communists, Pomeroy rates as a high Huk official who heads the movement's vital education program, edits a magazine and is a top-ranking political strategist.

Apart from the growing and pernicious influence of foreign Communists here, Philippine Communism has had its own development. An Indonesian, the late Tan Malaka, sowed the seeds among a group of Philippine Socialist theorists, headed by Pedro Abad Santos, in 1925, two years before Yang Ching Tung first showed up.

Another Mission to Moscow

By the time Yang appeared, the groundwork had been laid; he chaperoned four labor leaders to Moscow, and when they returned after two years they established the Partido Komunista sa Pilipinas, with Comintern connections.

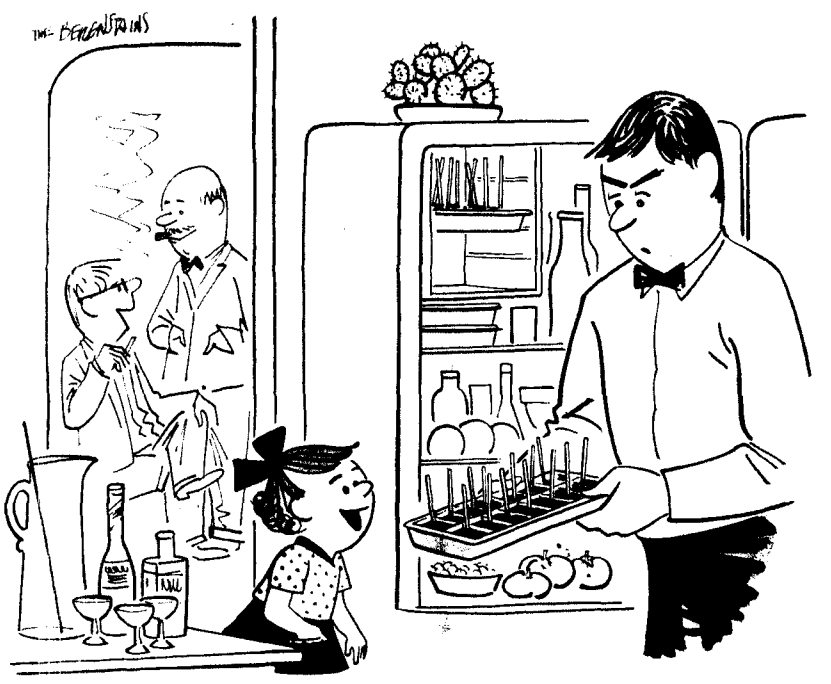
Since then, three kinds of home-grown Communist leaders have developed in the Islands.

The first has been an intellectual type, brilliant, idealistic and readily disillusioned by moderate reform. This group was and is headed by the Lava family: remember that name—Lava.

Number two has been the typical Far Eastern "nationalist" Communist, who has found it increasingly impossible in the last few years even to pretend to be independent of Moscow. Prime Philippine example is the man generally, but falsely, represented as the top Huk, Luis Taruc. Taruc, now thirty-seven, is a colorful and dynamic speaker who actually is only the chief day-by-day military planner of the movement, a sort of over-all operations officer.

In 1948, with six of his bodyguards, Taruc came out of the mountains to accept the amnesty offer of President Quirino and take his seat in the House of Representatives, which had been denied to him on grounds of terrorism during the 1946 elec-

SISTER



COLLIER'S

"Did you call me, Daddy?"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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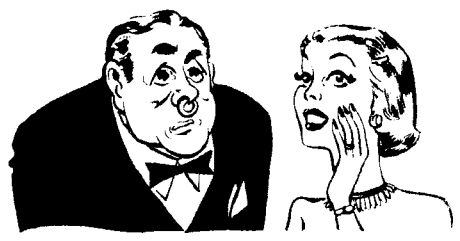
PAT ROONEY



Tandemonium

A wedding ring's a wondrous thing;
The same ring can repose
Upon milady's finger
And through her husband's nose.

—LEN SPINRAD

tions. The amnesty deal fell through after Taruc returned to the mountains, ostensibly to urge his comrades to resume normal life. The Huks charged the government with continued troop depredations, and the government accused the Huks of failing to surrender their arms as promised. It's probable that Taruc was upbraided by his tougher Communist cohorts for having believed the government in the first place. At any rate, ever since then Taruc has been somewhat isolated in the Huk command.

The third type of Communist leader comes from the ranks of labor, specifically from the Communist-led Congress of Labor Organizations, which belongs to the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions. These Reds are represented in the Huk command by at least three key men: Mariano P. Balgos, Guillermo Capadocia, and Alfredo B. Saulo. Both Balgos and Capadocia are strictly Moscow hatchet men who were ordered to the hills from their Manila labor posts last year—after the Peking WFTU meeting in November, 1949. Saulo followed them.

As Huks, Balgos and Capadocia have the longest records of Communist activity in the Philippines. They were among 14 Communist leaders who were jailed in 1932 when the Filipino party went underground. The Party re-emerged after the late President Quezon issued pardons; but when the Japanese invaded the Philippines, several Communist chiefs were put in Fort Santiago, worst of the Jap prisons.

However, others who escaped to the hills quickly saw the war as the great opportunity for the Communists to take over a popular front of resistance.

Organizing Guerrilla Forces

The nucleus of the Huks was accordingly created at a secret countryside meeting of peasant youth, labor and civic groups in Nueva Ecija Province, Luzon, in February, 1942. In those days, "Huk" was short for Hukbalahap, which stood for *Hukbo ng Bayan Laban sa Hapon* or People's Anti-Japanese Army. Luis Taruc was named commander-in-chief.

From the outset, the Huks played a lone guerrilla game. Attempts to bring them into the guerrilla organization secretly operated from Australia under USAFFE (United States Armed Forces, Far East) resulted in the murder of USAFFE contact men. Several shot-down American fliers were believed to have been executed by the Huks.

As early as 1943, under the direction of the Chinese "field general" Ong Kiet, the Communists succeeded in establishing their complete domination of the Huks, who grew to a wartime strength of 20,000, including thousands of unwitting members who just wanted to fight Japs. By the end of 1943 an orgy of terrorism, kidnaping, ambuscade and murder began to be directed against persons in central Luzon who were known anti-Communists.

The top "native" leadership of the Philippine Communist Party, and of the Huks, was supplied by that fascinating brood, the Lavas. Although Jose Lava, until recently the Huks' political leader in the Islands, is now in prison on a charge of attempting to overthrow the government, a younger Lava, Jesus, has already taken over as the working Huk head, both politically and militarily.

The Lavas are ace scholar-revolutionaries. There were 13 in the family originally. Vicente, the oldest, was a trigger-minded, American-educated chemist who taught at the University of the Philippines until his death three and a half years ago. His widow, Ruth Propper Lava, an American of Czech extraction, lives in Manila. She is a good friend of Taruc's. During the early part of the war, Vicente Lava was the political chieftain of the Huks in the mountains, and his wife for a time was with him. When Vicente died, his place was taken by his brother, Jose.

Sometime within the last two years, the Huk command in the field realized that it had to have some central body, preferably in Manila, through which directives, money, and the like could be channeled. An elaborate network was established, and a "Politburo" of 10 men created, including various commanders in the field, among them Taruc, Balgos, Capadocia, and Jesus Lava.

Key Men at Work in Manila

As the man in Manila, Jose Lava was the key, and around him a smaller group, called the "Secretariat," was set up. In addition to Lava, the top Huks in the Secretariat were Ferdinand Maclang, in charge of military affairs, and Angel Baking, propaganda research chief. The latter, until recently, was an official in the Philippine government Department of Foreign Affairs.

The government's Military Intelligence Service guessed many months ago that the Huks had a nerve-center somewhere in Manila. MIS agents followed all leads and finally, on the night of June 23, 1950, they swept down on the sumptuous Mayflower apartments on Taft Avenue Extension. In a suite there, they made their first big haul of incriminating documents. The papers clearly showed the intent of the tight Communist command to overthrow the Philippine government by force using the Huk army as its means.

But the MIS boys missed their human prey, Jose Lava; someone had warned him. So the MIS made no revelations and just kept on sleuthing.

The next big break came in October, a month after Ramon Magsaysay, bustling congressman from Zambales Province, was named Secretary of Defense. Magsaysay's elevation marked a turning point in the government's campaign against the Huks. He is a big, warm, friendly fellow, forty-three years old, who is both fearless and honest and has a fine sense of humor to match his iron will. A farmer, a lumberjack, and former manager of the transportation company, during the war Magsaysay headed 12,000 guerrillas in his native Zambales. He has that rare and necessary quality of any top leader—the common touch. People turn to him because they believe in him.

One who believed was a top Huk leader who, for security reasons, must be nameless. He had become disillusioned with the Huks' program of violence and murder and sent word to Magsaysay that he wanted to talk. For several nights, the two held long discussions, each time in a different isolated place. After about a week, Magsaysay had the missing links the MIS needed.

Late in October, 22 houses were raided

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in Manila. In all, 100 persons were arrested, but only 30 were held for prosecution. Among them were Lava and other key men of the Secretariat—including Maclang, Baking and those in charge of the vital courier and finance functions.

Lava, after his arrest, made no bones about his Communist views, although he would not admit he was a Party member. He did say, "I believe in Communism as the only final solution for the problems of the Filipino people."

From all over town, piles of seized documents were brought to MIS headquarters for analysis. These papers further revealed the Communists' intentions. Since then, additional important writings have been captured.

It's worth looking at some of these Huk "state papers." A recent one, headed "The New Situation in the Cities and Towns," declared:

"Like China, the development of our armed struggle for liberation will naturally start from mountain bases, from which it will expand its areas of influence and control. . . . No overt military struggle, similar to that in barrios and fields, should take place until the armed revolutionary workers and other elements . . . begin to seize strategic industries and plants, government and other public buildings, enemy garrisons and other enemy installations. . . ."

As "a necessary first stage leading to the over-all seizure of power on a national scale," another document stresses the importance of creating "liberated areas" (as in China) in outlying areas of the archipelago, thereby forcing the government to disperse its troops. This is exactly what has happened in the last several months; as government pressure has increased in central Luzon, the Huks have concentrated on building up in north and south Luzon, in the Visayan island group and in Mindanao.

A Schedule of Expansion

The ambitious Huk timetable to raise the movement's mass strength envisages a progressive development whereby each Party member signs up a new Party member every three months. Another captured document reveals the exact schedule of expansion. For the July-September quarter of 1950, it showed a strength of 3,600 cadres containing 10,800 Huks, and backed by a "mass" of 30,000. Twice as many groups and members were anticipated by December of 1950, with the size of the "mass" up to 90,000. This rate of growth was to continue until, by September, 1951, there were to be 56,000 cadres totaling 172,000 men, and supported by 2,430,000 sympathizers.

The government's bold new military program to drive the Huks from their mountain lairs has already resulted in the burning of many of the dissidents' secret training areas, thus putting something of a crimp in the expansion program. But ranking Filipino intelligence officers still regard the potentialities of the Huks as extremely serious. Even if the guerrillas rally a *fifth* of the number they expect, the revolution will have reached really dangerous proportions.

Observers agree that the Huks will continue to get support from three sources: young boys who enjoy the roving life; firebrand students who are disillusioned with the Quirino administration; and landless, poverty-stricken peasants.

A farmer in Pampanga Province, whose tenants are often "visited" by the rebels, told me: "My farmers are miserable, of course, and I don't blame them for believing the Huks. The government promises are old—those of the Huks are newer. I myself have to pay the Huks money when they come asking—otherwise I couldn't go on farming."

The fact that the Quirino administration had done little or nothing to counteract Communist propaganda in the Islands hasn't helped matters. Privately, about a year ago, an Anti-Communist League of the Philippines was started by Frank Tenny, an American who formerly was an MP major in the Army here. Tenny has made some headway in stirring up a program of combating Communism at the barrio level.

Separately, the Voice of America and the United States Information Service engage in various forms of propaganda to counteract Communist appeals. But there is nothing that compares as yet to the subtle manner in which the Huks operate.

Huk Tactics in Trouble Zones

After spending a week in the field with Secretary Magsaysay, moving around by plane and car from one trouble zone to another, I got a clear picture of Huk methods and saw what a tantalizing game it is to track them down.

They travel and attack mostly by night, in groups that range from 20 to 500 men. But they do their undercover preparatory work by day, as well as some of their best ambushing. Their amazing knowledge of the mountain and swamp terrain enables them to move swiftly, by day or night, from one range to another over old carabao trails.

From their mountain lairs, a Huk squadron will swoop down on a town or barrio some time between dusk and midnight. The ground work has been laid in advance by having reconnoiter squads enter the objective a few days before—usually no more than three or four men dressed in simple polo shirts and slacks. These men move around the town, talk to people, sound them out, and make an outright propaganda speech if they feel they can get away with it. Villagers who talk back are carefully marked down for a subsequent liquidation. Known sympathizers are tipped off about what's to come.

In many cases these include town officials, even the mayor—and, until Secretary Magsaysay's cleanup campaign, local troops, who used to make themselves scarce when forewarned.

If the Huks feel the town is essentially receptive, perhaps no more than 20 men will return a day or two later. The leader hands out literature and makes a formal speech in the native dialect. "You have been told that Communism is bad," he may say, "but we will prove it is the very best thing for you, under the present circumstances. We do not promise you luxuries like the American imperialists have given the people in the government today, but we will promise you a better way of life based on work and loyalty to your new state."

When the Huks feel, however, that the town is unfriendly, they resort to violence. In such cases they descend from the hills at night in armed bands. Ambush patrols are placed on surrounding roads to cut off government troops. Telephone wires are cut. The main buildings of the town are sacked and burned. Black-listed "collaborators" are murdered. The town safe may be cracked and additional funds obtained at the point of a gun. Selected young men often are kidnaped and taken to the hills for indoctrination. Convicts in the jails are apt to be taken away for use as carriers. The Huks usually hold the town until dawn, pillaging, looting and terrorizing. Then they melt off into the hills again.

So long as government forces, in Secretary Magsaysay's words, "preferred to sit around in restaurants and night clubs and wait for the Huks to attack," the dissidents had free rein. To make it worse, troops maltreated civilians and even killed Huk "suspects" about whom false information had been purposely planted by the Huks themselves to cause dissension.

Early in 1950, the Philippine army was reorganized into the present combat teams, incorporating the constabulary and so-called local "temporary police."

COLLIER'S **"I'll never forget the day I first met your mother, although Heaven knows I've tried"** DICK CAVALLI

Army Deadwood Cleaned Out

When Defense Secretary Magsaysay took office last fall, he acted swiftly and with a free hand to get rid of deadwood. Wherever possible, he replaced older men with younger officers willing to fight. Recently he paved the way for men from some of the best wartime guerrilla units, including his own, to join up. Officers found guilty of misconduct and depredations against civilians have been summarily removed. "I don't give a hang what they think of me," Magsaysay says. "I'll clean up the armed forces of crooks and misfits if it kills me."

By insisting that the combat teams constantly press the Huks farther into the jungle, Magsaysay hopes to starve the dissidents out and keep them from their sources of food and supply.

The new secretary is indefatigable, sleeping an average of six hours a night. By swinging around from one zone of operations to another, he keeps everybody on his toes, from colonels to buck privates. He is ruthless in punishing laxity. The slightest item catches his attention.

One of his proudest accomplishments so far, and perhaps a chief cause for hope, has been his start in creating a "citizens army" of his own. He has managed to restore confidence in the government sufficiently so that he now receives six or seven letters a day from individuals willing to tip him off to where the Huks are hiding. He has also launched his pet project—the resettlement of surrendered and captured Huks and their families on 30 acres of land each in Mindanao, after a period of "re-education."

Notwithstanding these encouraging signs, Magsaysay's campaign is just beginning. Forced to move about in smaller groups, the dissidents are undoubtedly less co-ordinated than they were, at least for the moment. But their intelligence system still enables them to keep one jump ahead of the opposition, and their striking power is still potent—witness their continued ability to ambush and kill government men, even in armored convoy. On a trip I made with Magsaysay into the mountains, a plot was uncovered for us to be ambushed en route and for the secretary and his staff to be assassinated. It came close to working.

Suspicious of the Military

There are still only a few areas where the barrio folk and the man over the plow have begun to smile at a soldier. The most improved area is in Bulacan Province, guarding the vital northern gateway to Manila, where a crackajack Battalion Combat Team under thirty-three-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Napoleon Valeriano has really got the Huks dancing.

I spent two days and two nights with Valeriano's men in the Sierra Madre range. I was probably the first American many of the people had seen since 1945; all along the way I kept hearing happy cries of "Hello, Joe!"

Although Valeriano has only contempt for the Huks—"They don't stand up and fight unless they're cornered or unless they know they outnumber you"—the mission we were on attested to the guerrillas' elusiveness and to the soundness of their tactics. A few weeks before, Valeriano's men had burned out an important Huk settlement high in the mountains, believed to be the insurrectionists' Bulacan headquarters. Now we were after the same area. The Huks had moved back in.

On that first occasion, Valeriano had attacked with 450 men, who had to hack their way through the jungle with machetes. Their specific objective was an area of several square miles, part of which had been cleared and cultivated. Here the Huks grew root crops and some rice; they even had an irrigation system, channeling water from a nearby mountain creek.

After killing about 100 Huks in several fire-fights, it took Valeriano's men three days to burn up the entire area. Further north, where the Huks had been hiding out in a series of deep mountain caves, the colonel called on P-51s with bombs and on artillery, lugged up the mountains by carabao, to help dynamiters on the ground blast shut the entrances and exits.

Undoubtedly, the letting of blood on both sides won't solve the Huk problem. The importance of an over-all solution cannot be overestimated. "Give me a year, by golly, and we'll put them on the run," Magsaysay will declare, hopefully. But his chances depend as much on what happens down in Manila, in the president's palace, and in the procrastinating, bickering Philippine Congress, as on what takes place in the jungle.

Magsaysay knows this. The Americans are aware of it too. Undoubtedly Stalin and Mao Tse-tung also know it.

For despite the innate freedom-loving nature of the Filipinos, and the fact that their ardent Catholicism is a powerful antidote to Communism, it's been shown elsewhere that a hard core of Communist leadership, with just enough misinformed "popular" support, can take over a country while the democracies are caught looking. THE END

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"Flavor of Romance and Spice of Danger"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Marib was the capital of Saba, or Sheba as the Bible calls it. Saba was one of the four spice kingdoms. The others were Ma'in, Hadhramaut and Qataban. The objective of our expedition, geographically, was the Beihan Valley, which had been the center of Qataban, and the ruins of its capital, Timna.

Sheba and Ma'in occupied land which is now Yemen, part of Saudi Arabia and the western division of the Aden Protectorate. The Kingdom of Hadhramaut extended through what is now the eastern part of the Protectorate of Aden—roughly, the huge wadi of the Hadhramaut. To reach Beihan, which lies behind the almost impenetrable mountains at Arabia's southwestern corner, we had to traverse part of the east-west Wadi Hadhramaut, and we soon learned why the Book of Genesis refers to it as Hazarmaveth—the "enclosure of death."

Tales of Arab Killings

Sometimes, as our trucks rattled over the so-called road through the steaming heat and we listened, here and there, to tales of Arab killings, I wondered why I'd ever left the sidewalks of New York. It was in New York, before the shining desks of businessmen, and moneyed audiences, that I'd raised most of the cash for the expedition.

By telephone and letter I gathered my personnel and stuffed the members aboard ship and plane. The group consisted of American and European scientists, and a few students, all of whom would work in the field for little or nothing.

There was Professor Albright, chairman of the Oriental Seminary at The Johns Hopkins University. He is sixty and fearless to the point of carelessness. His reputation among the Bedu is impressive enough to bring them riding in for miles each day to watch his performance. This includes, besides tireless work, teetering on tops of shaky walls and ignoring the most vicious of snakes and spiders.

There was William Terry, noted World War II photographer and our field director; for the early part of the field work Charles Inge, Aden's Director of Antiquities, who chiefly influenced Professor Albright and me to begin digging at Timna instead of the many other possible sites in south Arabia; Dr. Alexander Honeyman, professor of Oriental studies at Scotland's University of St. Andrews; Dr. Albert Jamme, professor of Oriental studies at Tunis University; Dr. Friso Heybroek, geologist from The Hague; Dr. Richard Le Baron Bowen, engineer-archaeologist from Providence, Rhode Island; Kenneth Brown, University of California student; Mrs. William Terry, one of the world's foremost women explorers; Dr. Louis Krause and Dr. James McNinch, both from the University of Maryland and both of whom ran our friend-making dispensary in the Beihan; Charles McCollum, of Concord, California, our chief of motor transport; George Farrier, of Glendale, California, my assistant, and Octave (Ocky) Romaine, of New York, our photographer.

The expedition to Beihan last spring and another following it this year are the achievements of a new organization, The American Foundation for the Study of Man. It was created last year after long and careful planning. I head it as president and Professor Albright is first vice-president. Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Samuel F. Pryor, Jr., Lowell Thomas, Brigadier General T. A. McInery, S. Bayard Colgate, Charles Nager, of New York, and James K. Moffitt, of San Francisco, are its directors.

We were without question the world's best-equipped expedition. We were push-buttoned, refrigerated, motorized and armed like Marines. We traveled half around the world, set up camp in Beihan and hired 200 Arabs to dig and haul sand. Then, while Qataban waited for its unveiling, Charles McCollum, chief of motor transport, ran up to me with the awful truth.

"Wendell, I've looked everywhere and there ain't any."

"Ain't any what?" I roared, my blood beginning to run cold.

"There ain't any shovels. There ain't any hoes. There ain't any baskets."

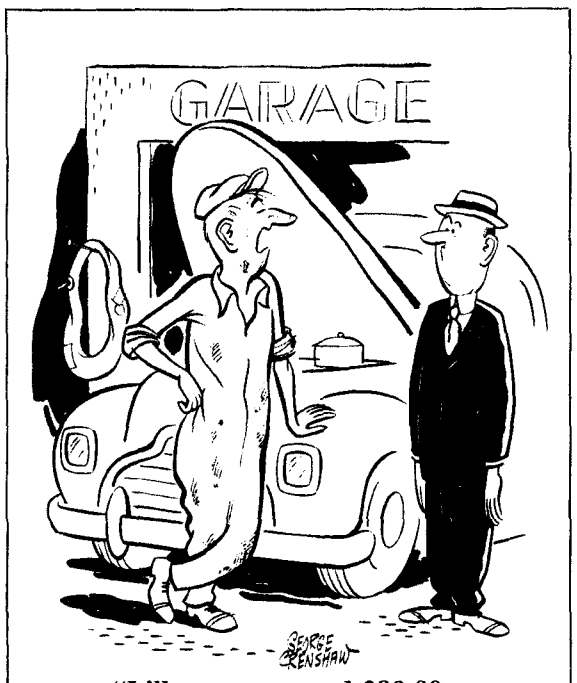
We finally got what we needed by scrounging through the city of Aden and assorted Arab villages. The baskets, which were used to carry sand, were the toughest problem. They had to be made.

Raising the rest of the money we needed was rougher than getting the equipment. The ship carrying our party was on the high seas with everyone else aboard before Wallace Richards, director of the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, came to my aid. Through his offices the museum agreed to establish a grant-in-aid and arranged to exhibit our south Arabian finds. E. Roland Harriman, Alan and Sarah Scaife, H. J. Heinz II, the A. W. Mellon Charitable and Educational Trust and many others gave us major financial aid, too.

Finally solvent, Gladys Terry, our business manager, and I were able to take a plane for Aden. In London, en route, we were interviewed by the press. Here, beautiful, blond Gladys stole the show.

The Daily Mail carried an eight-inch picture of her with this caption: Fourteen Men and Girl Hunt Queen of Sheba.

"An American girl with the figure of a mannequin and the determination of a prize fighter will fly to the lost world of Sheba," said the Mail. Then, quoting me, it continued: "Nobody knows what we may find. We do not expect to discover the remains of the Queen of Sheba sitting in her bath holding hands with King Sol-



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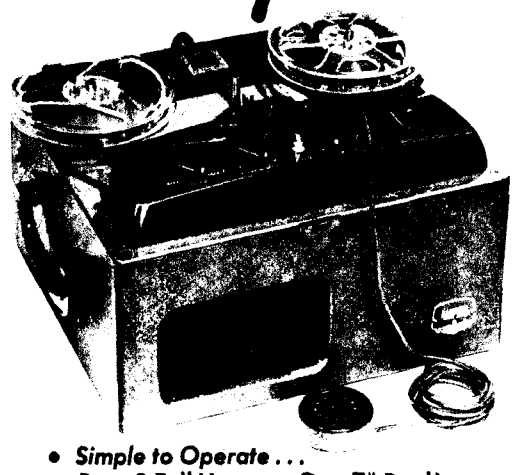

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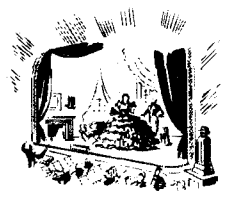

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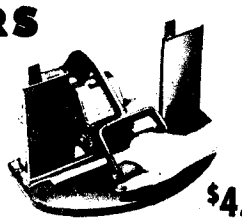

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omon. But we hope to find her remains."

There is no reason to doubt, as many do, that she actually existed. It should be confirmed by archaeology soon and we hope to be the first. Archaeology has already established King Solomon as a real person who reigned from 961 to 922 B.C.

Much tradition and fantasy has been woven around this queen, who appears in *First Kings* and *Chronicles*. She came to Solomon, the Bible says, and "gave the King a hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices a very great store, and precious stones: there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

The Queen of Sheba's trip to Jerusalem, around 950 B.C., coincided with the greatest expansion of camel caravan trade in ancient history, and it's more than likely that she, as head of south Arabia's wealthiest and most powerful state, made the trip to help establish the spice route as well as to see Solomon.

Most of the incense trees grew in southern and eastern Hadhramaut. Teardrops of hardening sap were peeled from trunks of myrrh and frankincense trees, loaded on camels and carried nearly 2,000 miles to the Mediterranean. The route generally took them west through the Hadhramaut, then north adjacent to the eastern shore of the Red Sea. We would try to follow part of it on our way to the Beihan Valley.

After London, Gladys and I flew to the city of Aden, which is the Protectorate's capital, and there I had a difficult audience with the governor, Sir Reginald Champion. I had made a preliminary visit to Aden some months before while looking for an archaeological site and had at that time got permission to go into the Beihan Valley from the acting governor, since Sir Reginald was in England. Sir Reginald's first words when he saw me were:

"Young man, if I had been in Aden when you were here last, the expedition would never have been allowed to enter. There are just too many political and security problems involved in the areas you wish to explore."

He paused and I cleared my throat for action.

"However," the governor continued, smiling now, "so long as you and your party have arrived, I wish you welcome."

Sir Reginald was not being difficult. The British co-operated in every way they could. They gave us a guard of 15 government Arab soldiers, commanded by one of the toughest men in Aden, and a letter to show all interior Arab officials that our mission was neither military nor commercial, but purely scientific.

Warned Against Ambushers

This was important. The south Arabian will kill a man driving a truck if he thinks the truck is taking "trucking" business away from him and his camel. We were warned before we started to keep our eyes peeled for riflemen who might be waiting for us behind rocks.

The discovery of oil in northern Arabia has all but put the camel out of the transportation business, an economic disaster of the first water. Most Arabs in south Arabia can't afford the initial cost of a truck, let alone its upkeep. Trucks can't live on twigs and thorns, go for days without water, and provide food and hair for weaving when they are through as beasts of burden. Only the well-heeled are beneficiaries of the new deal, and the camel owner in Aden, still pretty much undamaged by the competition of the truck, is ready to fight.

But the chief danger along our inland course lay in the dispute over territories between the Yemen and the British. I had already received a letter from official Yemeni sources.

"It is to be noted," said this letter, "that incidents (of violence) taking place in areas of the southern regions of Yemen have so disturbed the people of that area that travel might prove hazardous in some of the remote parts."

From Aden, where I'd flown from London to catch up with our ship, we plied east by sea along the brown coast of Mukalla, a very old seaport that, like the gypsy girls, looks beautiful only from a distance. Close in, the buildings which had seemed to gleam whitely on the edge of the blue water now only glared grayly, and the odors of drying fish and an extremely unsanitary city crowded out the smell of clean salt air.

Low wooden dhows snaked out toward us, lazily propelled by long Arab oars, and we began the ticklish job of balancing our trucks to shore on them. Dhows have all the stability of a birchbark canoe and we nearly lost a power wagon when one shifted suddenly at dockside, parted its moorings and began to tip. The truck was going down stern first when someone got a rope around its bumper and winched it out of the wet.

Much more serious was the customs hurdle I had to clear that morning. A road-building program was on Aden's planning boards and we were asked to contribute to it as the price of our entry.

"Okay," I said to Jehan Khan, Indian-born finance secretary to the Mukalla government. "How much?"

"I suggest that £16,200 would do," Khan said in his excellent English.

I looked at Charles Inge, who'd accompanied me to Khan's office. "That's 50,000 American," I said. "We haven't got it. What's he want to do, start an expedition of his own with all that dough?"

Inge laughed, and in a matter of hours we'd worked out something. The Mukalla government would be satisfied if we gave it a steam roller or a road grader, and when it developed I had neither on me at the moment, Khan agreed to accept my IOU. I'm happy to say that this season I've been able to make good.

That Sunday afternoon we had an audience with his highness, Sir Salih bin Ghalib al Qu'aiti, Sultan of Shihr and Mukalla and the highest chieftain in the eastern half of the Protectorate. He summoned us to dinner that evening.

As long as I live, I'll never forget standing to the left of His Highness, introducing members of the expedition.

The sultan was a man of wide interests who spoke fair English and wrote books on philosophy, science and religion. He liked modern equipment, and had equipped his palace with fluorescent lights and a wire recorder. As I was seated beside him at dinner, the first question His Highness asked was directed to me. It was completely over my head. He wanted to know—of all things—the specific gravity of the newest metals for jet planes. I referred the matter to Terry.

"Hey, Bill," I called across the wide dinner table, and he came over. Terry knows about things like that.

We got started the next morning, Monday, February 20th. Our caravan roared out through the city's gate about noon and, moving in column, began the first steep climb inland.

Our course would take us north, over a series of high plateaus collectively called the Jol, to the Wadi Hadhramaut. We would turn then and, skirting the southern edge of the desert, Ramlat Sabatain, go west until we reached the southern end of the Wadi Beihan.

Cities under Desert Sands

The Ramlat Sabatain is a vast unbroken triangular sea of sand on whose rocky shores three of the four ancient kingdoms of south Arabia once thrived—Ma'in on the north, Hadhramaut on the east, Sheba and Qataban on the south. Marib, Sheba's capital, sat on the northwest corner of this no man's land, and Timna on the southwest corner. Both cities are now under sand that blows everywhere in modern, poorly irrigated south Arabia.

From the end of Roman times, around 500 A.D., when Christian Abyssinia, followed by jealous Islam, entered south Arabia to end paganism there, until the 1920s, no more than half a dozen Europeans visited the Hadhramaut. No organized expedition of Americans had ever seen this or the remote Wadi Beihan until we came along.

The Hadhramaut is nearly 400 miles long, bordered by limestone plateaus reaching thousands of feet into the white, hot sky. There is little rain, and when it comes it spends its wealth in the mountains. Water collects there, first in rivulets, then in streams and finally in torrents that sweep down from on high and roar through the wadis, carrying everything before them.

Crossing the high and chilly Jol, we were careful to protect ourselves against truck-hating Arabs. Each night Mubarak Abdulla, captain of our guards, arranged

"Maybe you wouldn't irritate these guys so much if you'd just stop referring to yourself as a 'pugilist'"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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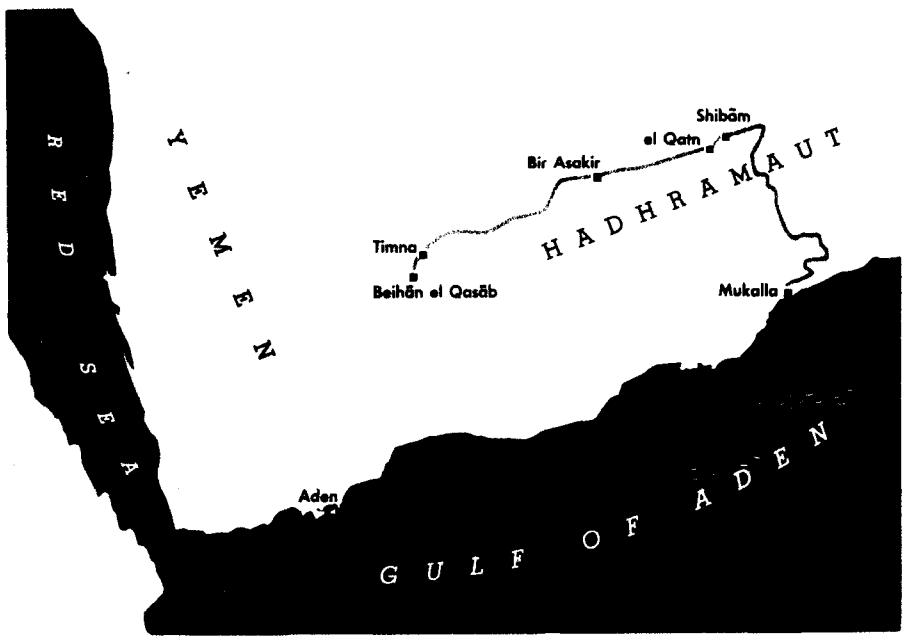

AL TARTER

Route to Beihan took Phillips' expedition through "the enclosure of death"—a near-impenetrable mountain area in east Hadhramaut

our vehicles in a hollow square, as the pioneers did with their covered wagons, and mounted machine guns on the tailboards.

We thought we were in for trouble on our third day. The wheelway on the Jol is only wide enough for a single vehicle. On each side the terrain is full of small boulders and very rough. I was driving the lead vehicle, a reconnaissance truck, when I noticed a cloud of dust up ahead. It soon turned into two locust-control trucks. Locusts are thick in Arabia. They hang from bushes in clusters and Arabs pluck them like berries and pop them, still kicking, into their mouths.

The trucks stopped in front of me and four Arabs, carrying their rifles, climbed out. Professor Albright was with me and through him they ordered us to back off the road. Now I could see no sense to having 16 trucks get out of the way for two. I said so. One Arab shifted his rifle. For a minute I thought: This is it.

Then I heard Mubarak's voice as he walked up from the power wagon which had just stopped behind me.

"Put that rifle down," he shouted in Arabic.

The man lowered his gun, and said, "Who are you?"

"I am Captain Mubarak Abdulla," said Mubarak. "If you don't get out of the way I'll fill your heads with holes, all of you."

When His Guest Was Murdered

The four Arabs moved to obey with alacrity. Mubarak's reputation is widespread in the Hadhramaut. Once he sent a guest to a wedding at the encampment of an uncle. The guest was murdered. When word of this came back to Mubarak he bought a new rifle and a quantity of ammunition and set out to avenge his name, according to his rights under tribal law.

By the end of another year Mubarak's conscience was at ease again. He had killed the three members of his family who had been responsible.

He rode regularly beside Gladys and although, as pacesetter, she often got out of sight around a turn or over a hill, I never worried about her. I was sure she would be safe as long as Mubarak drew breath. For he was a tremendous admirer of her driving. To an Arab, anyone who can drive or fly is a superior person, and Gladys is terrific, either at the wheel of a truck or the controls of a plane.

During the expedition I led two years ago for the University of California she drove a six-by-six Army truck from Cairo to Cape Town, 5,000 miles; and she set a record in the Middle East by making six trips in 10 days from Cairo to Mount Sinai last year. Jefferson Caffery, the American Ambassador to Egypt, who made one of those trips with her, couldn't get over it.

A cool veteran of the safari, Gladys took everything in her stride. Her pacesetting was so expert that not a truck blew a tire or broke a spring on the rocky road to Beihan, a feat I would have thought impossible.

Her power wagon led the motor caravan regularly, while I shot around in an Army reconnaissance truck from wadi wall to rock outcropping. My chief training is in paleontology, and the marvelously exposed geological formations fascinated me. Some of them date back to the time when the earth was nothing more than a naked, wind-whipped ball of rock.

I was in front when we first saw Shibam, city of tall buildings and strife. The heat was blistering at the noon hour when my truck gained the top of a rise and the city's panorama suddenly spread before me. Even our leather-skinned Bedouin guards were wilting. The desert danced around us in the shimmering haze and the city's towers seemed to hang in the air, floating with silvery detachment over the sand.

Shibam is called the Chicago of the Hadhramaut for no better reason than that its buildings are the tallest in the interior. They push 9 and 10 stories above the walls that surround the town and protect it from the desert tribes. For there are two kinds of Bedouins, the city dwellers and the nomads.

Only the insecurities of mud, mixed with straw and camel dung and reinforced with wood floor beams, keep the buildings from going still higher. The height is for added protection and is not necessarily due to the cost of building lots in Shibam. The higher you live, physically, the sooner you see your oncoming enemies.

I'd heard the stories of Shibam, one of the bloodiest battlefields in modern Arabia. It was the scene of a century-old struggle for dominance between two great families of Arabs, the Qu'aitis, who finally won, and the Kathiris, who lost their power there. This is the story:

For some now incomprehensible reason Sultan Mansur, the Kathiri ruler of Shibam, in 1830 permitted much of the city's property to be purchased by the Qu'aitis. Then, when everyone was nicely settled, he had a change of heart. The newcomers became "intruders" and he began to put the sword to them. That started it. Some of the Qu'aitis got away, came back with an army and finally forced Mansur to divide Shibam between their side and his.

Mansur Catches a Tartar

Things went quietly for a time until the unpredictable Mansur, again spoiling for a fight, slyly invited three important Qu'aitis to dinner. Gunpowder was on his menu, but no one was fooled. The three scheduled for liquidation turned up with a much larger party than Mansur had planned for and the struggle began again. In the end Mansur wound up with his throat slit from ear to ear. From that time on, the remaining Kathiris in the district have been slowly, inexorably exterminated.

Until the so-called Peace of Ingrams a few years ago, when the British put a stop to organized killing, it was never safe to walk or ride alone by day in Shibam. Every man's home was his fort. If you were poor, you killed your own enemies. If you were rich you hired men to do it.

The assassins were always rewarded, either with money or death, and sometimes both. When the decimation of one family had gone too far, the losers usually tried to settle with the winners. They would arrange a great feast and as a part of the festivities seek terms for the payment of blood money. Family fortunes would sometimes be wiped out before a vendetta could be ended.

In spite of Mubarak's protective presence during our trip into Beihan, I got two bad frights one day, first over Gladys, and, right on the heels of that, over the fate of our whole party. We had passed Shibam and reached the lonely fort of Bir Asakir. We were to spend the night there.

As we got out of the trucks, about 20 of the small, dark women of the desert Bedouin, who'd brought their tribe's camels to Asakir's well, crowded around Gladys. The women poked and tugged at her strange-looking slacks and white blouse, pushing one another to get close. The jostling alarmed me, but as I hurried toward the scene I saw with relief that the native girls were going to be gentle, that theirs was a friendly if poorly controlled curiosity. Gladys looked surprised at first and then began to laugh. As she laughed the crowd drew away a little, forming a tight circle around her to nudge one another, stare and occasionally giggle at the golden-haired stranger.

Then suddenly from out over the sand country of the Wadi Hadhramaut came a scattered crackling of rifle fire, the staccato signal of trouble we'd feared ever since leaving Mukalla. I looked quickly in the direction of the racket and then raced for my rifle. Because in the distance I could see a cloud of kicked-up sand. In its midst were unmistakably the swaying figures of hard-riding camelmen.

On the barren site of fabled Timna, Wendell Phillips' expedition dug its way into the third century B.C., and found the remains of a people who had been called "Children of the Moon God." The author tells of his findings in next week's Collier's. Order a copy at your newsstand now

Next Week

What Truman Would Do to Congress

By JONATHAN DANIELS

For Rainbows—Fish the Fast Waters

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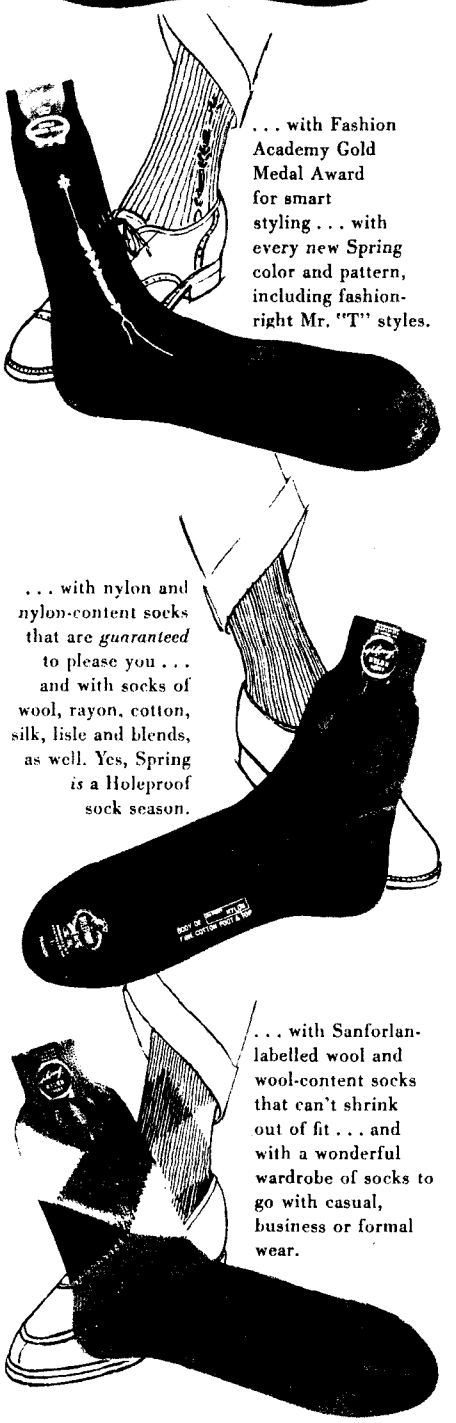

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The Little Things

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

and thrust it at Joanie's mouth, which immediately clamped shut like a small handbag. "I wouldn't know," Fran said sharply. "I only get out of the house to remove the garbage."

Joe looked up abruptly. He opened his mouth and closed it again. "I met Connie Sloane," he said. He turned back to the cord. "She's sort of a traveling saleswoman for some cosmetic firm; she's only in town for a day or two."

Fran's hand, holding the spoon, tightened. "Connie Sloane?" she said. "The girl you used to go with?" But she didn't need his answer. She knew that Joe had gone out with Connie for about a year—just before Fran had come into his life. Sometimes, she kidded Joe about Connie. "How come she threw you over?" she would say. "You, the prize catch of Beaver Falls?" And Joe would grin and say: "I guess she had other strings to her bow. Connie was always headed for the big time."

Now Fran stirred in her chair. "Is she married?" she said.

"No. I guess you'd call her a career woman." Joe straightened and threw down the screw driver. "I thought it would be nice if we had her over for dinner tonight or tomorrow. She seemed awfully anxious to meet you."

"Oh, fine, fine," Fran said. A far greater amount of egg had landed on the outside of Joanie's face than had gone inside; Fran controlled her exasperation with an effort, and scraped back her chair. "Dinner company is all I need. I'm so tired now that I—"

"You're always tired," Joe broke in. He stood looking at her with a queer expression. "Maybe you ought to see a doctor."

"I don't need a doctor," Fran snapped. "A six-week cruise to Bermuda is all I really need." And then something in Joe's face made her suddenly ashamed. "Oh, Joe, don't mind me. It's just the house and the kids and the rain." She sighed. "Maybe I wasn't cut out to be a housewife; maybe I was meant to be a career woman, too."

HE WENT into the hall to get his hat and coat. "You do too much," he said. "You're a perfectionist. You're not satisfied just to have the house clean; you want it sanitary, like a hospital. Sometimes, I expect to find a couple of interns coming down the hall." He put on his coat and reached for his umbrella.

"I can't help being the way I am," Fran said. "I was brought up to want things just so." The two children had started yelling in the kitchen and she turned her face away from Joe. "Stop that!" she shouted to the children. "Go up and play in your room!" Joe was bending over to peck at her cheek; he was saying something but she hardly heard him. Her mind was in the kitchen, where she had left a sharp knife on the table. She mumbled good-by to Joe and headed toward the kitchen. . . .

After she had finished the breakfast dishes, she went upstairs and started the beds. The back doorbell shrilled twice, and she went down each time and went up again. Upstairs for the third time, she heard Roger beginning to play his piece on the piano in the living room, and at the sound, her teeth gritted. Roger had only taken lessons for a month but he already knew one piece to which he was slavishly devoted. It was called Dancing Butterflies and he could play it for an hour, over and over again, and still find the melody fresh.

Now he played the notes loud and clear, and each one crashed hideously against her ears. Dum-dee; dee-dee dum; dum-dum tiddly dee. At the end, with scarcely a pause, he started over again. Dum-dee—

Fran stood motionless with the pillow in her hand, a little muscle twitching in her cheek. Dum-dee; dee-dee dum— Finally she walked out to the landing. "Roger!" she called down. "You don't have to practice today!"

The notes did not stop, but Roger's voice rose above them. "That's okay!" he yelled. He sounded cheerful. "I like to play!"

Dum-dee—Fran clenched her hands and then yelled: "Play it different, for a change! Play it backward—skip every two notes! Anything—but just change it around!" With a very red face, she went back into the bedroom.

Later, he came upstairs. "Mom," he said. He walked over to the window and gazed out, his hands in his pockets. "If a person gets to be famous and gives a concert at Carnegie Hall, do they send flowers even if it's a man?"

Fran said, "I think only ladies get them." As she looked at Roger, she was touched. He was lost in dreams as he stood there, his round, freckled face bemused. No doubt, she thought, he's picturing himself on the stage, playing Dancing Butterflies before a packed, hushed audience. She had dreamed crazy dreams like that, too; all kids did. She always meant to sound out Roger on some of his but there never seemed to be time—like now. "I've got to go down and start lunch," she said.

At the thought of Joanie and the coming meal, the thing inside her tightened again. It was always a terrible ordeal getting one decent meal into the little girl, who was so sallow and thin—Fran shook her head as she started down the stairs. A sparrow, she thought, could get rickets on what she eats every day.

She started the chicken and the telephone rang; it was somebody representing a charity she never heard of, asking for some old clothes. "I'm sorry," Fran said. "We're wearing them." She went back to the lunch and while she was peeling potatoes there was a bump upstairs followed by a piercing scream. Still clutching the potato knife, Fran bounded up the stairs. It turned out to be a small cut on Joanie's knee as a result of a fall. Time out for iodine, more screaming, a makeshift bandage. The back doorbell rang and she went downstairs again. The cleaners. She went upstairs for Joe's blue suit. She came down again and gave it to the boy. The peas had boiled over, making a mess on the floor. As she was mopping it up, Roger began to play his piece again. Dum-dee—

Fran took five deep deliberate breaths, telling herself that she mustn't give way to nerves; then she went on seasoning the peas. When she called Roger, he sat down and, as usual, ate quickly and stolidly. Watching, Fran thought: He stows it away like a preacher at a free church supper. She let him finish and leave; it was Joanie's turn now, and Joanie's mealtimes were always an ordeal. "Peace and quiet," the books on children advised. "The meal hour should be one of relaxation and enjoyment."

Fran added more butter and cream to the mashed potatoes; she cut the breast of chicken into small, inviting pieces; she spooned up the bright peas. "Joanie!" she called out. "Your lunch is ready, dear!"

AFTER three calls, Joanie finally came into the room very slowly, as if she were entering a death chamber. Fran put the steaming dish on the table, and smiled brightly. "Will you look at this *delicious* lunch!" she cried.

Joanie came closer and saw the brimming plate. She recoiled as if she were looking at the Loch Ness monster. "I just want a banana," she whined.

"Nonsense!" Fran said sharply. "A banana isn't lunch!" She immediately toned down her voice. "Now sit down, darling, and while you eat, I'll tell you a story."

Joanie brightened. "About a cowboy," she said. She sat down and picked up the spoon, holding it like a scepter.

"All right. Once upon a time—fill your spoon, Joanie." She paused, while Joanie fished around interminably and finally came up with two peas. "Once upon a time—Put it in your mouth—there was a cowboy named Big Bad Bill. He lived way out on a ranch— Swallow." Pause. "Well, sir, it was the biggest ranch you ever saw, and one day— Fill your spoon, Joanie." The little girl trailed the spoon vaguely through the mashed potatoes.

"There's no shooting in it," Joanie complained. "I like a story with shooting in it."

Fran began to put some shooting in it; she added a band of cattle rustlers, a brave white horse and a gun fight behind the rocks. The trouble was, Joanie forgot about the food before her; and sat there staring up at Fran, her eyes dark and intent. Fran immediately killed off the cattle rustlers and introduced a small, spotted calf and a little girl; she described how they loved to play together in a daisy field. Joanie's eyes drooped and she began to pile the potatoes and peas together, patting the whole thing efficiently with the back of her spoon as if she were making a sand pile.

COLLIER'S

"That raise I asked for—your son wants me to elope—or do I get it?"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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Fran gave up the story and seized the spoon wordlessly, the line of her jaw rigid. The food, which had looked so steaming and appetizing a half hour ago, was now a soggy mess. It seemed to Fran that there was more on the plate now than there had been when Joanie had started.

She took a deep breath. She filled the spoon generously and held it out. "Take a bite for a poor little girl," she said. "She's starving, this poor little girl." It was an old stratagem, an appeal to the child's sense of charity—and it never worked.

Joanie turned her head away. "I'm not hungry," she said.

Fran tried another dodge: a whimsical one. "Take a bite for Uncle Charlie," she said. "He would be so happy."

Joanie shook her head. "He didn't bring me anything last time," she said.

Suddenly it was too much. The hell with child psychology; if Drs. Gesell and Spock didn't like it, they knew what they could do. Fran threw the spoon on the table and stood up, breathing heavily as she stared down at her daughter. "Then take a bite for your country!" she shouted. "Take a bite for the American flag!" Her eyes were hot and her throat hurt. 'I don't care if you're four feet tall when you're twenty-one, do you hear? I don't care if you turn green with beriberi. You don't deserve any better!"

Joanie scraped back her chair. She looked frightened. "I don't like you," she said thickly. "You're not my real mommy." She stared up, her lower lip quivering. "My real mommy is Mrs. Hermann across the street. She never hollers at me."

Fran stared at her, curiously shaken. She opened her mouth to say something but the doorbell rang and, walking like a somnambulist, she went to answer it. In the hall, she realized that her whole body was trembling. Something is wrong with me, she thought—something terrible has happened. I never used to be like this before.

WHEN she opened the door, she saw a young woman standing before her. She had a rather lovely face and dark hair, curling neatly under a small hat. She wore a beautifully cut suit and a broad detachable fur collar.

"Mrs. Blair?" she said. She smiled—a very sincere smile and, Fran acknowledged grudgingly, a very attractive one. "I'm Connie Sloane. Perhaps Joe mentioned seeing me—he said he was going to."

Fran stared, a little foolishly and perhaps even rudely. "Well, hello!" she said. Her voice sounded hoarse. "Come in, won't you?" She was suddenly conscious of the fact that she hadn't touched her hair or looked at her face since early morning.

"I know this is unforgivable of me," the young woman said as they entered the hall together. "I should have called you first, of course. But I didn't know until a little while ago if I'd have time to look in on you at all before my train left. And then, in the taxi, I found that I had a good thirty minutes." She took a deep breath. "I was so anxious to see Joe's wife and children—and I knew I might never have the chance again. So I just came along."

She looked breathless and so appealing that Fran, reluctantly, found herself liking this young woman.

"I'm glad you did," Fran said. "Let's go inside and sit down." And she thought: How lovely she is. I don't blame Joe for falling for her; he must have suffered plenty when she let him go.

"Joe told me about your work," she said as they went inside. "It sounds terribly exciting."

"Exciting?" Connie sat down. She was smiling a little.

The children sidled in, looking shy. Connie grinned and held out her hands. She talked to the kids, easily, naturally, without a trace of patronage. In a few moments, they were giggling; in a few more moments Joanie was reciting her poem about the rabbit, and Roger showed off shamefully and sang a chorus of his Day Camp song. All the while, Fran found her eyes wandering to Connie again and again. Why did she come? She wondered: Why was she so anxious to meet me and the kids?

Connie leaned back and sighed after the children had been sent upstairs. "They're wonderful," she said. "They're—fun. You should be proud of them—they're nice-looking kids."

Then for a moment the room was very quiet. Fran stared at Connie. "Tell me about your work," Fran said, with labored politeness.

They talked for a few minutes. Connie looked down at her watch and stood up. "I've got to go." She sighed. "I always seem to be going somewhere; I'm the original whirling dervish—always catching a train, packing a bag in some hotel room, unpacking it in another. It's an interesting job but it's a lonely life; there are no roots in it." She looked at Fran. From upstairs, they could hear the children laughing and shouting.

FOR the first time, Fran noticed that Connie's eyes were tired. "Look," Fran said. "Why did you really come, Connie?"

Connie flushed; she drew in her breath. "Because," she said, "I wanted to see the girl Joe chose for his wife instead of me."

Fran gaped at her, wondering what kind of joke it was. "I don't understand," she said. "I thought—I thought you were the one who threw Joe over."

Connie smiled again, a skeptical, very honest smile. "Joe just let you believe that, because he's such a gentleman." She sighed. "I loved Joe. I would have taken him like a shot if he had asked me. Maybe he would have—I don't know. But you came along, and—" Connie made a little gesture with her hand. "Exit, smiling, for Connie Sloane. I suppose I ought to hate you, but I don't."

For a moment, they stood looking at each other; then Connie picked up her gloves. "I really must go." She held out her hand. "Good-by," she said. Then she was gone. Connie was gone; she would never come back again.

Fran heard the children running around upstairs; she heard Roger's voice calling out: "You go first, Joanie!" In a few hours, Fran would fix a good dinner in the bright kitchen and Joe would come home. . . .

Fran was dizzy for a minute; she felt like throwing up, but she knew that would be a waste of time. She closed her eyes—and then she opened them again. She moved; her step quickened. She ran into the hall. "Roger!" Fran called up the stairs. "Joanie! Come on down! We're going to have a birthday party!"

She heard the children running to the landing; she saw their astonished faces peering down. "Whose birthday is it?" Roger shouted.

"Yours!" Fran said. She laughed, irresponsibly, and threw her hands up in the air. "Joanie's! Mine, maybe!" She felt as giddy as a child.

In the kitchen, she poured ginger ale into cocktail glasses and added a cherry as the kids pressed close to her. She made pancakes with jelly, brought out cookies, set out colored plates. She proposed a toast, and they clinked the cocktail glasses. Fran lighted an imaginary cake and they blew out imaginary candles; she invented an imaginary guest named Hubert, who kept spilling everything on his clothes. Fran had never heard the children laugh so much; she had never seen their faces so shining. . . .

Later—much later—when the children had gone to bed, Fran heard Joe opening the front door. She took a deep breath and went out into the hall. "Hi, Joe," she said. He was fumbling in the closet, hanging up his coat and hat. Fran thought he looked tired; she had an irrational impulse of pity toward him.

"Hi," he said. "How goes it?" He bent over to give her a stingy kiss. "Kids all right?"

"They're fine." Fran felt a little sick. It all seemed so perfunctory—Joe's greeting, his kiss. She shook her head.

As he started for the living room, she followed him. "Joe," she said. "You know

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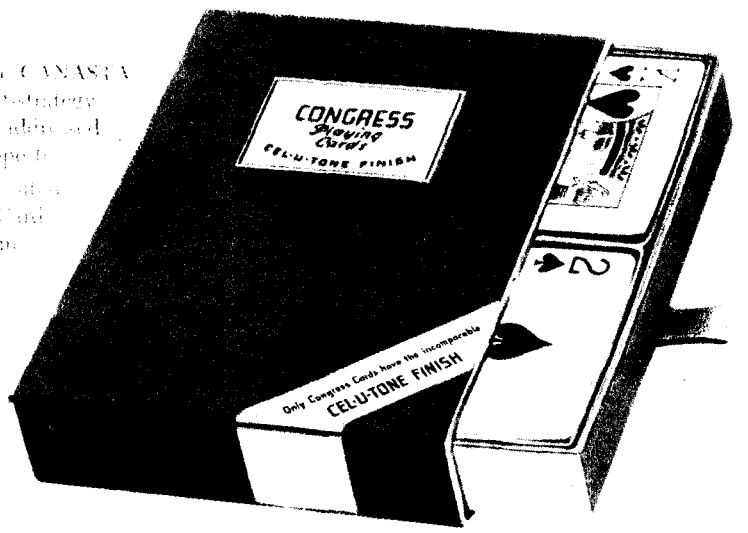

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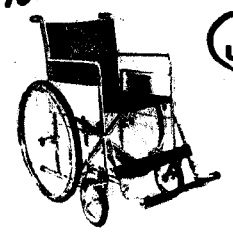

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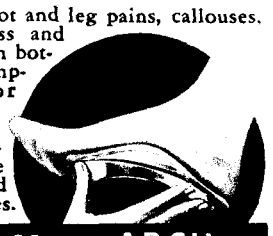

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who was here this afternoon? Connie Sloane."

He turned around. "Yeah?" he said, reasonably surprised. "How did you like her?"

"I liked her fine. I thought she was lovely." Fran hesitated. "She must have been a real beauty—eleven years ago."

"She was." Joe walked over to the window. He seemed anxious not to remember how Connie looked. "She was the best-looking girl in town."

"Joe—" Fran groped for words that wouldn't make her seem a fool. "Joe, how come you picked me instead of Connie?"

He turned slowly and looked at her, smiling. "Who can explain those things? You just—had something for me, that's all."

She looked up at him. "But what was it?" she whispered. "What was it I had, Joe?"

"Oh—" He was still smiling, uncertainly. "You made me laugh. You always made me feel good, I guess."

Tears suddenly glazed Fran's eyes. She shook her head. "Oh, Joe," she said. "I'm such a dope. Half the time, I can't see the woods for the trees."

"Hey," Joe said. "Take it easy." He started to come over to her, but at that moment the children came bursting into the room; they hurled themselves at him, almost knocking him over. "We had a party!" Joanie shrilled. "A birthday party, Daddy! With cocktails!" And Roger, disengaging himself, ran over to the piano. "Listen to me!" he cried. "Listen to me, everybody!" He sat down and began to play Dancing Butterflies.

"Oh, my Lord," Joe said. "Not that."

Fran suddenly began to laugh; she could not stop. Joe looked at her and he began to laugh, too. From the fireplace, Joanie looked at them both with big, solemn eyes.

Fran stopped laughing. She didn't want to laugh now; all she could see was very beautiful. She saw her husband and her children, accepting one another, and—how odd it seemed—enjoying themselves.

"What's the matter?" Joe asked.

She turned her head and saw Joe looking at her. "Nothing," she said. "I just love you, that's all."

Joe smiled at her, almost as if he understood. For a moment, he didn't say anything and then he smiled. "As a matter of fact," he said. "I love you, too."

They looked at each other. Roger began his third rendition of Dancing Butterflies. They didn't hear him. There were times when even the little things couldn't get in the way. THE END

Gertie and the King of Siam

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

and then broke character and grinned. They could afford to. By then it was apparent the show was in quite capable hands.

As if an astrological guarantee, music by Richard Rodgers, book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein and the artistry of Gertrude Lawrence weren't enough, the show is also an adaptation from one of the great best sellers of the past decade, a book with a demonstrably universal appeal, Anna and the King of Siam, by Margaret Landon. (The title had to be shortened to fit on a theater marquee.) This book has sold over a million copies in its English-language editions, has been translated into 18 foreign languages (including Siamese), and been made into a successful movie, starring Irene Dunne and Rex Harrison.

During the war, when Gertie was entertaining troops at the front under harrowing conditions, she used to say that she could always give a performance so long as she still had her false eyelashes. She has more than false eyelashes to work with now. The production has been staged in a manner to make "lavish" an understatement. When the show opened this week it represented the efforts of the theater's best available talent, and an outlay of over $300,000.

Uncle Tom in Oriental Guise

John van Druten, noted author of The Voice of the Turtle, Bell, Book and Candle and other dramatic hits, skillfully directed the production. Jerome Robbins, an ex-chorus boy now regarded as one of our most creative choregraphers, staged the dances. His delightfully stylized ballet, The Small House of Uncle Thomas (Uncle Tom's Cabin as presented by the dancers of the Siamese court), will be long remembered.

Irene Sharaff, a costume designer who spends Broadway and Hollywood money with equal ease and effectiveness, has stitched up 225 costumes that are noteworthy beyond their beauty. Since the scene is Siam she has, logically and expensively, made her costumes of materials imported from Siam. "Of course," she says, "Dick and Oscar gulped a few times when they saw my budget, but they bore up bravely." It must have taken unusual courage. The Buddhist priests, for example, who appear only fleetingly, wear robes dyed a traditional yellow and woven in a manner especially prescribed for ritualistic garments.

Gertie wears elaborate mid-Victorian costumes keyed to the barbaric splendor of the court's garb. One of the hoop-skirted numbers has a curious background. Miss Sharaff copied it from a gown once worn by Princess Alexandra of Denmark. When Gertie learned of this she looked at Miss Sharaff strangely, then left the room. She came back with a framed photograph of Princess Alexandra, and said, "I've had this picture since I was a child. My father was Danish and my full name is G-e-r-t-r-u-d Alexandra Dagma Klasen. I was named after the princess. Chum, I find this rather uncanny."

Jo Mielziner, one of Broadway's most imaginative designers, has created sets of such lush Oriental beauty that Arthur Segal, whose Studio Alliance builds sets for many Broadway shows, says, "It's probably the most beautiful production we've ever worked on. It couldn't be more lavish—short of using 14-carat gold."

All of this opulence forms a fitting background for this musical version of a true story that was little known, even to historians, before the publication of Mrs. Landon's book in 1944. In 1862, Anna Leonowens, a twenty-seven-year-old English widow living in Bombay, accepted a position as schoolmistress to the 67 children of King Maha Mongkut, in order that she might support herself and her son. She taught for five years in the Royal Palace at Bangkok, where the king lived surrounded by 9,000 female slaves, wives and concubines.

The king, born to a belief in his divinity as a ruler, took slavery and concubinage for granted. Anna's ideal was Abraham Lincoln, and she stanchly defended the innate rights of all human beings to freedom and respect. The two clashed, quite frequently and forcibly. Nevertheless, the king grew strangely dependent upon this young woman who stood up and talked back to him instead of groveling at his feet as his subjects did. Anna, in turn, felt strongly drawn to him, to her great puzzlement.

She never, however, succeeded in winning him over to her concept of humanity. But she did have an impact on him, as is shown in the king's letter which, in the show, bridges their final and most violent quarrel:

"While I am lying here, I think perhaps I die before I see you again, wherefore I write down things that must be said . . . You have spoken truth to me always, and for this I have often lost my temper on you . . . nor do I even give promised raise in salary, but now I do not wish to die without saying this gratitude . . . I think it very strange that a woman shall have been most earnest help of all. But, Mrs. Anna, if I have not always graciously said this before, you must remember that you have been a very difficult woman, and much more difficult than generality."

Winning Freedom for Slaves

During her tenure at the palace Anna helped one of the king's wives translate Uncle Tom's Cabin into Siamese, and saw that wife free her own slaves. And Anna so thoroughly indoctrinated Crown Prince Chulalongkorn with her beliefs that he promised her before she left the country that, "If I live to reign over Siam I shall reign over a free and not an enslaved nation." When Chulalongkorn succeeded to the throne, his first public proclamation was ". . . that from the first day of January, 1872, slavery shall cease to be an institution in our country."

The role of a gravely beautiful English schoolmistress who changed the face of a country is a far cry from the role Gertie

"C'mon, Mabel! I can't waste my time with a doctor who says there's nothing wrong with me!"

COLLIER'S — BANDEL LINN

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played, at fifteen, when she first escaped the anonymity of the chorus. She was touring the English provinces in a revue entitled Miss Plaster of Paris. One skit required, for some now forgotten reason, a pretty girl to sit alone on top of a slim column.

Gertie won the honor because, as she puts it, "Mine was the smallest posterior in the company." Only a few years later she scored her first triumph in this country in Charlot's Revue in which she introduced the now classic Limehouse Blues. In the same show she also appeared in a confection called Cigarette Land, in the role of "A French Cigarette," opposite Beatrice Lillie as "A Scented Cigarette." Theatre Magazine that season ran a picture of Gertie over the caption, "A True Artiste, in Whose Arresting Personality Wistfulness and Roguery Consummate a Perfect Blend."

Since that day the well-blended Miss Lawrence has displayed a dual theatrical personality. In a long series of musical comedies, here and in London, she has won general recognition as the most glamorous woman on the stage—not in the Hollywood seen-at-the-Mocambo sense of the abused word, but in the midnight-supper-with-champagne-and-a-cold-bird tradition. Not that all of Gertie's midnight suppers struck a Viennese waltz mood. The summer she played Gershwin's Oh, Kay! in London, the youngest Indian Prince of Hyderabad became so enamored of her he took a box for the season. He had so many, and such difficult, names that Gertie settled for calling him "Baby."

Baby frowned upon frivolity, and wooed her with eminently practical gifts, such as a jeweled miniature cannon that shot forth a lighted cigar. Then, before his departure, he gave a sumptuous supper at the Savoy. A small gold kidskin bag was at Gertie's place. When she picked it up she felt several small, round hard objects. Ah! she thought, nothing less than emeralds. Or pigeon-blood rubies. Baby beamed and said, "It is something ladies like very much. I hope you like . . ." Gertie pulled the drawstrings, and a handful of the betel nuts Indian women chew to blacken their teeth tumbled into her expectant palm. She has never visited Hyderabad.

The other side of her theatrical personality has been displayed in a group of successful legitimate plays, ranging from Noel Coward's Tonight at 8:30 to George Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion, in which she has proved herself an accomplished and versatile actress. She has also remained blithely impervious to the erosions of time. If Rodgers and Hammerstein needed a column-sitter in this show, Gertie would still get the job.

South Pacific defied tradition in presenting a middle-aged man as a romantic hero. The King and I offers an almost bald-headed man as hero. That Rodgers and Hammerstein seem to have again guessed right was indicated shortly after rehearsals began when a girl in the cast, after thoughtfully studying their choice, licked her lips and sighed, "Uummmmm, catnip."

A Man on the Flying Trapeze

Yul Brynner, who plays the king, is thirty-five, and from the front seems to be as bald as a mandarin. The son of a Romany Gypsy mother and a Mongolian father, he got into the theater literally by accident. At sixteen, he joined the Cirque d'Hiver as an apprentice acrobat and he eventually developed into a flying trapeze artist. During a performance of the circus in Paris he did a somersault off the trapeze platform into the net below. The net had worked loose and instead of throwing him into the air it tossed him against a wall. The 47 fractures he suffered ended his acrobatic career and he became an apprentice again, in the Théâtre des Maturins.

He came to this country in 1940 and learned enough English in three months to join a Shakespearean touring company. After war work as a liaison man with the French underground he went, in 1946, into his only other Broadway show, Sidney Howard's Lute Song, as Mary Martin's leading man. It was Mary who insisted to Rodgers and Hammerstein that Yul was the only actor who could do justice to the role of the violently capricious king. He was auditioned only once, and the part was his.

Over 3,000 actors, dancers and singers were auditioned before the other 59 members of the cast were chosen. Two of the featured players came from the concert stage and the operetta field. Dorothy Sarnoff, the distinguished soprano, is still rather surprised to find herself playing Lady Thiang, the king's head wife. "I had the fullest concert schedule this year I've ever had," she says. "And what do I do? Cancel three quarters of it because I can't resist the chance to play in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show. Not only that, I meekly dye my hair black, to make like a Siamese, when I'd just bought a new mink coat to go with my blond hair."

Doretta Morrow, a lovely young lyric soprano from the operetta field, was equally willing to dye her hair in order to play Tuptim, the concubine whose right to love another man, so fiercely championed by Anna, precipitates the show's climax.

King Had Too Many Children

The big casting problem of the show was the children. To avoid including all 67 of the king's children in the cast, Hammerstein gave the king a line of dialogue which says, "Mrs. Anna, you will teach only children of mothers who are in favor with king—which at the moment are very few, very few indeed." Even so, 14 youngsters, aged seven to fourteen, were required. No show in living memory—Peter Pan has only 8—has used so many children.

Part of the problem was solved by calling back into service a boy and a girl who had previously played, and outgrown, the roles of Jerome and Ngana, the two children in South Pacific. Johnny Stewart was taken from the Rodgers and Hammerstein production of The Happy Time, his hair was dyed black, and the role of the crown prince was filled. A son for Gertie was located at the King-Coit School for professional children, in the person of ten-year-old Sandy Kennedy, winner for the past two years of that school's Katharine Cornell scholarship. When Sandy learned he'd landed the job he demanded an increase from 25 cents to $1 in his weekly allowance, and payment forthwith. Then, his dollar clutched in his hand, he jammed his coonskin hat on his head and rushed out to buy some Siamese stamps.

With a cadre of old pros to strengthen their ranks, Rodgers and Hammerstein then sent out an open call for children of Oriental, Negro and Puerto Rican extraction and, in audition, selected the remaining ten youngsters they needed.

These theatrical neophytes include Baayork Lee, a little girl of eight who has to be careful not to sit on her long pigtails, and who took the whole audition in a very blasé manner, because, "I 'spected to win," and James and Alfonso Maribo, identical twins of eleven who have always been inseparable and of one mind. Now, however, they are beginning to eye each other somewhat suspiciously, since they have both developed a romantic interest in the same beautiful show girl. The show girl, Andrea del Rosario, aged nine, has adroitly managed to keep both of her suitors guessing and interested. Andrea is also, in the age-old tradition of show girls, a very material-minded little creature. Her plans for the future include a mink stole and a washing machine for her mother and an automobile for Dad.

Orlando Rodriguez, a solemn, dignified little Puerto Rican boy of seven, who two years ago spoke no English, is the youngest child in the show. Gerdine Perkins, his second-grade teacher at P.S. 102, is quite astonished that her very bright but equally unassuming pupil should win a part in a

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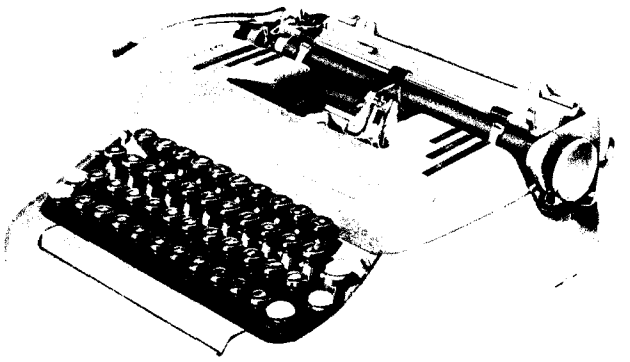

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Broadway show. To the best of her knowledge he has never before filled any more dramatic role in life than that of the monitor who removes the plants from Room 307's window sills when classes end. "He's so completely unobtrusive," she says. Orlando has depths his teacher has not yet plumbed.

As Prince Suk Sawat, Orlando was given a line to speak; he was to exclaim, in utter disbelief, "What? Walk on water!", when Anna describes ice to her tropical charges. A week of rehearsals passed and Orlando still insisted on giving the line an offhand reading; he couldn't get excited about ice, the February streets were filled with it.

Orlando Averts a Tragedy

Director van Druten was in despair. Finally, one afternoon, Van Druten asked little Bunny Warner, ex-South Pacific, to read the line. Bunny gave it a polished, professional reading and Van Druten nodded his head in satisfaction as silence fell over the stage. This was stark tragedy. A brother actor was about to be deprived of his whole speaking part. Suddenly, in this silence, Orlando rose to his feet—all 60 pounds and 49 inches of him—and sang out, loud and clear and authoritatively, "What? Walk on water!"

It was a reading a Barrymore could be proud of. The cast roared with laughter, and Orlando had his precious line restored to him.

Orlando has not only become the darling of the company, he has also become something of a celebrity on Manhattan's East 113th Street. Before two weeks of rehearsal had passed he had memorized most of Anna's and the king's lines and taught the leading lady's part to his six-year-old sister, Elsie. Before The King and I ever opened in New York his neighbors in the 300-block were given nightly, capsule previews of the show in Orlando's living room.

Success, of course, brings new problems into one's life, as Orlando has learned. "I want to buy things with my money," he says. "But I don't know what to buy 'cause there's so much money and so very many things."

Rehearsals began on January 25th, on the barren stage of the Majestic Theater, and continued unrelentingly, day and night, until February 20th.

Then the cast moved to New Haven for six days of dress rehearsals before opening in that city's Shubert Theater on the night of February 26th.

Rehearsals are always monotonous and repetitive but these were enlivened somewhat by the presence in the show of a number of Thespians to whom bubble-gum and magic putty were as important as grease paint. Youngsters disappeared into the dim reaches of the balcony with comic books, or fell asleep in corners while stage managers went about pleading, "Children, children, where are you? You're wanted on stage."

And when they did get on stage there was more than one occasion when Director van Druten was driven to yell out, "Will someone please get those gaw—, goldarned children together and sit on them!" On the whole, though, they were very well behaved—possibly because six or seven mothers were always on hand, ready to whisper harshly, "Child, you think you running this show? Every 10 minutes getting yourself someplace different! Now mind me, stay where you're put."

These rehearsals were different in another respect, too. The air was tainted with none of the pessimism so common to rehearsals. Although it was largely unspoken, the cast and staff seemed to take it for granted they were working on a hit. The only question was: Of what magnitude? Two people were, of course, solely responsible for this air of quiet self-confidence—Rodgers and Hammerstein.

These two unexcelled theater craftsmen are generally thought to have begun writing together in 1942, when they wrote Oklahoma!. They actually wrote their first song together in 1920—Always Room for One More—for the Columbia University Varsity show, Fly with Me.

The hitherto unpublished chorus of their first opus went:

My heart is an airy castle filled with
girls I adore;
My brain is a cloud of memories of
peaches galore.
There was Jane, and Mollie, and Ruth,
and Sue
Camilla, Kit, and Patricia, too:
My heart is filled to the brim with you,
But there's always room for one more.

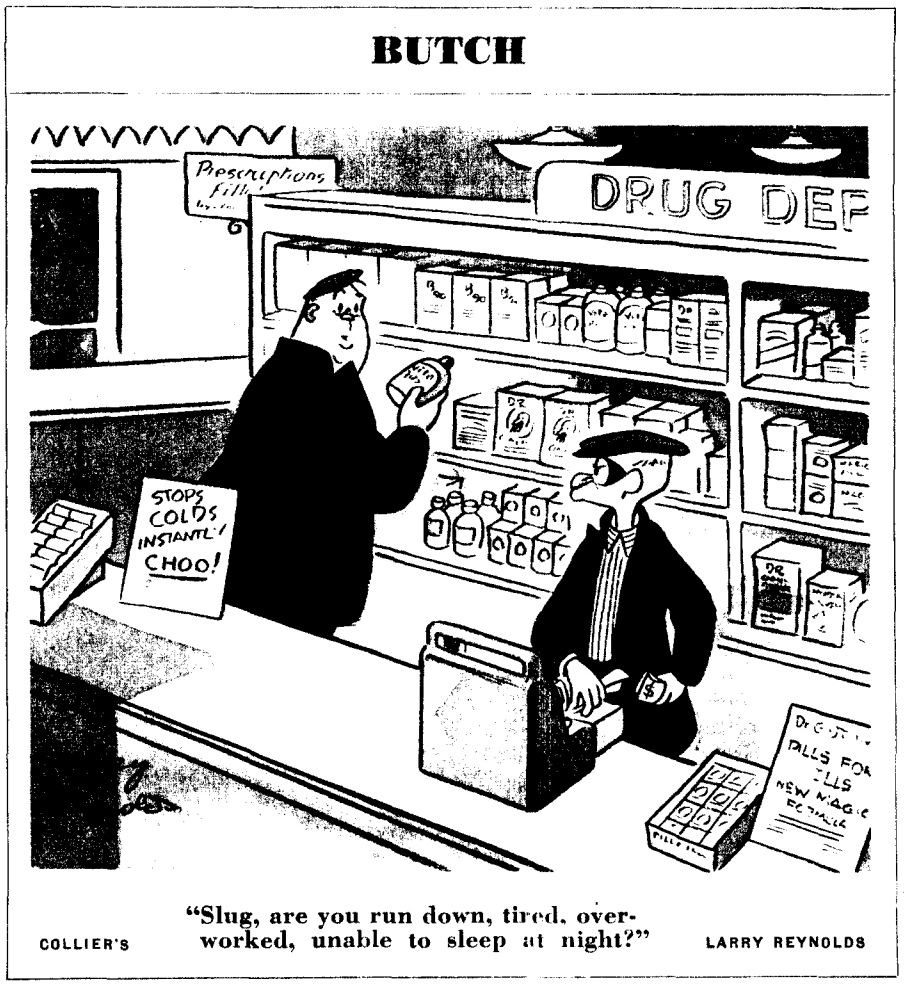
Then, possibly frightened apart by their own handiwork, they went their respective ways, Rodgers to write such hits as Present Arms, A Connecticut Yankee, By Jupiter and Pal Joey; Hammerstein to turn out shows like Rose Marie, The Desert Song and Show Boat. They were reunited by Oklahoma! and then wrote Carousel, Allegro and South Pacific—which wrested from their own Oklahoma! the record for being the greatest hit in American theater history and grossed something like $8,597,000 in its first two years. The team has also found time to present, as producers, such shows as Happy Birthday, Annie Get Your Gun and The Happy Time.

Rodgers, at forty-eight, is short and trim, gray and alert, and looks more like a broker than a composer. Hammerstein, fifty-five, is tall and burly, slow and shaggy, and would look at home at any local grange meeting. Both men have a cheery, confident approach to their work. When a worried stage manager said, "I figure the show runs at least 45 minutes too long," Rodgers grinned and said, "I'll tell you just how we'll fix that. We'll take out the slow stuff."

They seem to have a faculty for fixing anything. When Van Druten wails that he's got to have a musical bridge to cover an entrance for Gertie and lead her into a song, Rodgers looks up from the mail his secretary has brought to the theater and gives a full 30 seconds' thought to the problem. Then he calls to his assistant, at the piano, "Remember that G-sharp, F-sharp figure? All right, keep your bass notes but double your sixteenths in the first four bars, then go back to four bars of eighth notes. That'll give Gertie the feeling and the tempo—then she's off." And he goes back to his mail.

A little later Van Druten stops in the middle of a scene and takes Hammerstein into a corner for a whispered conference. By the time rehearsals are ready to begin the following day Hammerstein is on hand with the scene entirely rewritten, and doubly effective.

If it had been lyrics that needed rewriting the job wouldn't have been done so quickly. Hammerstein "bleeds" over his lyrics for days, and even weeks. "And by a strange coincidence," he says, "my lyrics are better than my dialogue." To which Irving Berlin adds, "The difference between Oscar and the rest of us lyric writers is that he's a poet." Hammerstein approaches his lyrics like a scene writer; they have to build character or advance the story or out they go and to hell with whether or not they could make the Hit Parade.



"Slug, are you run down, tired, overworked, unable to sleep at night?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

Between them, they generally write 24 to 26 songs before they settle on a final 16 for a show. And if a singer has trouble with one of his melodies, Rodgers simply rewrites it to fit the singer's limitations. Helen Hayes had never sung a song on the stage before the number she sang in Happy Birthday. Rodgers found the low key and the high key she could sing most comfortably and then wrote her song between them. Before he composed Ezio Pinza's South Pacific music he went to Pinza's music coach to learn where Pinza's voice was most comfortable, and then wrote all of his music in those ranges, to help the opera singer through the unaccustomed task of singing eight shows a week.

A Musical in the Making

Whenever they write a show the two men spend months talking it over in minute detail before a word of dialogue or a note of music is put on paper. They break the story into scenes, spot the songs and decide on the mood and pace and the characters. Each song is carefully plotted in advance: they decide on its content, length, form, whether a slow $\frac{4}{4}$ would be better than $\frac{4}{4}$ time, the type of melody the situation requires, and what the melody and lyrics are to try to express.

A legend has grown up on Broadway to the effect that Rodgers dashes off his melodies in a matter of minutes, in contrast to the manner in which Hammerstein "bleeds" over the lyrics. It is true that Rodgers is an astonishingly fast composer, and Hammerstein has said of him, "Hand Dick a lyric, then duck."

Rodgers says, "People are always writing about how I wrote such-and-such a song in so many minutes. No one ever explains that I've been walking around for days, probably, composing the damn' song in my head. Take the opening song in Oklahoma!, Oh What a Beautiful Mornin'. There's one I actually did write in about the length of time it took me to read Oscar's lyrics. But for weeks I'd known I was going to open the show, and set its mood, with a gay, simple waltz to be sung by a man walking along full of the joy of living. It was half written before I ever sat down to the piano."

This careful, conscientious preliminary workmanship saves, in the end, considerable wear and tear on the Rodgers and Hammerstein nerves. Most theater writers take a terrific beating during a show's out-of-town tryout period, sitting up night after night at the endless, grueling task of rewriting. But there was very little rewriting done on Oklahoma! and South Pacific and only a fair amount on Allegro. They miscalculated on Carousel and had a big second-act problem to lick while they were out of town. When The King and I opened in New Haven they seemed to be back in stride.

The show ran a good 45 minutes too long, but, now that it had been tested before an audience, its authors were ready "to take out the slow stuff." They were in the happy position of having an overabundance of good things to play with.

Trivial First-Night Mishaps

The world *première*, itself, was uneventfully successful. Of course, the knee pads for the "dogs" in the Uncle Tom ballet failed to arrive and, as a result, the girls who enacted these canine roles left some skin on the rough ground-cloth that covered the stage floor. A dancer sprained her ankle three hours before curtain time, but with her ankle strapped and "frozen" with novocain, she was able to go on, with no one in the audience the wiser. For an opening night, this was well below par for the course.

During the 64 hours of temper-fraying dress rehearsal that consumed the five days before opening night, Gertie threw a fright into the company. She picked up a virus infection germ that laid her up for three days.

Orlando also picked up a germ. When a doctor ordered him to bed his only fear was that his precious line would be taken from him. When a stage manager reassured him, so great was his peace of mind that he was able, during the two days of his invalidism, to find a solution to his pressing problem: what to do with his money. He decided, "I'm going to buy toys, many cowboy clothes, and dinner."

Gertie again proved that there is no substitute for her great talent, despite the fact that even the weight of her voluminous hoop skirts was a severe drain on her in her weakened condition. She gave a performance that led members of the cast to say, "Gertie make a miracle," in paraphrase of a line in the show, "Buddha make a miracle."

In fact, so many miracles were made that Rodgers and Hammerstein, with their wives, Dorothy and Dorothy, gaily joined the after-theater crowd at Kaysey's Restaurant—no all-night rewrite in a smoke-filled hotel room for them.

Obviously, however, you can't satisfy everyone. Of all people, Gertie had a heartfelt complaint to register. "There's one thing I definitely don't like about this show," she told her bosses. "It's just dawned on me that you chaps never give me a chance during the whole show to sit on anything that has a back to it. And me a Victorian lady what has to sit prim and upright. Oh, my aching back!" THE END

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You Get What You Want

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

to organize laboratories for technical research to accomplish the minor miracles which the market researchers keep finding that you expect. For when you do agree among yourselves, it's often to insist on a product's being improved—or at least changed—in some way that the men who first devised it never dreamed of.

Take even so simple an item as peach ice cream. When it first went on sale, it was made with fresh, ripe peaches. You liked it and bought some, but not nearly so much as the makers had hoped. The market researchers went to work and reported that your objection was that it just didn't taste "peachy" enough.

Making Peaches Taste Better

There's not too much logic in a demand that something taste peachier than peaches. But it does no good whatsoever in such cases to point out illogicality. The chemists had to buckle down, and eventually they found a combination of peaches and nectarines plus a little pink coloring which seems to add up to what you want.

Some problems which result from your demands are quite irrelevant to the basic nature and purpose of the products concerned. When synthetic detergents first went on the market for household use in the thirties, they proved excellent for many washing purposes. Huge advertising and publicity campaigns broadcast this news far and wide. You were sufficiently impressed to give the detergents a trial, but you weren't very enthusiastic.

The puzzled manufacturers turned to the market researchers. You just didn't know, the latter found, whether detergents were as good as they were supposed to be.

Why not? the researchers wanted to know. Didn't they do a good cleaning job?

Well, that might be, you temporized. But the stuff didn't make suds. You had got used to the idea that the more suds a soap produced, the better job it did.

So back went the detergents to the laboratories. If you wanted suds, the chemists had to find a way of making detergents produce them. And they finally turned up a sudsing agent which could be blended into the detergents without interfering with their action. It convinced you, and sales soared.

You are seldom content for long, however, with a big new development like detergents, and in a field as highly competitive as the soap business the manufacturers have to keep finding something new. The Lever Brothers Company, for one, maintains a continuous study of family washday habits in thousands of homes in order to find out what changes in its products will please you.

"If Mrs. Consumer were to start demanding a soap which would do everything from the breakfast dishes to putting the cat out at night," says Lever's director of marketing research, "we'd have to try to find it."

Occasionally, you grow downright capricious in your demands. When the makers of foam rubber first adapted the material for pillows, they made them as soft as possible on the theory that the whole purpose of a pillow is softness. But many of you objected. You liked "hard" pillows. So the manufacturers made some firmer, some more yielding.

The result was confusion compounded. When those of you who like your pillows soft found foam-rubber ones which were firm, you took the notion that *all* pillows of this material were too hard for you. You finally drove The Dayton Rubber Company, which makes Koolfoam pillows, to desperate measures. The company has adapted the Goldilocks story and now puts out a Baby Bear pillow labeled very soft, a Mama Bear pillow which is medium soft and a Papa Bear pillow which is quite firm.

At the opposite extreme from items on which you make such outrageous demands are those about which you don't know very clearly what you want. Automobile manufacturers spend millions every year to coax from you a few hints on what you expect of a car. But they have found that you can be oddly equivocal about what you want. When you consider a car in the abstract, you say one thing. But when you set out to buy one, you often do the opposite.

One company's questionnaire, for instance, lists 10 general automobile features such as dependability, economy, comfort and appearance, and asks which you consider most important. You nearly always put dependability or economy near the top of the list and appearance near the bottom. But when you buy a car, say the dealers, appearance almost always seems to be your chief and sometimes your only concern. And you can be contradictory about appearance. When asked about chrome trimming, most of you say the less the better. But when the chrome on a new model is cut down, its sales drop precipitately.

One of the most elaborate systems for trying to sound you out on a new product is the General Electric Company's Consumer Advisory Council. This is composed of 2,000 families scattered all over the country and representing every income group and cities of all sizes. Usually, GE first asks these people what they think of a new idea, then, if they like it, sends them samples to try out.

What makes this arrangement so useful is that odd, unpredictable quirks constantly turn up in your reactions to new products. When GE decided to try a foot pedal for opening the door of its refrigerator, one member of the council had a singular complaint: "I don't like foot pedals," she announced. "My cat thinks he's people. He'll sit on it and open the door to cool off."

So, before General Electric put refrigerators so equipped on the market, it designed the pedal to take more pressure than cats or other house pets could apply.

What Champagne Labels Mean

Perhaps the oddest of all your quirks is your occasional insistence on being hoodwinked. Champagne labeling is a case in point. Both United States producers and importers have entered a sort of half-open conspiracy with you not to call things by their right names.

What lies behind this is that most people who drink champagne like it to taste fairly sweet. But there's a general belief that a true champagne connoisseur wants it to taste dry. Naturally, most people who drink it want to think of themselves as connoisseurs. So the champagne men label their product "Brut"—which means absolutely dry—when very little sweetening has been added, "Dry" when it's a bit sweeter and sometimes "Extra Dry" when it's sweetest.

Along the same line is your frequent refusal to believe in a new product until it is dramatized for you. Such dramatizing is one of the chief functions of industrial designers like Raymond Loewy.

Not too long ago a new client turned up at Loewy's office. He was the maker of a device for automatically cooking and vending hot dogs and hamburgers. When a customer inserted a coin, the wrapped sandwich dropped into view, was cooked from the inside out electronically in a little over a minute and was then ready to eat.

The machine worked perfectly, did everything it was supposed to do. But most people flatly refused to believe in it. On being questioned they admitted that the sandwiches were delivered hot and seemed to be cooked. But, said the customers, they couldn't *see* anything happening. So they suspected some trickery. Loewy's solution was simple. He installed orange-red lights which glowed while the sandwich cooked. They had nothing to do with the cooking process, but they convinced you that *something* was happening. THE END

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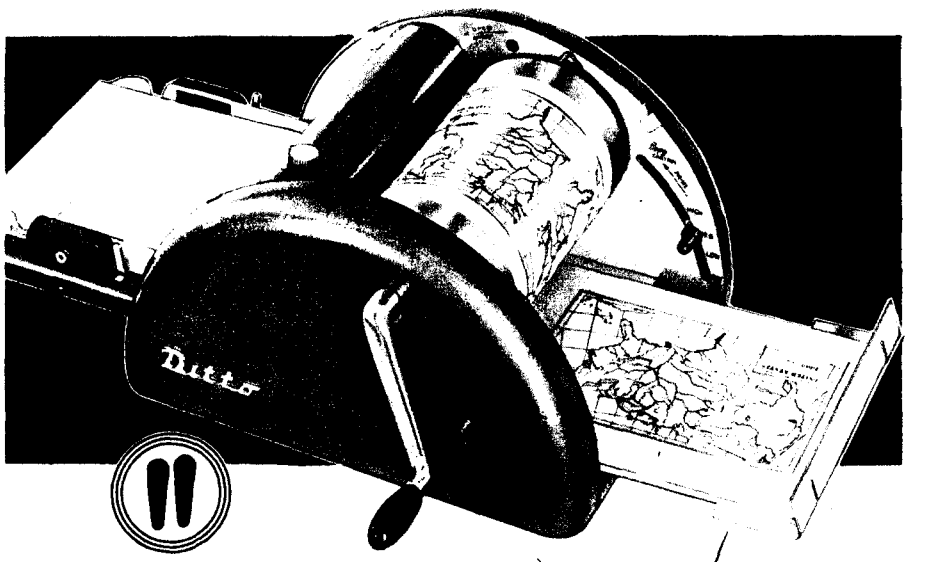

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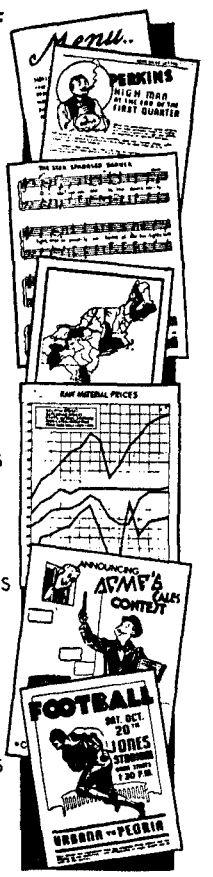

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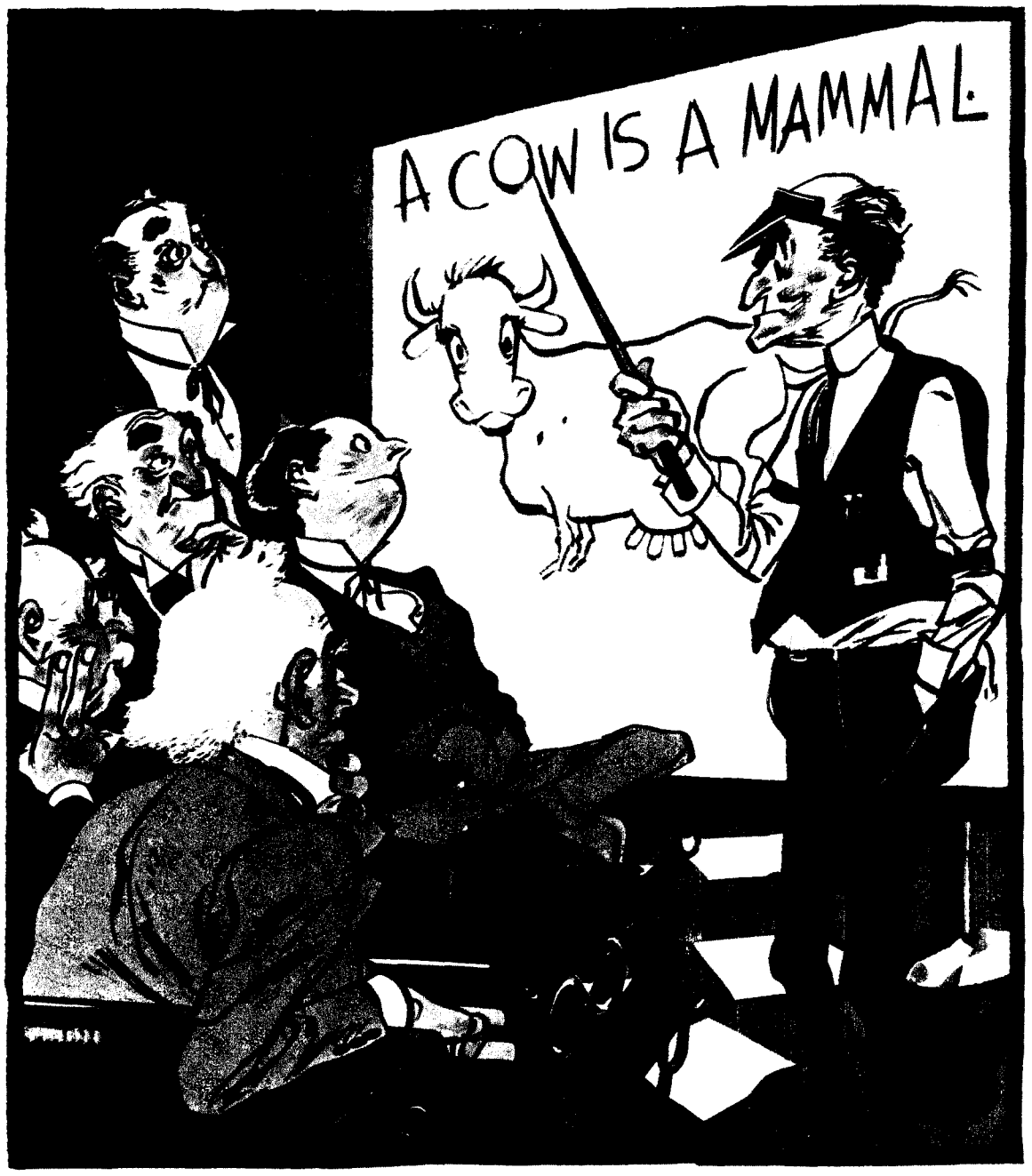

HARRY DEVLIN

Keep It Simple, Boys

OUR USUAL SESSION with the morning papers on a recent Sunday yielded up a news item out of Washington that sounded quite encouraging. It said that the new government control agencies would benefit greatly from the experience gained by similar agencies in World War II. But a few pages farther on we came across another story with a Washington date line which suggested this legacy of experience wouldn't be an unmixed blessing. For here was an example of pure officialese or bureauese or gobbledygook or whatever you choose to call it which reminded us all too vividly of the reams of directives, press releases and pamphlets we waded through during the late big conflict.

The item we refer to was the Wage Stabilization Board's "explanation" of Regulation No. 6, which has to do with 10 per cent pay increases above the scale of January 15, 1950. It was in question-and-answer form, and we hurried as quickly as the writing would permit to what seemed the heart of the matter. Here's what we found:

Q. What is the purpose of Regulation No. 6?

A. Disparities as between groups of employees as a consequence of such factors as different expiration or wage reopening dates in collective bargaining agreements or other special circumstances during 1950.

That stopped us. Slightly dizzy from the impact of the simplified explanation, we went back to the beginning of the sentence and picked our way painfully through the tangled verbiage in search of a verb which we felt must surely be there. But the search was fruitless, as anyone can see who wants to take the same journey. So we passed along in search of some easier reading, and found it in Walter Winchell's column.

It might be noted here that Mr. Winchell has been conducting a campaign for the last year or so against the overblown vocabulary. On this particular day he was chiding the New York Times' drama critic for referring to a "satire on egalitarianism." "He means equality," the columnist helpfully explained. A few days later, Mr. W. teed off on the same paper's top movie reviewer for this sentence: "To pretend that the aural felicities are even remotely matched by the visual content of this picture would be senseless, however." Again Walter was on hand as interpreter: "He means that wot you hear is better than wot you see, see?"

We're strictly on Mr. Winchell's side in this matter, and we wish him well in his modest crusade. But we also wish he'd give the Times a rest and go to work on Washington, where the pickin's are really good.

Maybe he could even figure out what there is about government service that clouds and congests the writing vocabulary of an otherwise normal person to a point where his fellow man can't comprehend his meaning.

We recall that Sir Ernest Gowers offered a possible explanation in his little book called Plain Words. It was his theory that this allergy to simplicity is a morbid condition contracted in early manhood. Children show no sign of it, he pointed out. And he offered as proof an essay by a ten-year-old English boy. It was the result of an assignment to write something about a bird and a beast. And, since Sir Ernest guarantees that it is genuine, it seems worth reprinting as an example and model for our Washington literati:

"The bird that I am going to write about is the Owl. The Owl cannot see at all by day and at night is blind as a bat.

"I do not know much about the Owl, so I will go on to the beast which I am going to choose. It is the Cow. The Cow is a mammal. It has six sides—right, left, an upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with, and the mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

"The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because its inside is all full up with grass."

That, for our money, is fine, clear writing. There is no mistaking the author's meaning, and his slight inaccuracies cannot be charged to confusion or obscurity. The young man knew precisely what he wanted to say. We wish the same could be said for those who regulate our getting and spending from Washington. But since it cannot, we suggest a possible solution: there should be an experienced newspaper copyreader in the information division of every government department and agency.

Preferably he should be a casehardened veteran with a green eyeshade, a peptic ulcer, and an acid disdain for gold-tooth words and fancy writing. He should have the absolute authority to throw copy back at its author with the command to "Write this so I can understand it." And there should be no appeal from his decision to keep on throwing it back until the thing emerged as understandable English.

In the present state of Washingtonian confusion, clarity is important. As of now, the new agencies aren't very sure of what they are going to do or how they are going to do it. That's bad enough. But once they've made a decision, there is no excuse for their passing it along in such shape that nobody else can understand it. The pompous, legalistic muddiness of bureaucratic language can end up in a waste of time and money. And the way things are now, we just can't afford it.

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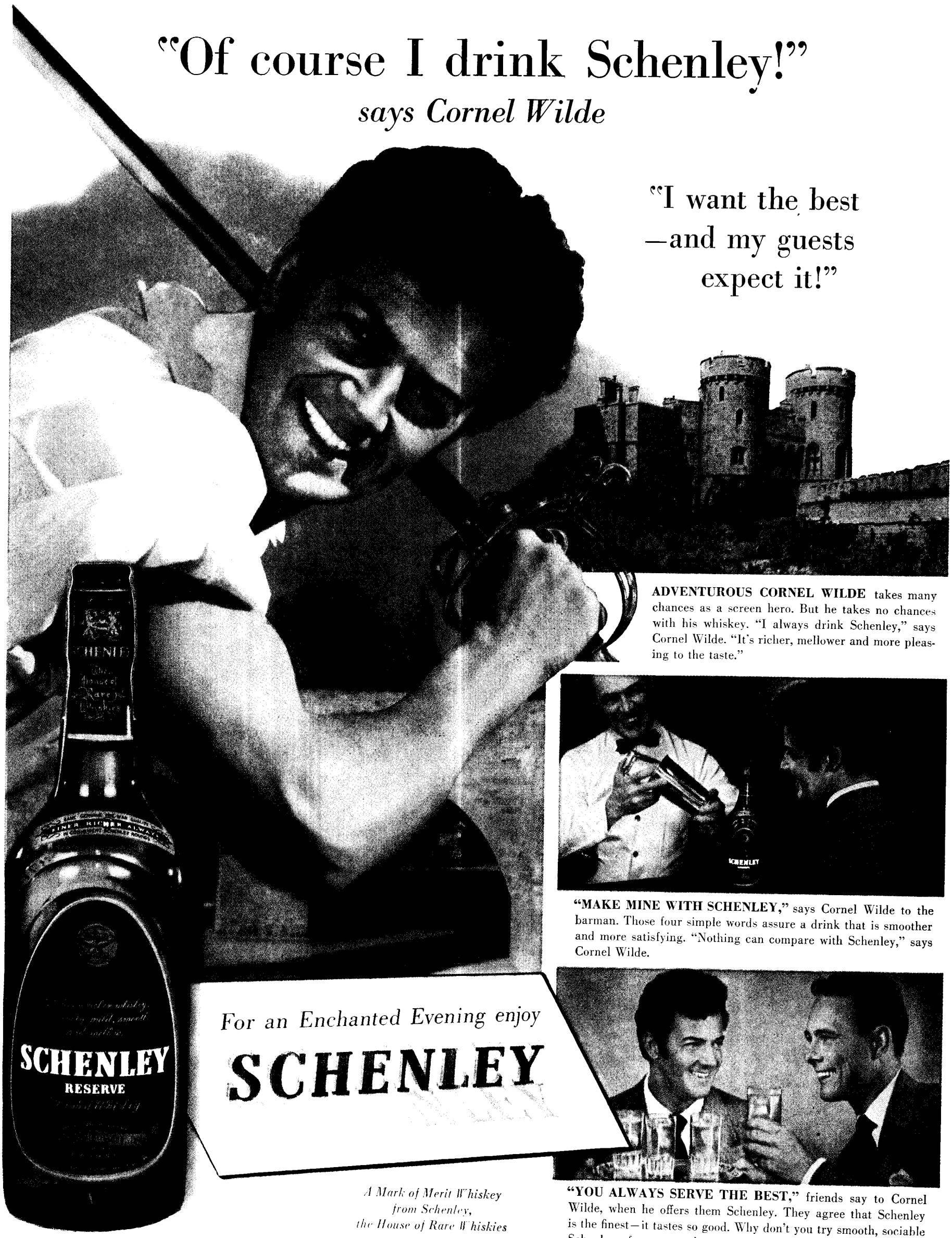
"Of course I drink Schenley!"

says Cornel Wilde

"I want the best
—and my guests
expect it!"



ADVENTUROUS CORNEL WILDE takes many chances as a screen hero. But he takes no chances with his whiskey. "I always drink Schenley," says Cornel Wilde. "It's richer, mellower and more pleasing to the taste."

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